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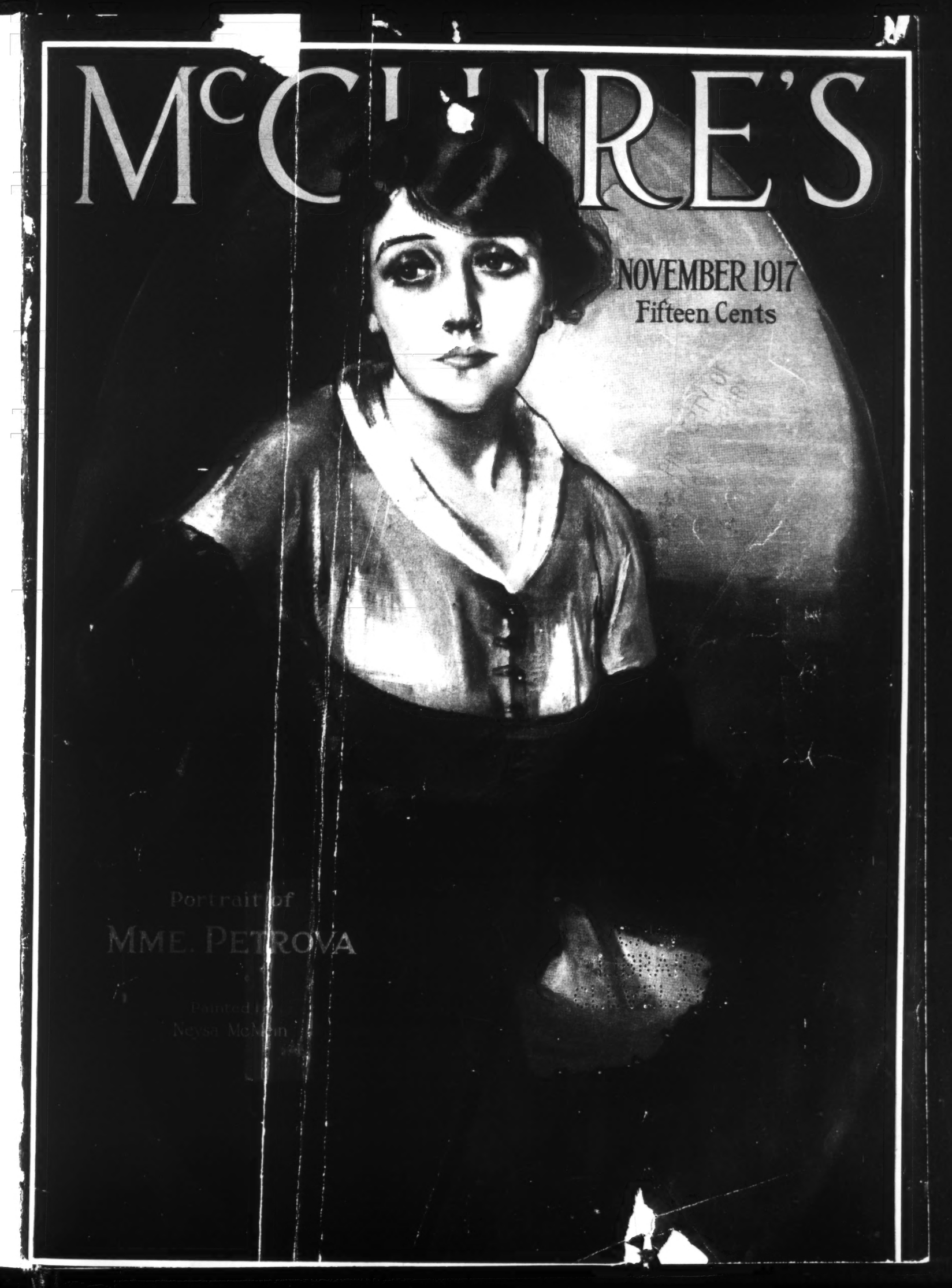

NOVEMBER 1917
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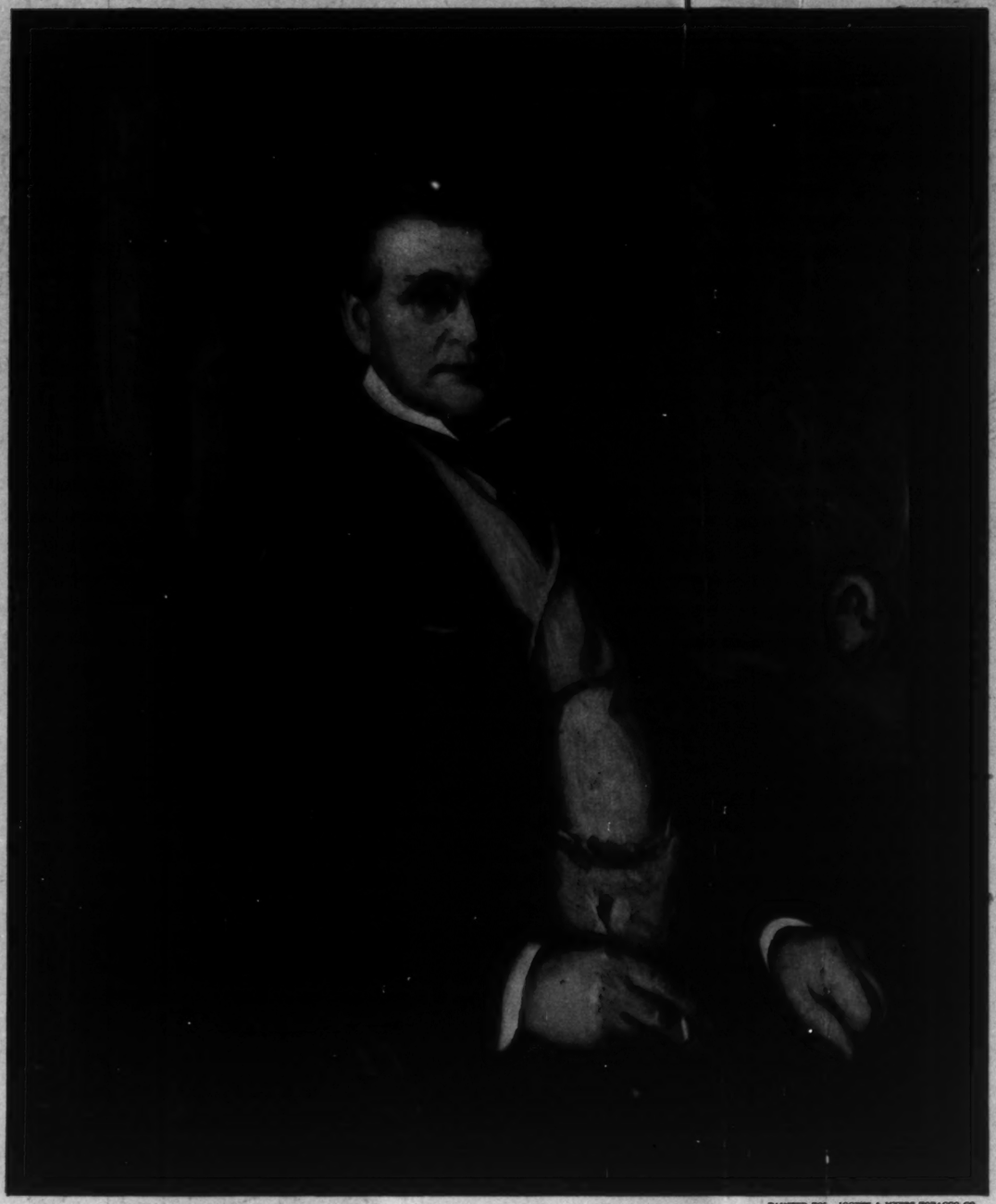

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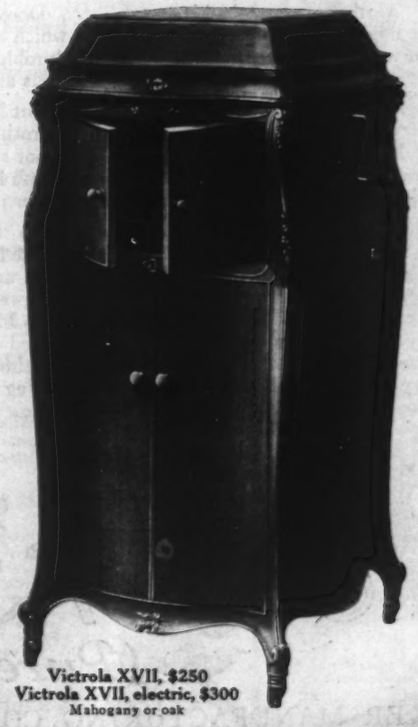

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Three Packer Girls —

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Hasn't Mother young-looking hair? She might even admit it herself, if you were to ask her.

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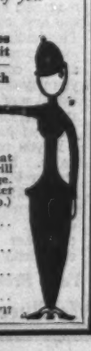

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Contents for November

A Bleecker Street Bleecker . . . **W. B. Trites** 7
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Illustrations by May Wilson Preston

The Full Measure of Devotion . . **Dana Gatlin** 10
The best war story McClure's has ever published
Illustrations by F. Walter Taylor

Why Clothes? . . . . **Grace Margaret Gould** 12
Sketches by Seddie Aspell

Two Wives . . . . . **Ernest Poole** 15
Second instalment of this powerful novel
Illustration by John Alonzo Williams

What the Public Wants . . **George Jean Nathan** 16

Persons of Rank . . . . **Holworthy Hall** 18
Illustrations by C. F. Underwood

Love's Service [*Poem*] . . . **Mary B. Mullett** 19

Is It Treason? . . . . . **Cleveland Moffett** 21

Wild Apples [*Serial*] . . . . **Anonymous** 22
Illustration by C. E. Chambers

Pity the Poor Guest of Honor . **Oliver Herford** 24

Von Edelstein's Mistake . **George A. Birmingham** 25
A story of the first days of the Great War
Illustration by D. C. Hutchison

The Inner Story of New York
Edward Mott Woolley 27
The third in this big series on the Fame of the Cities

"E Flurribus Unum" . **Porter Emerson Browne** 28
Pictures by Peter Newell

A Boy of France [*Poem*] . . . **Walter Trumbull** 29

Plain Propositions for Pacifists . **Harrison Rhodes** 30

Over-Reached . . . . . **Sophie Kerr** 31
Illustration by T. D. Skidmore

The Living [*Poem*] . . . **Daniel M. Henderson** 32

The Lesson of the Automobile Industry
Waldemar Kaempffert 44

Questions Concerning Foods and Drugs
Lewis B. Allyn 52

Getting In and Keeping On . **Mabel Dulon Purdy** 53

Patriotism and Prosperity . . **Paul Tomlinson** 64

The Food Pledge . . . . **James H. Collins** 70

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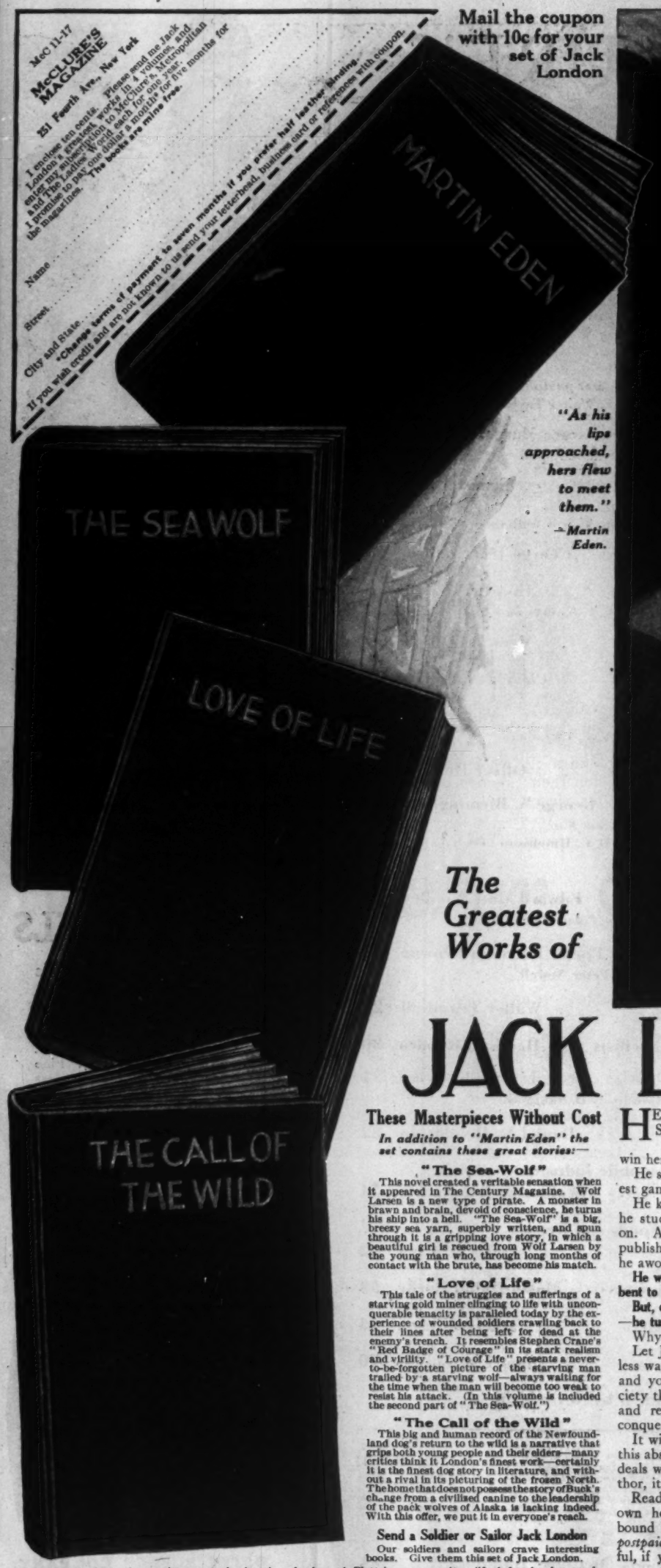

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Volume L
Number 1

McCLURE'S

NOVEMBER
1917

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W. B. Trites

Illustrations by May Wilson Preston

WITH his violet eyes, his rich curls, his shepherd's plaid trousers, and the large, soft bow of his Windsor tie lightly floating on his breast, he looked more like a poet than a bank clerk. We young veterans of the Seventh National winked at one another as he passed down through our ranks to his new desk with shrinking modesty and timid, ingratiating smiles.

His name, he told Dan, was Clarence L. Bleecker. (The Bleeckers, you know, of Bleecker Street.) He had gone to Harvard, though he had not graduated. He had looked in, for a term or two, at Yale. He had been a reporter in New York, Philadelphia and Chicago. He had mined for gold in Graveyard. Tombstone, however, had seen his best days. First as a bartender, then as the proprietor of a crooked roulette wheel, he had climbed very, very high in Tombstone. But an unfortunate love affair had compelled him to leave the town.

He told Dan all this at luncheon. He told Dan all this and more from his perch on a lofty stool or peg in Wartog's crowded and tumultuous Spa over a plate of Boston brown bread and baked beans.

He declared to us from the first that he was a fortune hunter.

"Nix on the hard work," he said impatiently. "My ambition is to marry money. Every morning, when I come down to breakfast, I want to find a five-dollar bill beside my plate. After breakfast the buggy is brought round. Gee-up, there, Maud S!"

He looked at us, sipped his curdled absinthe—he chose the weirdest drinks—and emitted a peal of boyish laughter.

"Can you beat it? I light a cigar. Gee-up, there! And off we go for the day. That's my ambition—nix on the hard work—a wife with money, and I don't care how old she is, either—a five-dollar bill beside my plate every morning—and after breakfast, with a good cigar in my teeth, off in the buggy for the day!"

He laughed delightedly again. He challenged us to paint a future more arcadian. Though he never burdened us with details, I knew somehow that the home of his dream was low and gray and ivy-mantled, about three miles distant from some small, old-fashioned city. The wife of his dream was silver-haired, placid and kind—more a mother than a wife. There was no winter in the dream, but the season was always May or June as, tucking his five-dollar bill in his waistcoat pocket, carelessly, puffing fragrant clouds from his after-breakfast cigar, he flicked Maud S. with the whip, waved a gay farewell to the silver-haired provider on the doorstep, and dashed down a sunlit white road between green hedges. Off for the day! Can you beat it?

He took to Dan Wanklin from the first. Of a florid type himself, with his curls and Windsor tie and shepherd's plaid trousers, he liked Dan's rigid correctness.

Dan was a real aristocrat. He got his clothes at the great Snipp's. His people had lost all their money. He belonged to the great Spokenhouse Club. He had a gloomy, shy air. Furthermore, he was related to the Twiddles. The Twiddles!

"I'm an aristocrat, too, Dan," said Clarence on his first visit to the Spokenhouse Club. "Yes, Danny, old boy, I'm an aristocrat. You didn't suspect it, did you?"

"I've heard you mention the Bleecker Street Bleeckers."

Clarence smiled. "But you took no stock in the Bleecker Street Bleeckers," he said, and laughed delightedly. "You remembered my crooked roulette wheel and my saloon in Tin Can. You couldn't make that square with high life, could you, Danny?

"Dan, old man," he went on, "I've got a seal ring with my crest on it, just like yours, and I've got a watch with my coat of arms on it just like yours, too."

"Let's see 'em."

"They're in hock."

Dan gave a snort.

"Don't you believe me, Danny?"

"I don't say I don't believe you. But you bragged yesterday that you told the president you were a Tufts man as soon as you found out that he had gone to Tufts. You pretend to collect postage stamps because the cashier is a stamp collector. Well——"

Clarence laughed delightedly again.

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Girls, girls, girls, a paradise of girls!

"You've got a head on you, Dan! Because I jolly the bosses, you think I'm trying to jolly you. No, no, Dan! You and I are friends. Never between friends! And besides, what good would it do me to jolly you? You couldn't help me any, you old stick-in-the-mud! You've got no influence. Why, Dan, you don't stand ace high at the Seventh National."

"Perhaps I don't stand ace high," said Dan Wanklin, "and perhaps you don't mean to jolly me; but if you think I believe all your yarns about gold prospecting, and running saloons and gambling hells, and journalism and detective work and riding on a rail—why, holy smoke, Bleecker, if you'd done all you say you've done, you'd be forty or fifty instead of twenty-two."

Clarence sipped his silver fizz, and then, his lips wreathed in silver froth:

"It's all true, Dan," he said, and burst suddenly into enigmatic laughter.

Impossible to believe him. Impossible not to like him.

But he demoralized the Seventh National. Under his influence we staid bank clerks became as wild as the young men of Murger's "Vie de Bohème." If he had not abandoned us in August — if he had not set off gaily for Sea Breeze in August on a fortune hunt — I am sure we would all have been quite ruined. I, as it was, had my pay cut down from twenty dollars to seventeen.

That summer, thanks to him, we spent every evening in Sangerfest Garden. Bank clerks at Sangerfest Garden! We had never heard of the place till he discovered it. It was a garden in the heart of the city — pleasant enough, alas! — a garden without grass, a garden without flowers. There was, however, one tree, a big maple, which rose from the gritty gravel floor and shaded the bandstand.

When I recall the number of beers we used to drink at Sangerfest Garden, I am appalled. Twelve beers, fourteen beers — can it be possible?

It was a mild, pure beer. They served it in a small glass mug. The collar, or froth was deep, too deep. Sometimes Clarence L. Bleecker would laugh at the collar or froth. He would treat it as a joke. Sometimes, again, he would become furiously angry over it. Measuring its depth with his pocket rule, he would denounce the niggardliness and deceit of the management in frightful terms.

A mild, pure beer, it made us very hungry. Then we would bang on the table for Billy, and Billy, the colored pretzel-man, would sell us bags of small, crisp pretzels at five cents a bag. He would give us also in a saucer a little mound of salt. We would dip a crisp pretzel in beer, then touch it to the salt, and then — ah, the delicious taste at eleven or twelve o'clock of a hot night in Sangerfest Garden, of those crisp, heavily salted pretzels and those mild, pure, cool mugs of beer!

But such evenings did not help our work. To get up early and work hard next day — that was the difficulty.

There were other difficulties besides. Once, for example, two young ladies joined us, the fun grew furious, the beer became champagne, and Clarence, after spending all his money, promised to feed Dan till pay day if he would spend all his money, too. Dan agreed. And now, for the rest of the week, we enjoyed the spectacle of Dan pursuing Clarence through our marble halls at the luncheon hour and the dinner hour. There were anxious moments for Dan; there were anxious moments, too, for Clarence, who, of course, could only keep his promise by exhaustive borrowing. There is no place so difficult as a bank, if you are really hard up, to borrow in, and many a wrangle, low and fierce, would be overheard between Dan and Clarence in sequestered marble corners.

"Tackle old man Keller next."

"Oh, no; I don't like to tackle him."

"Go on! It's our last chance! I'm hungry."

"Dan, I haven't got the nerve to tackle old man Keller."

"Holy smoke! You must! Remember your promise!"

Dan and Clarence pretended that they did not miss a single meal that week, but nobody believed them.

Too much work, too little money — these were the difficulties about Sangerfest Garden, and as we drank our beer and salted and munched our pretzels, Clarence would say:

"Nix on the hustle. Back under the bed with the hard labor stuff. The Morgans and John D. have collared all the opportunities. I'm out for a wife with money. By gosh, I'll land her, too. I never failed in anything I undertook yet."

"You failed in Tombstone," said I, with a wink at Dan Wanklin. "Have you forgotten how they rode you out of Tombstone on a rail?"

"You go to the devil," said Clarence, "and shut up."

He was always like that when he had been drinking—quarrelsome in his cups. But we overlooked his insults. The booze, not Bleecker, was to blame, we said.

His salary was cut down the next week, and in his rage and despair he plunged into the wildest bucket-shop gambling, winning nine hundred dollars. He left us then at once. He left us for Sea Breeze with a trunkful of new clothes selected at Snipp's by Dan. And he assured us, at the superb farewell dinner which we gave him at Sangerfest — ah, those grilled steaks, those fried potatoes, and that beer!— he assured us that at Sea Breeze he would find the rich wife of his dream.

"Nix on the hard work. I'm through. But say, talking about the future, it makes me smile to think of you poor mugs" — thus Clarence in his farewell toast — "you poor mugs sweating over your books while I'm driving my buggy from the Lafayette Hotel to George Fenton's billiard parlor, or reading the illustrated weeklies and drinking golden fizzes in the Young Men's Republican Club, or — er — giving some pretty waitress a spin behind Maud S. through the Park."

"Shame! Shame!"

"You shut up!" roared Clarence. "Where was I at? Oh, yes, about you stick-in-the-muds. Well, here you'll stick, sweating over your books, the lot of you, while Clarence — little old Clarence — spanking along in his buggy behind Maud S. — Clarence with his five-spot in his vest pocket, and his cigar between his teeth, and the breeze rustling — oh, say!"

He broke into delighted laughter.

"Oh, say, it's too rich! I'll have to treat you to champagne. How many of us are there? Five — six — seven. Here, Adolph, four bottles of champagne! The real thing, mind! Don't try to work off any fake labels on Clarence, you Dutch rapscallion, for he's bartended in Tombstone, little old Clarence has, and what he don't know about wine, all kinds of wine —"

He waved both hands in Adolph's face in a pompous and threatening manner. His rich curls were tumbled, his violet eyes shone, his color was as brilliant as a girl's. The disgusted waiter hurried away, and our guest of honor turned to us again.

"Nix on the work — hey, what, you dubs? A five-spot by my plate every morning. Ta, ta, wifey. By, by, ol' girl. Gee-up, there! Off — hic — for the day."

II

CLARENCE, in gray flannels cut by Snipp, sat in the parlor-car of the Sea Breeze express with his new, expensive-looking luggage ranged about him.

The train tore across white plains of sand sparsely covered with dwarf pines. The glaring August afternoon was hot, but in the fresh wind flowing through the parlor-car there was already to be felt something of the cold purity of the sea.

Clarence sniffed the sea and smiled delightedly. He crooked his arm and studied his smart coat of gray flannel striped with white. He took out his wallet and counted his money — seven hundred dollars in new fifties, twenties and tens. Seven hundred dollars! In a lump!

The white plains of sand changed to reedy marshland. Narrow creeks of dark water crawled this way and that. On the mud banks gulls pottered. Gray, clean boat skeletons rotted here and there.

And now the sea appeared in the distance, the wind became a sea wind, wild and moist, and, when Clarence passed his tongue across his lips, he could distinctly taste the salt.

"Sea Breeze! All out for Sea Breeze!"

In his smart gray flannels he stepped down on the arm of a polite porter. Another polite porter, loaded with his luggage, ran on before him like a herald.

"Hi, heads up, there!"

He descended a long platform gay with girls. Then, in a sumptuous autobus, he followed a white shore road to a white hotel. A splendid sunset ride. The sea was blue. Great combers rolled in towards him. On the dunes coarse grasses waved.

The hotel stood in a spacious garden that descended to the boardwalk's edge. Huge fountains played in the garden, and the majestic porticoes and terraces were crowded with rocking-chairs in which old people rocked solemnly.

Clarence selected on the ninth floor a seaward-fronting suite — bedroom, sitting-room and bath — at eleven dollars a day. He dressed carefully for dinner, admiring himself in his new Snipp dinner-jacket. Then he strolled the spacious and interminable porticoes until the dinner hour.

There were more girls for him to feast his eyes on out there, girls with scarves of pink or silver or jade hiding their décolleté bodices. As he passed in his Snipp jacket, these girls would give him a cold and careless look, they would lift their scarves languidly, and he would behold for an instant all the young white beauty of their arms and necks and shoulders.

Girls, girls, girls, a paradise of girls!

A gong sounded, and, sauntering in to dinner, he absently allowed the head waiter to lead him down

He smiled, and once he even bowed slightly,

the dining-room to the hottest corner, and to seat him with three widowers (at least they looked like widowers) at a table beside the kitchen door. He had absently unfolded his napkin before this trick of the head waiter's flashed on him in its enormity.

He rose to his feet, laughing a little. The head waiter, a magnificent, amber-colored chap, steered a family past him, and he called to the man in a good-humored tone:

"Come here, you George Washington!"

But the head waiter frowned and strode straight on. Clarence reddened. He crossed the room with lithe, light strides. He dropped his hand on the head waiter's shoulder.

"You George Washington," he said, "what do you mean by ignoring me when I stand up in my place and call you?"

The head waiter was immeasurably surprised, but his surprise was nothing to his anger. He mowed at Clarence.

"Answer me! Do you hear?"

Clarence in his wrath was so formidable a figure that the head waiter felt his own wrath departing. He ceased to mow. He smiled in a worried way.

"I didn't see you, sah," he said in his mellow voice. "No offense, sah. What can I do to serve you?"

"I want," said Clarence sternly, "a table to myself — one of these tables by the window."

"That's very difficult, sah, but —— "

The next moment Clarence was seated at the best table in the dining-room, with the blue billows crashing on the beach before him, and the sunset drawing its rosy veils across the sky above him, and the head waiter himself filling his glass with ice-water.

He attacked the execrable dinner of cold storage meats and tinned vegetables when ——

She entered.

She entered with an old lady. They both were tall and slender and proud. They, too, were newcomers, it was plain. They advanced slowly, they were about to seat themselves at a table by a window, but the head waiter swooped down on them, and made as if to shepherd them to the noise and heat of the rear. The old lady, however, said something to the girl, and the girl, with an indifferent air, opened her pocketbook and handed a banknote to the head waiter. The head waiter then gave them the window table which they had originally chosen.

Clarence was overwhelmed. Such an aristocratic, bored air as theirs he had never seen. Yet his awe did not prevent him from smiling faintly and subtly at the tall, proud girl whenever his eye met hers. He smiled, and once he even bowed slightly, holding his huge glass of ice-water to his lips, as if about to drink her health.

The first time he smiled, she frowned incredulously and turned away. But her glance, a little while afterwards, fell on him again, full of amazed disapprobation. He smiled again, of course, and she met his smile this time with a hard, cold stare. But still he kept on gazing, still he kept on smiling. His perseverance astonished, it even interested her. And when, finally, he drank her health, she looked straight into his eyes and shrugged her beautiful shoulders — shrugged as if amused now rather than annoyed — and, if she had not turned away, he was sure she would have laughed tolerantly.

Content with his success, he did not bother her further. He devoted himself to burning a glass of brandy in his coffee. The brandy, he explained to the waiter must be "floated" on the coffee's surface, a difficult operation which he had learned in Graveyard. He accomplished the operation successfully though he spilled some of the brandy, and soon his cup was gloriously aflame. Little cries of fear and wonder came to him from sides through the dusk. He looked round with a delighted smile. He'd show them what was what! But a widower rushed up with a carafe. The tablecloth, it seemed, had caught a little. His trousers, too! And next his waistcoat, where a few drops of brandy had been spilled! But the fire, of course, was soon extinguished. It did no harm. He laughed merrily as he beat out with open palms the blue flames hissing all round him.

Though there was a hop after dinner, the girl and the old lady went straight upstairs. Clarence, very lonely, sought the barroom. There he ordered several complicated kinds of mixed drinks.

"So ye got a winda table, hey?" said the bartender, pouring half a dozen liqueurs one after another into a glass. "Well, ye'll last there about twenty-four hours."

"Do tell!"

The bartender began to toss flaming rum from one glass to another.

"Why, them winda tables is the head waiter's best perquisite, bo," he said. "Ye pass him a five-spot, and he gives ye a winda table — for one meal, see? Then he pipes ye off that the family's come now what reserved yer table last June, and back ye go to the heat and flies."

"Do tell!" Clarence repeated calmly.

He did not get up till luncheon time next day. When he entered the dining-room, the girl and the old lady were already seated. But the head waiter halted before them, trailing a new family in his wake.

"I'm sorry, ladies," the head waiter said, "but I'll have to change your table for you. This table was reserved in advance last June by this here gentleman here."

"Yes, I am sorry to say she's called home"

"But," said the girl, frowning, "where are you going to put us?"

"Back over there," said the head waiter. "I got a very nice table back over there for you."

"Oh," said the girl, "it's so hot back there."

"Yah, yah, yah!" laughed the head waiter. "No, it ain't."

The proud old lady made as if to rise, leaning on her stick, and something feeble and submissive in her attitude lit a flame of rage in Clarence's chivalrous heart.

"Now, then, you Washington!"

He pushed through the head waiter's new family to the head waiter himself.

"Mah name hain't Wash —— "

"Now, then, Washington, what do you mean? I saw you take a ten-spot from this lady last night, and now you want to steal her table from her!"

"Ten-spot?" growled the head waiter. He glared at Clarence truculently. "Ten-spot? Pshaw, what you talkin' about?"

But Clarence had allowed his rage to overmaster him.

"Say, you! Vamoose! Vamoose, or, by the holy jumpin' Jerusalem —— "

He seized the head waiter's two arms and shook him violently.

"—— by the holy jumpin' Jerusalem, I'll throw you out of that window into the fountain on your ugly head!"

"Ye will hey?"

"Yes, I will!"

"No, ye won't, nuther!"

"Yes, I will, too!"

The manager rushed in. He took, of course, the head waiter's part. He talked of dismissing Clarence from the hotel. But someone murmured that the youth was a Bleecker Street Bleecker, occupying one of the best suites, and the manager's air changed. He drew the head waiter aside. There was a passionate argument conducted in hissing whispers. Then the head waiter, defeated, led his new family off to the rear.

"We don't want no rough stuff here," the head waiter explained to his new family in the course of the retreat. "We can't stand for no rough-housin'. For the time bein' I'll have to give you folks a table behind this here sideboard."

Clarence, meanwhile, stood bowing and smiling before a throng of ladies. But his own ladies, alack, were gone. They must have fled in the excitement. Why had they fled? This question rather spoiled his triumph.

He did not see them again till after dinner. Wandering disconsolately after dinner towards the barroom, he found them seated in rocking-chairs on the portico. The sea before them was silvery and mournful in the moonlight.

"Pardon my presumption in addressing you," he said, and he drew up a third rocking-chair. "Since you didn't come in to dinner, I was afraid you had left Sea Breeze."

"We dined upstairs," said the old lady. She gave a nasty laugh. "We were ashamed," she said, "after the scene you made us —— "

But Clarence interrupted her warmly.

"Scene?" he said. "Scene? Putting dirt in its place — is that a scene? But of course you can't feel these things as I do!" He gestured with both hands in the old lady's face. He held her with his glittering smile. "No, no, you can't feel them as I do. I'm related, you see, to pretty nearly all the cotton belt. A thousand slaves here, two thousand there — well, that makes a difference, doesn't it?"

The old lady snorted.

"You were very kind, I'm sure," said the girl. She moved her scarf of silver tissue, and he saw her bare shoulders in the moonlight. "It was awfully good of you to save our table."

The moonlit beauty of her shoulders drove the old lady's ingratitude from his mind. He said gravely:

"Permit me to introduce myself. My name is Bleecker — Clarence L. Bleecker."

"Any relation to the Bleecker Street Bleeckers, the Livingston Bleeckers of New York?" said the old lady, giving her nasty laugh again.

"I am a Livingston Bleecker, ma'am," he answered. "Clarence Livingston Bleecker — that is my name."

The old lady's manner changed. She became quite amiable.

"I am Miss Harriet Sprague of Pittsburg," she said.

"The Spragues? The Pittsburg Spragues?" He was ostentatiously unable to call up the Pittsburg Spragues.

[*Continued on page 72*]

holding his glass of ice-water to his lips, as if about to drink her health

The Full Measure of Devotion

The Best War Story McClure's Has Ever Published

by

Dana Gatlin

Illustrations by F. Walter Taylor

HE could not bear sitting on the porch any longer; he got up and went into the dining-room door. The supper-table was set, with its places for three, but his wife was still out in the kitchen helping Ella, the maid. He could hear them talking. As he listened, the door from the kitchen was pushed open, and his wife brought in some things on a tray and placed them on the table.

"Supper late, mamma?"

"Just a few minutes, papa. Take your paper back to the porch. I'll call you."

Was there something strange in the way she uttered the commonplace words? — something in her tone, in her glance? Of course not. Why should there be? The strain was making him imagine things.

He watched her little fluttering, competent movements at the table. Then, with a smiling "shoo!" at him over her shoulder, she went back to the kitchen. What a soft, tender, loving thing she was! Her home and her family were her shrine and her life; beyond that horizon she vaguely knew that other things existed and happened, but they were not real to her.

Stephen Morrow obediently returned to the porch, but by way of the sitting-room where he paused to straighten a framed photograph on the wall. It was the photograph of his only son — a stockily built youngster in padded football trousers and turtle-neck sweater, a big 'Varsity letter on his chest. Young Steve had gone to France, to fight with the Canadians. He had been gone more than a year, now.

Out on the porch it was almost twilight; the September evenings were shortening. The gas street-lamp at the corner was already lighted, and threw a shining mark across the wet sidewalk. But the rain had stopped, and in the west were faint streaks of mauve and yellow. The wind, however, was still blowing; a group of children seemed to enjoy struggling with it — a happy lot of youngsters. Two or three neighbors passed and called up to him. One of them was the Roberts boy, a friend of young Steve's.

"Good evening, Mr. Morrow! Heard from Steve lately?"

The man on the porch nodded and a mechanical little smile flickered across his face. Until a year ago young Roberts had been much about the place, the two pals noisy over their boyish affairs. That was before the house had gone suddenly quiet; before he had given Steve permission to enlist.

Homes like the Morrows' do go quiet when the children leave. It was one of thousands to be seen, any day, in our inland country; comfortable, unpretentious, where the joys and sorrows of life are lived out in domestic confines. Mrs. Morrow was the type of woman who loves to use her own hands in beautifying her house and ministering to her family, even though, according to Cherryvale standards, the Morrows were "well-fixed." She was no longer young, but the untroubled paths of her life had left her with the rounded cheeks and soft bloom of youth. In that she took a sort of vicarious pride, because of tall young Steve's joy in his "pretty" mother.

Young Steve filled a good half of her vision of the universe. The older Steve pretended to laugh at the way she coddled the youngster; but he himself had been known to leave important business to attend a high-school football match in which his son was expected to star.

Football, baseball and kindred subjects had always appealed more to young Steve than had the other items offered by the school curricula, and dull text-books had little chance with him against a certain brand of lurid literature. This latter reading inspired the organization of many a desperate bandit-gang in the Morrows' barn-loft. Later on the meetings adjourned to porch or yard, and the side-yard resounded with clamor and argument whenever Steve willed to turn it into a baseball diamond. Now and then his parents decided they must call him into conclave to ponder his monthly school report, and he would sit, solemn, and make promises they knew would never be kept.

At last came the period of shaving materials, neckties, tailor-made clothes, and—college. Mr. Morrow did not greatly mind the impending four-years' separation; he was already visioning the time when his boy, become a man, would return and take his place beside him in the store. But Mrs. Morrow could find nothing of amusement in the situation. However, she hid her sickness of heart and occupied herself listing and marking the garments which, for long months, her own hands would not be privileged to touch.

Then Steve went and the house, for the first time in eighteen years, knew what quietness was like. Whenever Mrs. Morrow came to the point where she could not stand the silence any longer, she busied herself cooking the delectables which Steve loved and which, had the athletic authorities known of their end, would have debarred Steve from the training-table. For already Steve's muscles were winning him attention in the college world — this, of course, to the continued detriment of his reports.

During his first summer vacation there came, across the seas, a great war which, over night, turned the whole world topsy-turvy. No, not the whole world; quiet backwaters like Cherryvale only shuddered a little. To Cherryvale the news was at first incredible; then, as horrible details persisted in obtruding themselves in the newspapers, War established itself as a sort of fact, terrible yet unreal — like the fact of floods in China, or an earthquake killing people in the Andes.

There was only one person in Cherryvale to whom the war presented itself as an actuality. That was Miss Pilcher, the seamstress. She was a weazened little old woman who had accompanied her brother out from England thirty years before. Her brother did not make the success he hoped with flower-culture and long since had died. Miss Pilcher's skill with the needle brought her enough work to supply her simple desires; and since she was well-fed and cheerful, Cherryvale did not pause to question whether she was happy in her isolated old-age. Most people had even forgotten that she was an alien.

Young Steve had always liked Miss Pilcher; partly, perhaps, because throughout his boyhood he had liked her jar of ginger-snaps which was never empty. Going to Miss Pilcher's was one errand his mother had never known him to shirk. He liked Miss Pilcher, too, because she let him tease her and appeared to enjoy it.

The week England entered the war, she was working at Mrs. Morrow's, and it was to the sewing-room that young Steve, seeking his mother, came waving the evening paper which scare-headed the tidings.

"Gosh!" he commented enthusiastically. "It's going to be a real row!"

"You mustn't talk that way, Stevie," reproved his mother. "War's a terrible thing. I never was so glad before that we live in America."

"Wonder if we won't get mixed in, maybe?" suggested Steve.

His mother looked up at him, scandalized. Miss Pilcher reached for the paper, and devoured the headlines through her near-sighted glasses.

"I wish I might go," she said, as she handed the paper on to Mrs. Morrow.

"What! *You* want to be a soldier?" shouted Steve.

"No, I meant I want to go home," said Miss Pilcher softly. "My sister's boys will be leaving, I suppose. I'd like to be there with her."

"And I'd like to be there with *them!*" said Steve.

"Stevie, don't talk that way," said his mother again. But she wasn't really worried. She had no occasion to worry — she was so fortunate as to live in America. Besides, there were plenty of nearer, more vital things to worry about. For instance, Steve's appetite. He ate so much that she was quite sure he didn't get enough to eat at school. In fact, he admitted he didn't. Already she was scheming for the autumn; she couldn't bear to think of Steve's being really hungry.

When he returned to college, it must be said she got more thrills out of sending him an occasional big box than out of the stories which were filling entire front pages of the newspapers. Not so with Steve. He was grateful for the boxes and said so, but his letters revealed that the war had not lost its grip on his imagination. However, that was only natural in a boy like Steve, and not disquieting.

It was not until he came home for the Christmas holidays that the first bomb exploded.

He burst upon them, voluble and excited, straining under that veritable anguish of eagerness which all parents come to recognize. It was the manner with which Steve had asked for his first shot-gun which, beforehand, he feared was going to be denied him.

"I've got something I want to ask you," he announced.

"All France is his grave," she answered proudly

"You may not see it at first, but when I put it all before you ——"

Mrs. Morrow sent her husband a flickering smile, and settled herself to hear some preposterous request.

"Well, what is it now, Steve?" asked the other long-suffering parent.

"It isn't near as wild as it sounds off the bat," temporized Steve, characteristically defending his cause before he named it. "And such a chance will never come again. It would be a crime to pass up such a chance!"

"Suppose you inform us as to what this remarkable opportunity is," suggested his father.

Steve decided to risk all on one brief sentence.

"I want to go to France!"

Then he held his breath, looking from one parent to the other.

"To France!" ejaculated his mother. "What on earth do you want to go to France for?"

"I want to drive an ambulance."

"An ambulance?" Amazement was still the dominant emotion in Mrs. Morrow's voice.

"Yes. A lot of us fellows are organizing a college unit to work at the French front."

"The French front?" she repeated. "What have *you* got to do with the French front? This country hasn't got anything to do with things away over there. The President says so."

Steve flung out his hands with a despairing gesture, and turning from her to his father, began explaining in a rush of words. "It's all fixed so we can get straight to the front — right behind the big guns! Just think of living here on earth right during the war that'll go down as the greatest war in history and not *seeing* any of it! It'd be a *crime!* . I've got to go — I *ought* to go! Don't you see, Pop?"

From Steve's glowing eyes, Mrs. Morrow's helpless ones turned to her husband. He was looking at the boy.

"I don't know that I do exactly see, Steve. Just what is it you want to do?"

"Why, I was *telling* you! I want to drive an ambulance!"

"But why do you choose the French? Why not the Germans?"

"Oh, you know why, Pop! We all sympathize with the Allies. The American Ambulance is already started there — everything will be sliding on greased wheels for us. College men from all over the country are going. Can't you see what a big chance it is?"

"A chance for what?"

"For excitement! For a big time!"

"Yes; but if it's only excitement you want, you can get enough on the football field."

"And with more safety," put in Mrs. Morrow.

"Football!" exclaimed Steve. "Football's not one-two-three to a game like *this!*"

"Perhaps not," agreed his father, with that dry finality which sons know so well, "but at the present time it's more in your line."

"Huh!" snorted Steve. "What about old Benjamin Morrow, who fought at Concord? — and your own father who never came back from the Civil War?"

"One thing about them both," replied his father drily: "Neither of them went to war because they thought war was a game."

"But, Pop ——!"

"Let's drop it, my boy. It's only upsetting your mother."

So the matter was, in a way of speaking, laid to rest. But the holiday was not as Steve's other vacations home had been. That was the wet winter when the heavens seemed never able to quit their mourning, and something of the weather's dreariness seemed to have crept into the Morrow house old.

After Steve left for the second semester, Mrs. Morrow once more lived for the preparing and despatching of home-made goodies, and for the mail which brought her letters from her son. The Ambulance unit had departed, the fervor at college quieted down, and Steve seemed engrossed in trying to "make" the 'Varsity baseball nine. He succeeded, had his photograph taken with the new insignia displayed on his sweater, and appeared, so far as his mother could judge — and as she devoutly prayed — to be quite satisfied.

Then came that May of 1915, with its world-stabbing horror to show how a nation — not a nation shrouded in the darkness of barbaric ignorance, but a nation enjoying the supremest fruits of art and science — may, having once sold her soul to the devil of materialism and greed and pride, run amuck and direct the intelligence and skill which were well her boast, to perpetrating hell-brewed crimes.

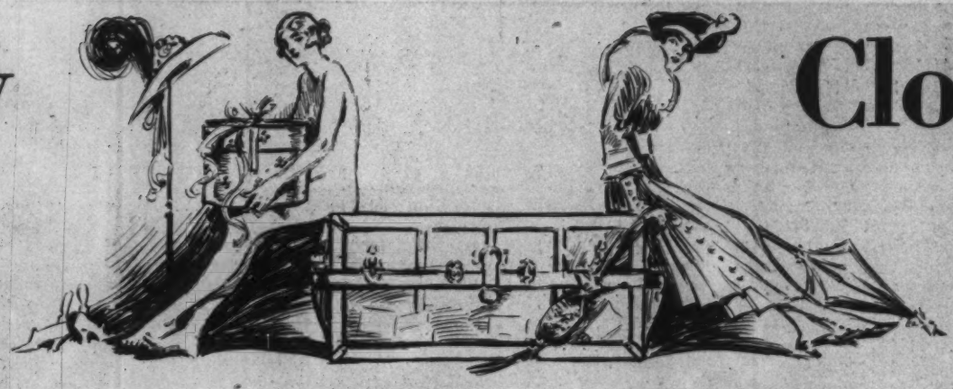
The *Lusitania* was sunk on May 7th. On May 8th, a smiling morning, young Steve, disheveled after a night in the sleeper, burst in on his family at breakfast. But he was a strangely different Steve from the one who had come clamoring in that last, unsatisfactory holiday; different from the Steve who had sulkily departed. Now his eyes were alight with a new kind of glow, and, to their anxious inquiries, he answered with a strained calmness they had never heard in his voice.

"I don't suppose it's any good to ask — Pop's so dead set against it. But I want to go to France. Some of the fellows are going to enlist in Canada. They leave for the training-camp next week. We'll get in action a lot quicker even than the recruits in England. Won't you let me go, Pop? I'll be twenty in August."

The room began whirling round Mrs. Morrow; and, through the blur, she looked toward her husband.

He pushed away his plate [*Continued on page 39*]

Why Clothes?



by **Grace Margaret Gould**

Illustrations by Seddie Aspell

WELL, why not clothes? We are used to them, for one thing, and climate and custom seem to demand that we shall wear them. Of course, it is said that women gossip so much about one another's clothes, but, dear me, think how much more we would gossip about one another if we didn't have clothes!

That would be getting down to the bare truth with a vengeance. Now, the plain, unvarnished truth is all very well as an ideal, but for practical use in the social and commercial world it does require a little varnishing.

Much might be said about the commerce that comes from clothes, the trade that deals in clothes, and the millions of people who make their living by making clothes; but all these practical advantages are trivial in comparison with the good clothes do and may do for women.

"But where do I come in?" the worried husband may ask. Well, if he does have to foot the bills, he gets well repaid even if he doesn't think so. What would he think of his wife if she and every other woman wore a shapeless, changeless garment?

Men very soon get sick of the same thing, and you may be sure that they would much sooner get sicker of the same things. This may sound a little vague, but think it over and you will see that it works out all right.

Why, if every woman had black hair and eyes, the men would be organizing expeditions to find women with golden hair and blue eyes. Then, take, character, for instance. If we all thought and acted alike, we would soon stop thinking and do nothing at all.

Clothes are an incentive to women. Even if the motive is no more than vanity, it yet starts her on the way of making the most of herself — and she doesn't stop on this way, either. She takes pride in her appearance. She tries to dress up to an ideal of how she should look, and then she may try to live up to the way she should act. For every slouch in clothes, you may be sure there would be a million slouches in mere covering.

From this personal pride naturally come cleanliness, neatness, order and a knowledge of how to do things. Such traits keep developing, and from being centered on one thing touch many things, and so character may be built up.

Let us look at it from the other side for a moment. Think how discouraged a woman is who never has a new dress but always has to wear a make-over. Think of Cinderella, as she was at the fireplace and then at the ball. Think of the woman whom we all know, who after years of wearing other people's old duds has really and truly a new dress, one made for herself and just the way she wants it.

Think how happy she feels when she first wears it, and how she likes to show herself. It really braces her up in every way, and for the years after she is a different woman from what she was the day before. You see, she has a new picture of herself, and she is determined to keep on looking like it, you may be sure.

Take the first impression of dress — there is nothing like it. In nine cases out of ten, the eye forms the opinion which the mind holds. Involuntarily it notices a peculiarity which the memory retains. Don't we remember the woman with the wart on her nose by the wart? And how about the veil embroidered with bugs, or the button off the smart shoe? Then, there is the stain on the white fichu — does it ever come out?

Here is where the worried husband may get some recompense. Isn't his breakfast all the more enjoyable if his wife is daintily dressed and looks a picture when she pours the coffee? Wouldn't he have that tired feeling if he came home at night and found her frowsy and down at the heel? Many a caress, and, alas! many a frown, spring from the first glance.

Memory delights in retaining the pleasant features of the first impression. It may be the perfectly gloved hand stretched out in greeting. It may be the correctly poised and tied bow of the smart sailor hat. It may be the whole costume, so appropriate to the occasion. At all events, the first mental picture depends upon the clothes.

Of course, a perfect manner must go with perfect clothes. They are the complement of each other. When one is missing, the other will go astray.

This age is so commercial that the first impression in dress has a high business value. The smarter the business woman is in dress, the smarter she is thought to be in business. The tired business man will look up when she comes in just as he will look away when the mussy girl comes in. Of course, in either case, the proof of the pudding is the eating, but the well-dressed woman presents the more attractive dish.

Really, it seems as if the conventional advertisement for a stenographer and typewriter should add, "She must know how to dress." The trouble would be that the clever girl knows this already without reading the ad, while the stupid girl won't know it after she has read it.

Admitting for the moment that beauty unadorned is adorned most, which of course no one but a crusty old bachelor would have said, we must also admit that homeliness unadorned is adorned least. The great fault with the homely is that they don't try. They stick to the style of their grandmothers until they have grandchildren of their own.

Why will a really talented woman, who might have a certain beauty of her own, persist in wearing a long slinky skirt, when everyone else is wearing a skirt short and flaring?

Why will the dejected woman wear her hair piled high in a stiff padded pompadour, when every other woman is wearing it in a low soft wavy pompadour? And why will this same dejected woman add insult to injury by topping her towering pompadour with a more towering hat?

Why will the hopelessly fat woman wear a too short skirt of too gay color, and made in a too extreme way? And why will the hopelessly thin woman wrap herself in a long narrow striped redingote so that she looks like a barber-pole?

The answer in each case is that she either doesn't care or she doesn't know. In any case, she doesn't clothe herself but she covers herself — often with disgrace.

The horrible example in dress may have a family, and she may bring them up to be horrible examples. If these marry and have little horrible examples of their own to become big horrible examples with little horrible examples of their own, you can readily see that an endless chain of horrible examples might be started to overturn taste and set aside fashion.

It is therefore all the more important for women to realize what clothes mean and how and when they should be worn.

If the unfortunate in appearance are wise enough to learn this lesson, then their clothes will help rather than mar them.

There are lots of things that the fat woman can wear that will take away the effect of her fat. No better proof of this is needed than that the shops are recognizing its commercial value, and are offering all sorts of dress-aids to the over-stout woman. Very often it is the line that does it in connection with shade and material. In other words, it is taste, and taste is the soul of clothes.

The angular woman, who runs to points, can get some becoming curves if she will wear a proper corset instead of a shapeless corset-waist, if she will puff out instead of slicking down her hair, if she will discard her long tight plain sleeves for gracefully full ones, and in general go in for buffant soft draperies and floating veils.

Then there is our old friend, who so wishes to be our young friend. She does all sorts of things to clothes, and yet they can do very much for her if she will only let them. Their first lesson is appropriateness. She must dress in a way fitting to her years — this being done, she can dress as stylishly as she pleases.

Down at the heel

Her idea of seeing life

With a few clothes thrown in

This appropriateness, however, must be absolute and complete. One little girlish detail, like a pink ribbon tied around a shriveled neck or a gold bandlet between blinking eyes and dyed hair will ruin it. She must give up any idea that she can be a leader in style. The fact is that she must be the follower of a style that is adapted to her.

There is nothing more pathetic than the hopeless struggle of the old woman to look young. Anyone who can see humor in it lacks heart. You see, she knows from experience how important clothes are. She can look back over years of triumphs gained through clothes. The trouble is she forgets that clothes, to do their perfect work, must not only fit but be fitting. When she realizes this and follows it there is nothing pathetic about her. Indeed, she may be really delightful.

Clothes, you must bear in mind, not only reveal character, but they betray character. They not only show one's good points, but one's bad points. Of course, the women whom clothes betray are not aware of it, but those who see may learn a lesson from it.

Take the little girl who thinks Broadway is the whole world and heaven, too, as she stands in the drugstore telephoning but still glancing at everyone who passes by. All the details of her dress, her flat hat tipped over one eye, her scant basque drawn tight over her narrow figure, her short flaring skirt and obtrusive flesh-color stockings, all match her knowing look and the keen selfish enjoyment she takes in what she calls "life."

We may feel sorry for her on account of her youth and real ignorance and the fact that she has had to fight her own battles. But there is the mature Mrs. Newly Rich. She has all the advantages in the world, but all she does is to abuse them. Now, look at her clothes, and see if they don't tell you so, though she would drop dead at the very idea.

She tries to be all the styles at once — a composite of all the mannequins at a fashion exhibit. Yet she lacks the one grace they all have, and that is taste. She wears a gown of brocade woven in flashing golden designs, the bigger the better for her. She wears a long rope of pearls around her neck, and above this a towering collar of diamonds set in platinum. All the jeweled pins there is room for, and there is a lot of room, too, bedeck her corsage. Her hair is permanently waved within an inch of its bleached life, and every sort of hair ornament that has taken her fancy she sticks into it. Her slippers are of cloth-of-gold, with heels set in the middle for physical reasons, and to add to the gleam of the gold she sports diamond buckles. The one thing that is lacking in all this heterogeneous display is the inventory. Perhaps if you apply at the office you may get it.

She sees a new picture of herself

Then, there is her sister, and generally her elder sister, the Bare Woman. No covering for her. She is a bust and a back, with a few clothes thrown in. Of course, it isn't necessary to speak of her arms — they scream for themselves. Now, look at these few clothes and see if they don't betray her wish to expose herself. There is a shameless art in every curve and line. Actually, if she wore less clothes, she would not seem so bare.

Then there is the Crusher, whose whole thought is what she can accomplish through dress. She never sees a new hat or gown but she must try it on, and she always has a look to match it. She studies the fashions as a surgeon studies anatomy, but he wishes to benefit others while she wishes to benefit herself. She commercializes clothes. They are practical means to practical ends for her. Very often they are successful means, too, but sometimes the shrewd man who observes how she has gotten herself up will be a bit cautious.

And the Inartistic Girl who affects artistic raiment, hoping thereby to convince a staring if not admiring public that she hails from Greenwich village or the Washington Square players. If she has particularly stringy hair, she is sure to adopt the velvet Tam O'Shanter which calls for Mary Pickford curls. If she is sallow, she chooses such shades of drab, taupe, mustard-yellow and green-gray as will cause those who gaze upon her countenance to wonder whether she belongs to the Order of the Saturday Night Bath or—worse. Little does it matter to her that her shoes need shining and her hat needs brushing if only she has a piece of altar embroidery flapping from her shoulders and a seventy-nine-cent string of "antiques," which no lapidarist could identify, swaying where her mother's waist-line ran.

And we must not forget the Demure Young Thing—though to the world young is used without reference to mere years. She has seen Isadore Duncan in a soft gray cape and toque, or Ina Claire as the Quaker Girl in organdy fichu and turnback cuffs—oh, yes, other things of course. So she searches the shops for just the softest, bluest, silveriest-gray, and puts a mere touch of dark blue grease paint on her eyelashes, apple blossom rouge on her face, and the fichu, when no one else is wearing fichus, over her flat bust, and a droopy hat with scraps of lace and blue velvet ribbons and pale pink flowers, and she really thinks that she is fooling the world into believing that she knows naught of evil and all of the good and the true!

Ah, but the other side of the picture. The dowager who, to poise and dignity, adds brocades of melting designs and gems which harmonize perfectly with the subtle tones of her gown. The tall, stately woman who is wise enough not to dye her regal white hair but to set it off with imperial velvet. The lithesome, dark creature like a spark from Southern Europe or Latin America who flashes past us in orange or cerise. The smartly gowned, admirably dressed business woman who radiates success through superb tailoring. And the slender, graceful woman of the stage, with her slow movements and brooding eyes who can carry a cape that rouses memories of the Latin Quarter which once was. The trig young person who can wear khaki with the best of her brothers—and yet look feminine under the visor of her cap.

Blessings on clothes which can feast our eyes like this! Forgiven be their defects when wrongly worn, yea, even their price.

But let all those who see what clothes can do for women learn the lesson that clothes demand fair treatment for fair treatment. They will use you right if you will use them right. This reciprocal duty should make each woman know herself thoroughly in order that she may know her clothes thoroughly and they know her.

There is no such thing any longer, thank goodness, as set, inflexible style. Fashion offers a selection, and each woman should choose what is best suited to herself. Here comes in the full importance and dignity of clothes. They should be a very part of the personality. They should make individuality more complete. They should reveal each woman as she is at her best.

I have now shown, I think, that there are many satisfactory answers to the question, "Why clothes?" But were they all unsatisfactory, there would still remain a conclusive answer — that inevitable feminine answer—"Because." Yes, worried husbands and tired business men, you may as well make the best of clothes, for they have come to stay. Woman will have them, as she has had them from the Stone Age, because—she is a Woman.

The hopelessly fat woman who wears a too short skirt made in a too extreme way

Joe was grateful, affectionate at times, but more often silent, and she saw in his eyes what frightened her

Two Wives—*by* Ernest Poole

The Second Instalment of This Powerful Novel

Chapter IV

ETHEL had been about four weeks in town, and now she was to meet Amy's friends. Amy was giving a dinner the next evening in her honor; and to let the cook and the waitress have a rest on the preceding night, Joe took Amy and Ethel out to dine in a café. His business had gone well that week and Joe was a genial husband. They had a sea-food dinner and later he took them to a play. When they came home, Ethel went to her room, for she felt very tired. It was not long before she was asleep.

She was awakened by Joe, half-dressed.

"Amy is sick!" he said sharply. "Go in and help her, will you? I'll try to get a doctor!"

On Amy's bed, a little later, Ethel saw a face so changed from the gay smiling countenance of a few brief hours before, that she felt her heart jump into her throat. Amy's face was ugly and queer, distorted by frequent spasms. But worse was the terror in her eyes.

"Ethel, I think I'm dying!" she cried. "Something I ate — it poisoned me!" There was a sharp catch in her breath and Amy shuddered with fright and pain.

"Amy! Why, you poor little darling!" Ethel held her sister tight, asked quick, anxious questions and did things to relieve her, but with little or no success. It seemed hours till Joe came back. With him was a doctor, who made an examination and then took Joe into the hall. Ethel followed anxiously. She heard the doctor questioning Joe, and she heard him say:

"I'm afraid it's ptomaine."

"What does *that* mean?" Joe fiercely inquired. But before Ethel could hear the reply she was called back into the bedroom, where on her bed with both hands clenched Amy was saying:

"I can't bear this! Make him give me something — quick!"

The rest of the night was a blur and a haze, of which Joe was the center — Joe half-crazed and impatient, making impossible demands.

"You can't get a nurse in a minute, my friend, at five A. M.," the doctor cried. "I'm doing my best, if you'll give me a chance!"

The fight went on. The nurse arrived, and turning to Ethel the doctor said, "Get him out of this." And she took Joe into the living-room. But there with a sudden curse and a groan he began to walk the floor.

"This doctor — what do we know of him? He was all I could find! We've never been sick — we haven't been to a doctor in years! . . . Ah — that's it!" And he went to the telephone, where in a few moments she heard him saying tensely, "Bill, old man, I'm in trouble." And she thought, "It's his partner."

"What have you done?" she asked him.

"Got Bill Nourse on the 'phone. He's bringing another doctor."

"But, Joe! You should have asked this doctor first!"

"Should I?" was his distracted reply.

The doctor arrived and was as surprised and annoyed as the first one at finding how he had been summoned. In a moment with angry apologies he was backing out of the door. But Joe caught his arm.

"You two and your etiquette be damned! Go in and look at my wife!" he cried. And with a glance into Joe's eyes the second physican turned to the first, muttered, "Hold this man. He's crazy," and went into the bedroom.

It was long before Ethel forgot the look that appeared on Joe's face when the second physician came out and said:

"I'm sorry. There's nothing I can do."

She went in with Joe to Amy. And her sister looked so relieved, the lines of pain all soothed away. Heavily drugged, she was nearly asleep. Her hand felt for Joe's and closed on it, and with a little nestling movement of her soft lovely body she murmured smiling:

"Oh, so tired and sleepy now."

Again, in spite of her grief and fright, Ethel noticed how her sister's small plump hand closed on that of her husband. In the months and years that followed, she recalled it vividly so many times.

Joe sat there long after Amy was dead.

The doctor signed to Ethel to come into the living-room.

"Are you to be in charge?" he asked. She looked at him and shivered. She felt a pang of such loneliness as she had never known before.

"I know nobody — nothing — I don't know how you arrange," she said. "I've only been a month in town."

The doctor gave her a curious look of pity and uneasiness. It was as though he had told her, "I'm sorry, but don't count on me for help. I'm busy. This is New York, you know." He said:

"I'll see to the undertaker." She shivered again, and he added, "Don't you know some older woman here?"

This reminded her of the dinner which Amy was to have given that night. A lump rose in her throat. She waited a moment and then she said:

"Yes, I know of several."

"That's good. You'd better send for them." And soon afterward he hurried away.

But just as Ethel was rising to go to the telephone, there was a ring at the door. She opened it, and a tall man, rather stooped, with iron gray hair and mustache, a lean but rather heavy face and deep-set impassive eyes, came in and said:

"I'm Joe's partner — Nourse, you know. How is it going? Better?"

"She's dead."

"God!" With that low exclamation, she thought she saw a gleam of shock but then of triumph come in his eyes. He went by her into Joe's room, and she heard Joe's whisper:

"Oh, Bill — Bill!"

With a mingling of relief and of sharp hostility she felt at once how she was shut out. Who was she but a stranger now? She thought of Amy in there on the bed, and with a quick cry she began to walk up and down in a scared, hunted fashion. She stopped with a sudden resolute clinching of her teeth, and said, "Now I've got to do something! If I don't, I'll go right out of my mind!" But what? She stared about her, then went to the windows and threw back the curtains. It was well along toward noon. Daylight flooded into the room, with one yellow path of light which came down from the distant sun.

"I'll go out and get her some flowers."

WHEN she came back a half hour later, Ethel still had that resolute look. The door of Amy's room was closed and she saw Nourse's hat in the hall. She turned out and went to the telephone, stopped and frowned.

"Yes, that's the next thing."

She called up Amy's friend, Fanny Carr. But at the sound of the woman's voice which came back over the wire, Ethel gave a start of dismay. For it had a jarring quality, and although it was prompt in its exclamations of shocked surprise and sympathy and proffers of help — the words, "You poor child, I'll come over at once!" — made Ethel inwardly beseech her, "Oh, no, no! Please stay away!" Aloud she said, "Thank you," and turned from the telephone. Was this Amy's best friend?

"I want someone I know! A woman! A friend! Oh, Amy — Amy!"

She thought of Susette. She went at once to the nursery, kissed the wee girl and sat down on the floor. And as they built a house of blocks, Ethel could feel herself softening, the strained, tight sensation going. Suddenly in her hot dry eyes she felt in a moment the tears would come.

"What's to become of me and this child?"

She turned with a start and met the unfriendly eyes of the nurse. They had a jealous light in them.

"You'll stay here, of course," said Ethel. "Surely, you are not thinking of going ——"

"No. Are you?"

A little cold sensation struck into her spine at the tone of that question.

"I haven't decided yet on my plans. Hadn't you better take Susette out to the Park?"

"All right."

"And keep her there as much as you can — till it's over."

"All right," said the nurse again.

Ethel went out of the room. Were there only strangers here?

Just after that Fanny Carr arrived, and Ethel had a feeling at once of a shrewd, strong personality. A woman of about medium height, still young but rather over-developed, artificial and over-dressed, with a full bust and thick red lips and lustrous eyes of greenish gray — her beauty was of the obtrusive type that is made to catch the eye on the street and in noisy crowded rooms. When Fanny kissed her, Ethel shrank. "I mustn't do that!" she exclaimed to herself. But the other woman had noticed it and shot a little look at her.

"You poor girl! I can't tell you how sorry I feel," she was saying. "It's horrible. Tell me about it."

And Ethel in a lifeless voice recounted the tragedy of the night.

"Where's Joe?"

"In there, with his partner."

"Oh! Mr. Nourse. He would be." And Mrs. Carr threw a glance of dislike at the closed door of Amy's room. "And you, my dear — I won't ask you now what are your plans. Just let me help you. What can I do? There's that dinner tonight, to begin with. Have you let the people know?"

"Not yet ——"

"Have you a list of the ones who were asked?"

"I think there's one on Amy's desk."

"Then I'll attend to it."

SOON Fanny was at the telephone. Her voice, hard and incisive, kept talking, stopping, talking again, repeating it to friend after friend, and making it hard, abrupt and real, stripping it of its mystery, making it naked and commonplace, like a newspaper item — Amy's death. And Ethel sat rigid, listening.

"Amy's best friend! Oh, how strange!"

Suddenly she remembered things Amy had said about this friend — admiring things. She bit her lips.

"What a queer time for hating a person! But I hate you — oh, I hate you!" She went to the window and frowned at the street and slowly again got control of herself. "What's wrong with me? Why am I so dull? I ought to be doing something. But what?" Again came the voice from the telephone, and again she clenched her hands. "How did you make Amy take *you* for a friend? . . . Oh, what difference does it make?"

But it did make a difference. The presence of Fanny got on her nerves; and when a little later two of the dinner guests arrived, to exclaim and pity and offer their help, she faced them and thought:

"You're all alike! You're all just hard and over-dressed! You're cheap! Oh, please — please go away!"

The two visitors seemed glad enough to find she did not want them here, that she was not going to cling to them and make this abyss she was facing a region they must face by her side. In their eyes again she caught the look she had seen on the face of the doctor: "After all, this is not my affair."

The two women left her. Fanny, too, soon went out on an errand. And no other woman came to her that day. How different from the Ohio town. Only once a girl came from the dressmaker's.

But just after Fanny had gone out, Joe's partner came into the living-room. In the last few hours several times she had heard his voice as he talked with Joe. Deep, heavy and gruff, it had yet revealed a tenderness that had given to Ethel a sudden thrill — which she had forgotten the next moment, for her thoughts kept spinning so. But now as he looked down at her, she saw in his gaunt lean face a reflection of that tenderness; and there was a pity in his voice which set her lip to quivering.

"The sooner we have this over," he said, "the better it will be for Joe."

"Yes."

"Tomorrow?"

"Yes."

"At four?"

"All right."

"I'll see to it."

"Thank you." There was a pause.

"Is there any special cemetery? You have any preference?"

"I don't know any in New York." And again there was a silence.

"You haven't been here long."

"No."

"You'll be going back now to your home, I suppose."

"I haven't any."

"Oh," he said. She

[*Continued on page 54*]

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Illustration by John Alonzo Williams

For what has happened up to this point see page 66

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Three of the things we know the Public wants: Fairbanks, Pickford and Chaplin

What the Public Wants

by

George Jean Nathan

Morosco, Dillingham, Belasco, Ziegfeld, even the young fellows and beginners like Williams, Hopkins, Kugel — they've all figured the thing out profitably. And if now and again we find a theatrical manager like the late Charles Frohman who did not so accurately figure out what the public wanted and who therefore did not make so much money, we have the reason not in the fact that it is difficult to figure out what the public wants, but in the fact that, though it is comparatively easy Mr. Frohman wasn't entirely privy to the way in which to do it.

Charles Frohman was an impracticable man. He once said, "There is no such thing as 'the' public. There are a thousand different publics. The manager who talks of 'the' public is the kind of manager who believes that the public holds meetings in Cooper Union to decide what it likes and doesn't like."

And there Mr. Frohman made his mistake and lost money. True, the public does not hold meetings in Cooper Union to settle upon its tastes, but those tastes are every bit as settled upon as if the public did hold meetings in Cooper Union to settle them. Before "Pollyanna" was produced, George Tyler predicted it would make a fortune. Before "Moloch" was produced, George Tyler predicted it would lose money. The only financial failure George M. Cohan has written in the last decade was "The Miracle Man." The night it was produced he told the present writer he was extremely dubious that it was what the public wanted. Three days after he read the manuscript of "It Pays to Advertise," and three months before he produced the play, Mr. Cohan told the present writer it was exactly the sort of thing the public wanted and would fill double the purse of Fortunatus.

Ziegfeld knows exactly what the public wants, gives it to the public year in and year out in "The Follies" — never failing and playing to as high as $25,000 a week. The Shuberts jam the Winter Garden four times in five. Dillingham crowds the Hippodrome. And Albee packs the Palace with exactly the kind of vaudeville the public wants.

The playwrights who sidestep art for art's sake, whose one concern is figuring out the popular taste and coining

THAT it is a most difficult, if not altogether impossible, matter to tell what the public wants is a canard assiduously cultivated and disseminated by those very persons who know exactly what the public wants, who know that giving the public exactly what it wants is as easy as rolling off a cigarette and who, through the crafty promulgation of the canard, contrive shrewdly to have themselves regarded by swallowers of the canard as remarkable and perspicacious creatures possessed of an eerie gift for crystal-gazing, palmistry, tea-leaf-reading, fortune-telling, divination and necromancy in general. Yet the persistence of the delusion that a successful and highly prosperous catering to the public tastes is a rocky road, and one strewn with the corpses of countless adventurers, is indefatigable. Why, it is not easy to say; unless one recalls that such sister delusions as the notion that a cold in the head will if left alone cure itself in nine days and the idea that a cigar with a dark wrapper is necessarily stronger than one with a light wrapper are equally vigorous and persistent.

The theory that no person knows precisely what it is that the public wants and that the person who succeeds in giving the public what it wants does so largely as a matter of lucky accident falls to pieces immediately one remembers, first, that the successful person started out with the deliberate idea of giving the public something it wanted and, second, that this same person very often succeeds in giving the public what it wants the next time he tries and the time after that and the time after that.

That this person may in his enterprise fail once in a while does not shatter the statement that the business of giving the public what it wants is more or less a sinecure any more than the failure of a pole vaulter who twice has negotiated some twelve feet two inches and misses the third time shatters the statement that the pole vaulter knows exactly the technique that permitted him to make the previous auspicious attempts. Giving the public what it wants is as simple a matter as elementary mathematics, but it is as unreasonab e to suppose, therefore, that the man who understands what the public wants and how to give it to the public must never under any circumstances miss the mark as it would be to suppose, in an equally incomplex direction, that the man who understands how the face must be shaved and how to shave it must therefore never under any circumstances cut himself.

Probably more vehemently than any other class, the persons connected with the theatre proclaim the impossibility of predicting and deciphering the palate of the mob. Yet what are the facts once we inquire into them? In the last decade, how many theatrical managers have failed to make money out of this very same public taste which they allege they are unable accurately to plumb? Klaw and Erlanger, Cohan and Harris, the Shuberts, A. H. Woods,

Photograph by Alfred C. Johnston

Bessie McCoy, who is coming back to the stage because the Public wants her

it into two-dollar bills, make money just as easily. George Cohan has made several fortunes. George Broadhurst is a rich man. George V. Hobart, Goodman, Marcin, A. E. Thomas, Winchell Smith, Megrue, Sheldon — they've all found the thing comparatively easy.

Leaving the theatre for the moment, we find the matter has been quite as absurdly simple for men in other avenues. Robert W. Chambers knows exactly what the public wants and regularly provides the public with what it wants. Irvin Cobb knows almost as well and so does Mary Roberts Rinehart. Richard Harding Davis knew, as Rupert Hughes knows today.

To object that this is no fair way to argue, since it is possible these popular writers failed many times before they were able to learn what the public wanted is to interpose an objection that is invalid. Chambers knew from the very beginning — without a single failure! So did Cobb. So did Mary Rinehart. So did the rest. They were successful prognosticators from the start. Their very materially increased rewards today are but the result of their cumulative success in fathoming the popular taste. Cyrus K. Curtis, Harold Bell Wright, Herbert Kaufman, Houdini, three out of every five of the moving picture magnificos, Catherine Chisholm Cushing, Gene Stratton Porter, Gillette the Safety Razor Man, Henry Ford, Elinor Glyn, Bernard Shaw, Eva Tanguay, Theodore Roosevelt, Eleanor Porter and Billy Sunday have figured the thing out in these days just as aptly and as completely as Oscar Hammerstein, Elbert Hubbard, Charles H. Hoyt, Paul Dresser, the Hanlons, Charles Garvice, Albert Ross, P. T. Barnum, Hires of Hires' Root Beer, Charles Klein, Lincoln J. Carter, Imre and Bolossy Kiralfy, Bert Standish, Charles Yale, Lew Wallace, Sir Thomas Lipton and John Philip Sousa figured it out in the yesterdays.

One must grant, obviously enough, that the person planning a financial coup against the popular taste have in hand the fundamental technic of his particular line of activity. For it is unreasonable to demand against the present argument that if the thing is as easy as is here claimed, *anyone* should be able to do it. Each man to his trade. One cannot demand that General Pershing, for example, be able to decipher the public's taste for music shows, or that George Cohan be able to figure out the exact way to indent the Hindenburg line. But granted these fundamentals, the matter of giving the mob what it likes becomes a simple business. How many men do you suppose one would encounter in the poor-houses of the United States who had definitely *tried* to give the public what it wanted and had failed? The failures, the paupers, are not those who have tried to sell the public what it wanted but those who have tried to sell to some middleman what they believed the middleman thought the public wanted. . . . The middleman is not in the poor-house.

Photo. by Maurice Goldberg

Often the public wants a serious star — when she is as wonderful as Petrova

What does the public want? Leaving for some other statistician the facts that the public wants (with a variation so infinitesimal that it is negligible) *blue* bathing suits, *two* straws with its glass of lemonade and *rectangular* bed pillows, let us confine ourselves here mainly to the case of the theatre. That it is a not especially difficult business to give the public precisely what it wants in the theatre must be immediately apparent to any unprejudiced person who remembers that a theatre audience from time immemorial has never *once* failed to respond at a music show to the device of having the chorus girls throw things — balls, candies, what not — into the auditorium or at a drama to the device of having one character knock a revolver out of the hand of another character or at a vaudeville show to the device of having one *comique* spray another *comique* in the face with an atomizer.

There are, in the theatre, approximately one hundred stereotyped and familiar tricks which may be relied upon to affect unfailingly a theatre audience — tricks ranging all the way from the elbow that suddenly slips off the edge of a table (a certain laugh-provoker) to the equally positive thrill-brewer of the shattered glass window. The response of a theatrical audience is largely a matter of habit, of tradition, and so the devices which make an audience laugh or weep or experience a tingling of the vertebrae change in the main but little. The present writer, for example, has been going to the theatre professionally — about four nights a week — for the last thirteen years; yet he finds that he laughs today at the fat pantaloon who suddenly trips and lands with a loud thud on his *chassis* just the same as he laughed at the same business thirteen years ago. And the much more casual theatregoer, the man who goes to the theatre less frequently, laughs at the thing with a doubled guffaw power. Human nature doesn't change.

Speaking of this and the public's admiration for so-called happy endings to its plays, George Cohan once said to me, "Of course the public likes happy endings in the theatre just as anybody likes happy endings to anything anywhere. It is silly to blame the happy ending taste on a theatrical audience alone. It is as if one were to say, 'When a man gets into a theatre he wants everything to be exactly the opposite of what he wants it to be outside the theatre.' The fact that a man, or woman, pays a couple of dollars to go to a theatre certainly doesn't mean that he or she is paying a couple of dollars to change his or her nature. A man goes to a baseball game to see the home team win. He goes to a billiard parlor to watch a game of billiards between his friend Bill Botts and another fellow he doesn't like and of course wants the game to turn out favorably for friend Bill. He goes to the office in the morning and, when five o'clock comes, he wants his day to have turned out a prosperous and a happy day. A man wants to see those persons he likes or admires win out. He wants to be happy himself. Wherever he is, whatever he does, whomever he watches! Why should human nature change — or be expected to change — the minute it deposits its person in an orchestra seat? This is why the public wants happy endings to its plays. Just as a man will overlook an umpire's somewhat 'off' decision so long as it favors his home ball team, so will the public overlook an analogous fault in dramatic logic so long as it favors its hero and heroine in a play. Show me a man or woman who down in his heart prefers an unhappy ending to a play to a happy one and I will, other things being equal, show you a fibber of the purest ray serene. Human nature is the same with all of us. Some people are just a little more expert than others in pretending it isn't. But you'll find that not one of these fibbers or fakers will take a chance in not picking up [*Continued on page 76*]

Photograph by Sarony

Photograph by A. C. Johnston

Zieg feld knows!

Persons of Rank

by Holworthy Hall

Illustrations by C. F. Underwood

As soon as he had received from the *Technische Hochschule* his degree as a mining engineer — and Bingham said that the phraseology reminded him of nothing so much as an ash-can rolling downstairs — he left Berlin for New York; and chiefly because he began his journey by sharing a smoking-compartment with an impressionable syndicate manager, he arrived on Broadway nine years later, by way of India and the Antipodes, China and Mexico. In the meantime, his family had perished utterly from the earth, and his boyhood friends had developed into busy realists. It took Bingham a week of bitter revelations to comprehend that not even a mining engineer can build a bridge of sentiment across nine years of incommunication; and when at last he capitulated to the facts, he was the loneliest man in all the spreading acres of Manhattan.

He was thirty-one, and for nearly half his life he had moved independently of the social world; he had been tutored by rigid circumstances to find enjoyment in his own companionship — but this was in territory where the solitude hadn't so many million strangers to complicate it. He was mentally alert, and physically attractive; he was a big, striking, blond-haired genius who was perfectly at home in any company, regardless of sex, color or political belief, and already he had discomfited with his lively conversation more minor potentates and fledglings of the purple than the average aristocrat ever sees with an opera-glass. He was born to certain triumph. Give him a year in the metropolis, and he was inevitably destined to select, as he liked, his professional and his playtime associates. Now, as he sat apart, watching the passers-by in that hotel corridor, which in atmosphere verges upon the international, he was gloomy with the despair of constructive ostracism.

Someone had left a newspaper in the adjoining chair. Bingham, with an hour to put to slow torture before even a transient could venture to order food from the grill, appropriated it wearily. From the headlines of the front page he passed inconsequentially to the market reports, and scanned the closing quotations with feeble interest; he was himself a creator of industries, not a speculator. He consulted his watch, and sighed; put down the journal and took it up again, and out of the depths of his overwhelming ennui, fell to studying the advertising sections.

He had flogged his enthusiasm down one long column, and up the next, when his eye was caught and held by a singular classification which of itself deserved the honor of inspection. Bingham stared hard, grinned spontaneously, and laughed aloud; unconsciously causing a house detective to hesitate and appraise him thoroughly. This is what Bingham read:

SOCIETY — Matron of highest social standing will provide instruction in conversation, deportment and etiquette. Will also, if desired, arrange to introduce qualified gentlemen and gentlewomen formally or informally to persons of rank, title, and achievement. Honorarium commensurate with services rendered. Mrs. H. B., Box 499, Downtown.

"You must let me see you!" he insisted. "I can't talk to you here——"

It was primarily the word "honorarium" which lifted Bingham's risibility to the highest point, and left him weak with merriment. The polysyllable fascinated him; it was reminiscent of the finest quality of black broadcloth, worn shabby by excessive sponging; it suggested sedate and self-conscious gentility with the nap worn off. Bingham pictured to himself the sort of woman who would ambush herself behind her ancestral pride, and exploit, for sustenance, the caste to which she owed allegiance. She would be middle-aged, he thought, and grim with inverted humility at the measure of her indigence; she would be haughty in order to conceal her shame; she would inhabit the poorest apartment in the best neighborhood, and keep a King Charles spaniel with the asthma. She was, of course, a widow and childless; and since she had descended to penury — through the machinations of an unscrupulous lawyer, or by her own ineptitude in the matter of investments — she retained her grade among the plutocrats only because they were sorry for her. She still preserved, however, her unsullied reputation as a thoroughgoing oligarch; so that her friends had yet no cause to cavil at her other friends.

Bingham chuckled anew, and concurrently experienced a feeling of profound sympathy for the impecunious widow. "Honorarium!" Very probably she cringed at the acceptance of sordid money from the proletariat, and stipulated for bank drafts instead of checks, to prevent her receiving-teller from discerning the source of her income. She was arrogant in her surety, that widow. She didn't surround herself with promises befogged by useless verbiage — she proclaimed flatly that she *would arrange* . . . and so forth.

As he was thus idly blocking out the personality of the advertiser, and the sad history of her gradual decline, he was suddenly seized by a vagrant fancy which electrified him into dropping the paper; and as once more he retrieved it, he was catechising himself in a fashion which bewildered him. He was alone, unoccupied and weighted down by tedium; why shouldn't he return the summons of the needy feminine? The mere conception of it warmed his heart, long chilled by the Fabian tactics of his few school-comrades; furthermore, it was picaresque.

He was thirty-one, and the kiln of conventionality hadn't tempered the adventurousness out of him. Moreover, he

was lonely; and he had no dragging responsibilities to circumvent him. His intelligence wouldn't permit him to take Mrs. H. B.'s offer seriously; but neither would his inquisitiveness, in his present mood of gnawing boredom, allow him to ignore it altogether. "Persons of rank, title, and achievement," Bingham was alternately convulsed, and driven to frowning meditatively at his shoestrings.

Bingham told himself that he was an idiot; and that fresh air would undoubtedly clarify his brain and dispose of his fantastic hallucinations. Forthwith, he rose, and set out to dispel, by the commonplaces of Fifth Avenue, the visions of ludicrous entertainment which were hovering before him. "Persons of title!" He blushed for the democracy of America.

But on the Avenue, his vapors wandered with him; he was increasingly irritated by the very exigence of his discontent. He sauntered listlessly northward, giving no heed to the world about him, until on the nearest corner he dallied interminably, staring at the chipped curbstone, and prodding it with the toe of his boot. He vacillated, formed a decision, and lifted his head at the sound of explosive voices nearby. Two men had halted, face-to-face, at arm's length from him; Bingham listened defensively.

"Bill Johnson! It's a thousand years since I saw you! Duluth, wasn't it?"

"Minneapolis — and it's all of *ten* years, at that! Well, how's the boy?"

"Lord! I'm fine! Where are you now?"

"On the Coast. Say, you certainly are the same old Colonel! What's your hurry?"

"None — and I'd bust every engagement for a month anyhow! How's all your folks?"

"Great! Say, where can we get a drink some place around here? Come on. Say, remember the last time you and I and Fritz went duck-shooting?"

"*Do* I! I know a place — come on!"

The reunited members of the fraternity of man passed out of range, and Bingham shuddered, and bestowed a final kick upon the curbstone. Deliberately, then, he wheeled, and retraced his steps to the hostelry where even the room-clerks had been too self-possessed to welcome him when he registered. There were fifteen minutes lacking from the time he had arbitrarily fixed as his dinner-hour; and soberly, incautiously, and with full recognition of his sophomoric purpose, he employed them by inditing a letter to Mrs. H. B., 499, Downtown. And the prospect of the farce-comedy that was in store for him so brightened his horizon that he gave his order to the waiter in a tone that was almost jovial — and got himself severely snubbed for it.

On the second day following, at four o'clock in the afternoon, Bingham went perplexedly up the steps of a brick house in the West Sixties. It wasn't an old house, nor was it blatantly new; it had the backing of architectural simplicity, and every unit of its façade appeared to reflect the conservatism of its protectorate. It was palpably a house of value to the street it ornamented; and the street itself was an adjunct to that miniature directory which is smartly bound in blue. Incidentally, Bingham in his scepticism had referred to that directory, and taken courage from the listing of Mrs. Horatio Burnside at this very address.

The butler who took his card was, according to Bingham's automatic analysis, a lineal descendant of the mathematician who invented poker. Expressionless as a plane of geometry, which has no corporeal attributes to recommend it, the butler bowed to the maximum leave of his rotundity — which is to say that his obeisance was practically negligible — and implied by a gesture of magnificent repression that Bingham could sojourn in the reception-room, and sit down or stand up, just as he chose. And Bingham, who had been perplexed on the sidewalk, was baffled in the antechamber. Its furnishings discredited his surmises; he couldn't force himself to the postulate that a resident among these surroundings was actively harassed for funds. Before he could carry his deductions further, he was subtly conscious that a person had entered; and turning, he saw that it was a personage.

Mrs. Burnside was, to judge from Bingham's courteous estimate, a woman of forty. She was neither grim nor acrid; she was a handsome woman of unruffled poise and the sweetest of patrician manners; so that at the outset — in her wholly impersonal greeting — she pleased Bingham, and rather abashed him. She was dressed for the street — in a style to disconcert any commoner who hasn't been in France; but Bingham, as a veteran observer, knew the artistic touch. She was undeniably *chic*. And her voice, when Bingham heard it, filled him with sincere admiration.

In response, he actually stammered. A moment more, and they were seated; they were exchanging the amenities of civilization. Bingham's amazement grew, and, to his greater discomfiture, he felt that his unrest was patent; he was relieved when he had cause to reply to a direct question.

"I came in from Mexico on Monday," he responded. "And as nearly as I can find out, Mrs. Burnside, I don't know a soul this side of the Rocky Mountains. I'm utterly isolated, and I've got to be in New York for at least a month or two. So when I happened to notice your advertisement, it appealed to me, and I wrote to you."

"I'm sure you'll understand me," she said, "when I tell you frankly that all my negotiations depend on the utmost delicacy, Mr. Bingham — the utmost tact. I tried to convey that idea in the note I sent you."

"I appreciate it fully," he admitted.

"And so you'll realize how it's necessary for me to make inquiries which — unless you *do* grasp the motives behind them — might embarrass you."

"After the last few days," said Bingham, "nothing involving a free use of the English language can embarrass *me* very much, Mrs. Burnside."

She gave him a transitory smile, and resumed her open appraisal of him. She was charmingly businesslike.

"It's superfluous," she said, "for me to ask whether you want instruction — you are interested, of course, in the other field."

"How could you know from my letter?" Out of principle, Bingham was wary, and as non-committal as the examination would permit.

"Had you thought of the expense?"

"I'd thought of it, but I haven't approximated it. How could I?"

"True," she said. "But before we come to that . . . you say you have no friends in the city?"

"None."

"No one to whom I can . . . refer?"

"I can think of no one offhand."

"You see," she said, with a pretty motion which expressed regret, "I warned you of possible embarrassment. Your home is . . . ?"

"My home is where *I* am."

"You've traveled, then?"

"Hardly that. I've drifted."

She was silent then, and Bingham, watching her, couldn't for the life of him establish a set of premises to help him in his deductions.

"Mr. Bingham," she said, "*why* have you come to me? You have all the air of a man of the world; you ——"

"Because," he interrupted, "just as I told you, I don't know a human being east of Denver! I'm not a —" He bit his lip — he had almost betrayed his iconoclasm. "I should say, I relished the chance of killing two birds with one stone. I've been perishing of lethargy; and like almost everyone else, I've always wanted to see the Four Hundred close at range. Your advertisement was double-barreled."

"But," she said, "when I sponsor strangers I do really run the risk of compromise. That risk *must* be lessened as much as possible. I don't need to go into details, do I? I should generally have two kinds of insurance — one in the form of reference, and one in the form of remuneration."

"That's very logical," agreed Bingham. "And very reasonable."

"And in the main, I hardly care to — to take up clients who are compelled to count the cost. The results are uniformly unsatisfactory to both sides. I may talk plainly to you, may I not?"

"By all means," said Bingham.

"So — if you have no one in New York to vouch for you — who can? Where shall I go to have your credentials validated?"

Bingham, inclined at first to be indignant, was nevertheless impressed by her insistence upon a social passport. He was increasingly trustful of her integrity, but caution advised him that until his trust became absolute, he could suffer no harm from withholding his secondary purposes as well as the minutiæ of his career.

"My hotel and my bank," he suggested.

"Oh! You have a banking connection in the city?"

He named it, and mentioned the hotel.

"You'd have no objection to my . . . verifying?"

"Not at all," he assured her. "And now, for your part, could you give some conception of what you might arrange for me?"

"I rarely . . . well, I have so many resources, Mr. Bingham — the outcome hinges largely upon your taste."

"Indeed!" He was astonished at the wide latitude of her claim.

"Why, yes. For an illustration: during the next fortnight there are, oh! six or eight potentialities for a man like yourself. Your own taste, and your . . . means , . . are the determining factors. A week from tomorrow there's a costume dance at Delmonico's. A dinner precedes it, as usual, but unfortunately that's not available. . . . The dance itself will be truly exclusive, and distinctive. I think the invitations number about a hundred. It's one of the last of the season, and one of the most promising."

"Persons of title?" he queried smilingly.

"Only one," she conceded with equal good-humor. "You know what advertisements are; I can't engage to produce a whole peerage in New York on a week's leeway! But there's a very charming girl who's spent the season here — Lady Strachan. You've probably never heard of her ——"

"No-o. I think not," said Bingham, wrinkling his forehead. "And yet there's a familiar ring about it — she's married, I take it?"

"No—she's one of the younger daughters of a Scotch laird. Look up your Burke. I assure you she's very real, and — pretty. As for the others . . . why, some of the Wall Street group, and a few of the artistic and musical people, and a sprinkling from out-of-town — a good, catholic assortment — and the hostess is of the very first line of society — Mrs. Heatherstone. And that is the type of entertainment to which you have access, Mr. Bingham, under my patronage."

"A costume dance!" he said. "Are they still in vogue?"

"Oh, yes! And have you ever seen how they are managed when there is no need of economy?"

"No, but at that sort of function would it be possible to *meet* the other guests?" Bingham was scenting divertissement of a unique variety.

"Mind you, it isn't a masquerade," she said. "And furthermore, I'm not urging this particular dance upon you. It's only that Mrs. Heatherstone . . . Mrs. *Perry* Heatherstone . . . doesn't give many parties during the year, and when she does, she makes history. It's merely an opportunity which ——"

"And the . . . honorarium?" he queried.

"Five hundred dollars. . . . Now, wait a moment! You shouldn't look astounded, Mr. Bingham! When you consider the short time we have, and the fact that the invitations have already been issued, you'll realize that I am asking an extremely moderate sum. And it is due and payable only when I place the actual invitation, directed to you personally, in your hands. There is perhaps one chance in fifty that I won't be able to do it — accidents have happened before. And I tell you confidentially that my price to people who haven't your presentability is higher — much higher. In this instance, I can make a discount because you will need no tutoring, and because you are a man of polish. I shall have no fear of your reception, or of your . . . conduct."

Bingham winced; and whimsically it occurred to him that for little more than five hundred dollars he could hire a loquacious valet for a solid year. He had never placed so high an estimate upon the utility of superficial intercourse; and yet he could see, from Mrs. Burnside's point of view, that her fee wasn't presumptuous. The problem was reducing itself to elementary finance — was the novelty worth the price? Bingham thought not.

"In all frankness," he said slowly, "I can hardly

Love's Service

by

Mary B. Mullett

I

WHEN I had looked into your sombre eyes.
Which unshed tears made fathomless and sweet,
I did Love's service for you in that wise
Which seemed most meet.

II

For when I saw that grief had left no stain,
That still your spirit locked and barred was kept,
I faltered in your stead; and for your pain
'Twas I that wept.

see the value in it for *me*, Mrs. Burnside. I don't deny for a minute the justice of your quotation. But for one evening ——"

"You forget," she commented, "that my introductions carry some measure of permanence — and the measure is regulated by yourself. It may be great, and it may be nothing. But it's most infrequent that the presentation of a man like yourself stops at the last dance — I try to provide for your future, *based* on the introduction. In other words, I try to secure you a re-entry; if only in the way of the customary calls upon one or two of the company. Now, if you should care to stake that future on your own individuality — if you are satisfied to be presented once, and to do without any further assistance from me — simply to go ahead on your own initiative — I can lower the price to three hundred and fifty dollars. And I couldn't do even this unless the season were so nearly over." She smiled cheerfully. "You dance, of course?"

"Yes."

"I wish," she added, "you'd let me prescribe, or at least supervise your costume. It's fairly important."

"I shall be glad to do that," said Bingham. He was amused to discover that Mrs. Burnside had all the tricks of a clever salesman. She had suited her tactics admirably to his reactions, and he was succumbing serially.

"You'll concentrate, then, on this one entertainment?"

"I . . . think . . . so," said Bingham, anticipating vast refreshment.

"By Wednesday next," she affirmed, "I shall have the cards ready for you, and if you can conveniently call during the afternoon . . . and if I am out, my secretary will make the delivery to you, and accept your check. There are one or two trivial details — but you can discuss those either with me or my secretary on Wednesday." She beamed upon him. "And now may I offer you some tea?"

"Thank you," said Bingham. "I shall be trebly grateful."

By the time that Bingham had sustained himself by a study of Burke's Peerage, and fortified his sense of humor by an additional tour in the directory bound in blue, he was very nearly excited; not because of any innate tendency towards sycophancy, but because he was intent on drawing the greatest pleasure from his esoteric adventure. The cost of the episode, although more than he really cared to pay, was trifling in its relation to the delight he had already enjoyed from the mere notion of his invasion of sacred ground. Furthermore, he was harassed by the name of the titled one — Strachan. He was positive that somewhere he had heard it, and in a connection of specific importance; but he couldn't collate his scattered bits of subconsciousness, and mould them into practical data. He finally argued that he might have met her in India, and that she might have been a privileged tourist who came to inspect his mine.

Mrs. Burnside had testified in behalf of a certain costumer, and Bingham was easily appeased by Oriental regalia which was well adapted to his military carriage and his chronic sunburn. As he arrayed himself on the festal night, and as he went uptown in a taxicab, he was hauntingly oppressed by a feeling of vague doubt; in spite of his perfunctory audit of Mrs. Burnside's position in New York, he wouldn't have been altogether nonplussed to learn from the doorman at Delmonico's that there was an error of fact, and that no hostess with Heatherstone for a patronymic was giving a dance that night. But the doorman was acting merely in an advisory capacity, and the custodian of the elevator was both curt and definite in his directions. Bingham was shown straightway to a retiring-room, and in it he encountered three or four coldly aloof gentlemen who, while scrupulously arranging their own attire, glanced at him with the hauteur of superiority before which all strangers are guilty. Bingham was suddenly apprehensive; was it possible that his status in this gathering, or the route of his approach to it, was a matter of common knowledge?

He wasn't prone to shyness, but he delayed shamelessly in the retiring-room. He began to wonder upon what representations his invitation had been obtained. He could visualize distinctly the crisis he might have to meet if chicanery had been in any way responsible. To be sure, Mrs. Burnside had covenanted to be in a specified spot at a specified hour, in order that she might convoy him safely through the first ritual of formality; but he acutely comprehended what disaster might befall him if Mrs. Burnside was late, and therefore be delayed.

There came a period, however, when he was intolerant of the suspense; and with a final review of himself in a convenient mirror, he trailed two gorgeous Hussars who, as they quitted the men's quarters, were mutually boasting of having bought Steel under a hundred. He went through a vestibule and a hallway, started at the sound of many voices, and paused on

Bingham was wary, and as non-committal as the examination would permit

the very threshold of ultra-exclusiveness. He had no time to be dazzled; almost instantly he caught the eye of Mrs. Burnside, who was faithfully at the appointed rendezvous, and poise and his humor returned to him.

The ballroom was discreetly illuminated with shaded light. Under the soft glow of electricity in restraint, he saw a weaving of form and color which was intrinsically pleasurable to him, and stimulating. Bingham breathed more freely, and took the hand which Mrs. Burnside extended to him."

"I've been looking for you," she said in reproof. "Let's go down the line at once, Mr. Bingham — there are some girls I want you to meet before the next dance."

Somewhat dazedly, Bingham bowed to a stout dowager and a saturnine Turk, who were presumably his hosts; before he had quite recovered from the shock of his plunge into deep waters he was exchanging amenities with cowboys and pirates and hoplites and friars and dairymaids and Yama-Yama girls, until their collective surnames blended indistinguishably in his memory, and he was floundering. Then all at once he heard his guide say, with pregnant emphasis: "*And* the Lady Strachan," and he was helpless.

At the first glance he knew that he had never seen her before; and that he had missed a luxury. She was a small girl, almost fragile; she had big, brown eyes, with lurking innocence in them, and a very sweet trustfulness which instantaneously captivated Bingham. She also was Oriental; and she was minutely perfect to the type, even to the silver-gilt earrings which cost four shillings in Constantinople and eight dollars on the Avenue. She wore a thin, transparent burka — the Mohammedan veil adapted to enhance her beauty by threatening to shroud it; and through the film of romance she smiled at Bingham, and Bingham smiled back; and at that moment the orchestra resumed its labors. It was manifest to Bingham that unless he acted now, posterity might search in vain for indications of his metropolitan victories.

"May I have this one?" he ventured. And the small girl acceded gracefully, and Bingham took charge of her.

She danced as only one woman in a thousand dances — objectively. She had that one imperative virtue of absolute balance; she dispensed with the usual requisite of a center of gravity, and became for the time a phase of music itself; she was unhampered by machine orthodoxy. Bingham, although transported, was nevertheless mindful of the duties of his probation — he ought to talk to her, and yet, when he remembered who she was, and who *he* was, he couldn't resort to the ordinary badinage. A formula of the press flashed through his thoughts, and [*Continued on page 66*]

Is It Treason?

by

Cleveland Moffett

WHAT is needed in this country now is militant patriotism. We cannot face the immediate menace of treason and sedition with the calm detachment of a professor of Constitutional Law who would let his house burn down while he searched the records to decide whether it was justifiable, in the absence of a fire-department, to organize a bucket-brigade!

Does anyone imagine that the problem of seditious public speaking in the streets of New York City would be solved today (as it is solved) if there had been no Vigilance Corps effort? We were undignified — *yes*, we were impatient — *yes*, but we got results. We drew attention to flagrant evils, we aroused public feeling and, almost immediately, the authorities acted — which they might not have done for a year or two had we discussed the question academically, let us say with the pompous and ponderous futility of the New York *Evening Post!*

Before going into details regarding the organization and activities of the New York City Vigilance Corps, let us understand what is the definite object of this movement. What is the constructive policy of the American Defense Society which is back of this movement? What is our rallying cry as patriotic Americans?

Loyalty! Union! War with all our Strength Against Enemies Without and Within!

With all our strength!

We ask the "Friends of Irish Freedom," who are responsible for disorder and disloyalty in the streets of American cities, who are also responsible for the creation of the New York Vigilance Corps:

(1) Do they or do they not realize that their slurs and bitter attacks against Great Britain, our ally, tend to cause disloyalty among young Americans who hear them and thus weaken the war-strength of the United States?

(2) Have they any idea that the United States can win this war against Germany without the help of Great Britain *and her fleet?*

(3) Do they sincerely want the United States to win this war against Germany? *Or not?*

(4) If Germany should win this war what kind of Irish freedom would Ireland get? *Ask Belgium!*

Finally, as a matter of practical expediency, do these "Friends of Irish Freedom" think it wise to antagonize the friends of American freedom, namely, the entire population of the United States, by their propaganda to lessen America's war efficiency? Do they think it wise to antagonize President Wilson? Let them ponder these words cabled recently from the *Freeman's Journal*, Dublin: "At the present moment one of the chief potentialities for the welfare and freedom of Ireland is Mr. Wilson's friendship. His moral ascendency in the allied world is unquestioned. To chill his friendship and forfeit his allegiance to the cause of Ireland would be to inflict upon this country (Ireland) the worst blow it has suffered in a hundred years."

I must now go back a little to the events of a tumultuous evening in August, and I hope I may be pardoned if I speak of my own connection with these events; the fact is, I am inextricably mixed up in this narrative. I cannot help it; but I will try to speak as I feel; that is, modestly.

Last month, in an article, "The War Beautiful," in McCLURE'S, I expressed the opinion that, during these critical times, loyal Americans must speak out boldly the faith that is in them; and, behold! I myself, in trying to do this, have been launched into an amazing patriotic adventure — a small chip on a very big wave.

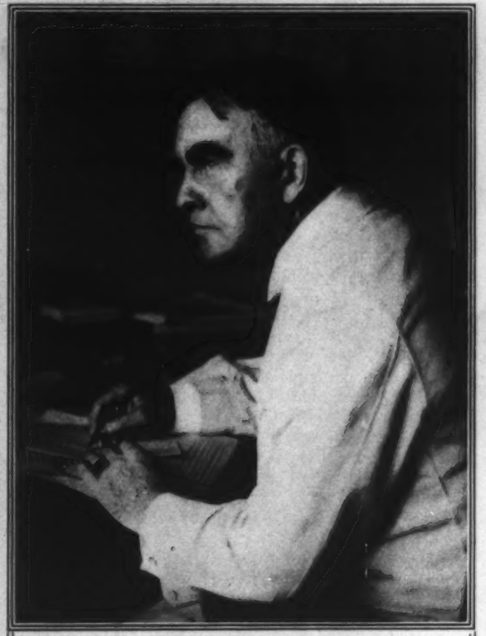
To speak out boldly, not to side-step!

That was the preachment and, suddenly, on a certain evening (August 13th) I found myself squarely against this issue. As I passed the corner of Thirty-seventh Street and Broadway, New York City, a street orator was defaming as traitors, like Roger Casement, our national heroes, George Washington and Benjamin Franklin, and was attacking our ally Great Britain as "the most degraded and despicable nation on earth."

With my own ears I heard this, as I had many times before heard similar un-American sentiments shouted forth by pro-German speakers on this and other Broadway corners. It was well known to me, as to most citizens, that alien societies of one sort or another had, ever since the war began, been using the streets of New York (and of other American cities) for their disloyal propaganda. They had been openly attacking our national policy of military service, openly urging young Americans not to enlist in the army or the navy, openly insulting our ally Great Britain who is guarding the high seas for us. I knew all this and I had read President Wilson's Flag Day speech in which he said, speaking of German propaganda in America: "The sinister intrigue is being no less actively conducted in this country than in Russia and in every country in Europe to which the agents and dupes of the Imperial German Government can get access. That government has many spokesmen here, in places high and low."

All this was familiar to me, and a dozen times I had resolved to interrupt one of these pro-German meetings, but a dozen times I had failed to do so. I was perfectly willing to "let George do it," and, if I acted now, it was because I was, somehow, *shamed* into acting, just as a lazy man may be shamed into working.

Well, I finally made the plunge. I publicly protested, (newspapers have printed the details)* and straightway I was dragged out of the calm current of my literary life, and plunged into the storm-centre of a detective story. I have been arrested, assaulted, hissed, booed, threatened, insulted; I lost my temper once and I made some mistakes, through excess of zeal, as happens when one is honestly trying to do right, but does not know exactly how; I have been brought into contact with spies, and traitors, with plots and counterplots; also with loyal and courageous Americans whose hearts beat only for the flag, whose voices are sounding against alien plotters, whose vigilant purpose it is to stamp out treason and sedition wherever they are lurking in the length and breadth of this land — that is my adventure.



Photograph by Paul Thompson

"Let us speak out boldly!" cries Mr. Moffett in this record of a patriotic adventure. "Let us older men remember (and women too) that in a few years the white souls of a million dead soldiers, American lads, our dear sons, will be speaking to us from their graves on the battle-fields of Europe, asking what we did over here to stand behind them, what we did over here for the cause of world liberty. Was it merely a matter of talking? Did we face no personal danger? We must answer them."

On the night in question, after escaping from an angry crowd composed of "Friends of Irish Freedom," I was taken, under arrest, to a police station, then brought before a night court magistrate, who on learning the facts, congratulated me on my patriotic action, said that the street orator should have been arrested and gave me an honorable dismissal.

But the next day, when I appeared before a New York police inspector, this gentleman very courteously but officially told me that I had done wrong, that I had broken the law, although he intimated privately that under similar circumstances he might have acted in the same way.

The question was, who was correct in his ruling — was the magistrate correct or was the police official correct?

On consulting the authorities we found that there is much confusion, not only in the public mind but among legal experts, as to the exact definition of treason and the exact duties of police officers in regard to what seems like treason; therefore as a Trustee of the American Defense Society, I wrote as follows (August 17th) to the President of the United States, asking for enlightenment on these points:

"It seems that, with disloyalty working in various high and low places (not much disloyalty, thank God, but some), the time has come when Americans, including the police, must be told clearly what is treason and what is not treason. What is sedition and what is not sedition. How far can a street speaker go in attacking and insulting our allies, our flag, our most sacred traditions? Are there no limits to the right of free speech? If the Constitution guarantees to orators a certain wide latitude in time of peace does that latitude obtain in time of war, when it may constitute a menace to the safety of the nation?

"I respectfully submit, inasmuch as we have entered this war for the loftiest reasons, for the welfare of humanity, that we must regard loyalty to our allies as a sacred duty and disloyalty to our allies as not less treasonable than disloyalty to the Stars and Stripes. Those who are not against Germany are for Germany — there is no middle ground! Any American who assails the enemies of Germany assails America itself. All Germans know this. All Americans should know it. It does not matter whether we love England or hate her — I myself am half Irish and sympathize with Irish wrongs — that is not the question now; the question is whether this nation is going to fight or die."

A week passed before President Wilson replied; then there came from the White House a letter stating that the President had read my communication with interest and concern and had referred the matter to the Department of Justice which would act, he felt sure, in all cases that the law could reach.

Alas! This did not help us much so far as immediate action went. And it seemed as if immediate action was necessary in a city where the license of unchallenged alien agitators had gone to lengths indicated in the following utterances made, according to a credible witness, in a pro-German crowd on Thirty-fifth Street near Broadway on Wednesday evening, August 8th: "We will soon start a revolution in this country and the first man we will get will be the greatest traitor in the land, Woodrow Wilson."

And again, according to one of the Vigilance Corps, in the speech of a Madison Square orator (August 20th at 1.15 P. M.) who declared that "the President of the United States ought to be hung."

I can but faintly indicate the excitement that prevailed in New York City during these weeks. Newspapers blazed forth their views on the subject of disloyal soap-box oratory. Letters and telegrams of congratulation and support poured in from zealous patriots all over the country. Also angry and threatening messages. The American Defense Society at once took steps to form a New York City Vigilance Corps, composed of several hundred patriotic men and women of all classes, the only qualification being an intense willingness to join in the fight against treason or near-treason.

Almost immediately (August 16th) Theodore Roosevelt gave the great prestige of his name to this anti-treason movement by addressing the following letter to Police Commissioner Woods of New York City:

"It seems to me that Mr. Moffett has performed a great and useful service, and, knowing you as I do, I am certain that you will take this view, and that you will take whatever steps may be necessary to prevent any repetition of the absurd miscarriage of justice which resulted in the treason-

*New York *Evening World*, August 17th: "Now the police have been stirred to suppress these treasonable gatherings on street corners. Those who hide behind the flag only to denounce it will be dealt with adequately. All of which is largely due to the good spirit of Mr. Cleveland Moffett. Unlike too many easy-going Americans, he did not vent his indignation against sedition underneath his breath. He spoke right up in meeting and was almost mobbed. A policeman rescued the author and told him to move on before he got hurt. But Mr. Moffett did not move far before his wrath sent him back to the scene. It took nine policemen to save him the second time. So he was arrested as a nuisance. It often requires self-sacrifice of this kind to focus public opinion upon even flagrant evils. The sidewalk forum is all right, but the street corner traitor is all wrong. Mr. Moffett did a finely American thing."

able orators going free and the man who protested against the treasonable utterances being arrested.

"We are in this war to a finish, and the man is a traitor to this nation who directly or indirectly upholds Germany or attacks any of our allies while this war is pending. The newspaper that follows such a course should be promptly suppressed by the national Government, and any failure so to suppress such a newspaper is a dereliction of duty. The street orator who takes such a course is preaching sedition, and the police should take summary action about it."

On the other hand, John D. Moore, National Secretary of the "Friends of Irish Freedom," made a violent appeal to the President of the United States: "We charge, Mr. President, that the American Defense Society, Theodore Roosevelt, Elihu Root, Cleveland Moffett and others are banded together in a conspiracy to promote riots and to incite citizens to hanging and shooting."

During this agitating period I had the honor of discussing the situation with Colonel Roosevelt and with the Mayor of New York, John Purroy Mitchel, both of whom feel strongly that what the country needs immediately is new legislation to deal with treason and near-treason in all their manifestations. The present laws are inadequate. According to the Constitution of the United States, the crime of treason is punishable by death, but no one would favor putting a soap-box orator to death for assailing the military policy of the United States (as happens daily) or for calling George Washington a traitor or for denouncing our ally Great Britain as "the great harlot among the nations."

What was to be done? We were up against that fortress of democracy, the rock of free speech!

"Germans have seized upon free speech and a free press," said the New York *Tribune*, August 19th, "and used them to destroy our national unity and safety — Germany has sown disunion in this country, the crop of treason appalls those who love their country most."

"German propaganda at the present time aims at nothing less audacious than the disintegration of America," declared the New York *Evening Sun*, "and it is the utmost folly to pretend to take no notice of the treasonous and illegal utterances, growing bolder all the time, which seek to influence public opinion and effect such disintegration."

It was becoming more and more evident that seditious orators must be punished in *some* way for disloyal utterances. It was intolerable that they be allowed any longer to undermine the loyalty of young American soldiers, sailors and others who might come within the sound of their voices. But what could be done in view of the general uncertainty as to what was treasonable and what was not treasonable? The police were in the dark. The magistrates were puzzled.

In this uncertainty several days passed while the tide of public feeling rose swiftly and ominously. Newspaper voices continued to sound in angry chorus. Violent letters poured in.

"There are men walking on the streets of this City (New York)," declared Elihu Root, "who ought to be taken out at sunrise and shot."

"Those of us who are over fifty," wrote one fiery patriot, "who are not worth drafting, who are absolutely unable to tote fifty-three pounds of ammunition and equipment, who must remain at home, in the office, behind the counter, or in the factories or on the farm, can still do something more—*we can make it damned unpleasant for sedition!*"

"The streets of New York are not the places to settle the Irish question *at the present time*," said another paper, "and the authorities should find a legal means of stopping such propaganda."

I may remark here that a practical method of dealing with seditious street speaking was indicated, August 25th, in the following letter written to the American Defense Society by the Philadelphia Chief of Police, James Robinson:

"We took ample precautions shortly after war was declared with Germany by the United States to prevent such street riots as are mentioned in your communication. No meeting is allowed to be held in this city, in halls, theatres or other buildings, or on the highway, unless written application is made to me, and when such an application is received, a thorough investigation is made by one of our Captains of Police, in order to ascertain the purpose of the meeting, identity of the speakers and the nature of the speeches."

It was suggested to Mayor Mitchel that he institute a similar procedure in New York City and allow no street meetings, during the war, unless licenses are first issued (which is not the case at present); also that no such licenses be issued except to speakers who have sworn that they are loyal to America and the allies of America and are in full sympathy with our national policy of military service.

Mayor Mitchel, however, [*Continued on page 57*]

Wild Apples

by the author of "The Straight Road"

Chapter X — Fire

Illustration by C. E. Chambers

JULIAN found the house dark, and his supper covered on the table in the arbor. He was sitting there when old Ben came puffing in, from the D'Aquisto end of the ranch, bringing new word of Tony De Vega. Tony, still drunk, working by himself on his own land — over beyond Slosson's upper pastures, two miles above the house, and entirely out of sight from it, had started to burn brush and let the fire get away from him. Julian couldn't have heard him if it hadn't concerned Tony De Vega. As it was he got part and missed part.

"Where was you about five this evening?" the old man asked.

"Over in the D'Aquisto pasture, beyond our hayfield."

"Well — I *thought* that was the Go-devil. But you set so still — an' — " old Ben looked at him curiously. "Anything wrong with the machine?"

"Yes. Something wrong — with the machine."

Convenient that Uncle Ben didn't ask what. Julian had sat just where Lynnie left him — how long he never knew. The old man was going on about the fire. Drunk or sober, Tony knew better than that. He was a renter himself, and the crop was all a renter had. You take that, you took all.

"But it'll never get across the Ridge. It won't get into the valley." Julian said that mechanically.

"Don't know. Ye can't say. Fire gets out, it's hard to tell. Had word from Slosson to come up and help fight it. Ugh!" he eased himself down into a chair. "Darn Tony De Vega! He ought to be lynched."

Julian walked out and stood in the side yard in the dark. He wished Lynnie could hear Uncle Ben. The roadster was over there a little further. But he'd not go near her; let her make the first move. She was the one who began it.

"Card from your mother in on the li-burry table, Jule," Uncle Ben called.

Julian said nothing. He knew that the card would demand a prompt answer. He couldn't write tonight; he couldn't command his mind. There seemed to be a dull ache in his left side all the time. It got sharp at thought of Lynnie. In the old days when he had believed that he wished he was dead. . . . He looked back to that — he hadn't had anything to feel bad about then! Silently he went into his tent, undressed without switching on the light, and lay down. For a while he held out against Lynnie; she needn't think he'd come running after she'd acted like that. But he couldn't keep it up; it hurt too badly. In agony he took the other side of the argument.

There must be some reasonable explanation of her behavior about De Vega. No use saying she'd been in love with that Portuguese ever since the night up at the dance. Perhaps she was just trying to make him, Julian, jealous — girls did things like that sometimes. But she'd sat there and cried. Well — but wasn't it something he'd done to make her cry? He hadn't meant to. Yes, but he'd said a lot of disagreeable things. He'd felt, somehow, cross at her. Oh! Tomorrow was another day. He was worn out. He and Lynnie would make up again; people always did after a quarrel.

In the morning, Uncle Ben still talking fire to him all the time, Estancio bringing a scare story into the middle of breakfast, he managed to put something down on a sheet of paper, fold it up and get it in an envelope, addressed to his mother at Las Reudas. He'd missed the Siloam mail man. He'd take it into San Pablo and post it. He'd made up his mind to stop on the way and put a leaf under the stone for Lynnie. Whatever she thought or meant, there was no use pouting at her. Anyhow, he couldn't stand it. He couldn't live this way.

He left his leaf, went on and mailed the letter. As he came back, two hours later, he stopped to get his answer. It was the crossed sticks. As he looked at them lying there, and knew that Lynnie's fingers had placed them so, it came over him with a shock that she was refusing him; she meant to quarrel.

Well, she'd got him on the run, if that was any satisfaction to her. He was intensely sorry for himself as he took out those two sticks and replaced the leaf. Then, on the spur of impulse, an invention of the moment, he added a second leaf. Humble pie? He didn't care. He'd eat any amount.

Going up home, passing the Hannon place, he found them out looking at the smoke over in the Santa Monicas, beyond the Ridge. He hadn't paid much attention to it this morning. It didn't seem of any great importance to him with things as they were between himself and Lynnie. But he stopped when they called to him.

"What does Mr. Dye think of it?" Mrs. Hannon came out to the gate to ask. And before Julian could answer Elinor called from her window:

"They say they've been 'phoning to Paula's father — and they can't get him. I wrote Paula, myself, when Bill Pacheco brought the word yesterday. But it's too soon to hear from her."

"Course I don't want to have the crops burned up," Eileen twittered nervously. "But it's sort of fun."

"Yes," Esther came in, "'member year before last, when we made sandwiches and coffee and took 'em up to the fire fighters and —— "

"For goodness' sake, hush, girls!" said their mother. "I hope we don't have anything of that sort this year. Julian, tell Mr. Dye we'll do anything we can. I'll 'phone Mr. Hannon. We'll do anything we can."

"I'll tell him, Mrs. Hannon," Julian said, and drove on.

At the ranch the old man was worrying, out in the road, looking for him.

"Glad you got in, Jule."

"Want me to go up in the roadster and see what they're doing, Uncle Ben?" Julian was listless about it, but the old man took him up eagerly.

"I wish't you would. Had another word from Slosson. If my high-powered Ford hadn't been bust, and down to Pacheco's garage waiting for him to fix it, or if I was able to set a horse, I'd be up there now. If I felt a little better I'd go with you — b'lieve I will anyhow."

The getting of the Go-devil ready to fight fire took Julian out of himself a little. The old man's directions came short and sharp. Every demijohn on the place was rinsed, filled with water and put on the machine. By hunting up some that were out in a loft they had mustered six.

"Isn't that more than enough?" Julian asked. "How many men do you suppose there are out there?"

"Don't know," briefly. "Slosson'll have his Japs with him. Tony De Vega's there — sober now, and half crazy. And his brother. Six — seven — mebby ten. Got to keep the canteens filled, and water for the sacks. Demijohn don't last long — fighting fire. Find any more sacks in the shed, Jule?"

All the back of the roadster was filled with sacks; axes, as many as the ranch could muster, were laid in on them. They took the short-cut across the McCulloch pastures to Slosson's, and went through his ranch to get to the Ridge — part of the exact route he had traveled yesterday with Lynnie. As they got up into the brush-covered slopes the smell of smoke was stronger; birds were flying toward them.

"Poor souls — burned out of their nests!" old Ben said. "See that," he nodded to where leaves fluttered and rustled in the brush beside the trail. "Rabbits. All sorts o' little critters — burned out o' house an' home. Snakes in there, crawling out, too; manzanita roots'll burn under the surface for weeks. Reckon the ground's pretty hot over beyond there, already."

Ashes drifted toward them; as they got further there were cinders that lasted a few moments. Half-burned leaves dropped down and were consumed. The road had practically given out; they were following a steep trail.

Suddenly, out of the glare before him, leaped the figure of a man, that shrieked: "Where's them axes?"

"How much higher can your Go-devil make it?" old Ben asked.

"To the top of the Ridge," Julian said.

"I don't believe you can."

"Know I can. Been up there lot of times, with — the machine."

"Ye have?" Julian felt old Ben pull around to stare at him. They were heading straight for the place where he and Lynnie had sat and quarreled. What was the difference?

Over the top of the Ridge, out from the canyon beyond, as though they were rising from the ground, came Slosson and a Jap.

"Going for water — afoot!" old Ben said.

Straight down the slope toward them, stiffly, like a man walking in his sleep, Slosson kept on. His flannel shirt, torn and thick with ashes, hung open on his chest; his face was smudged, and pale through the black. As Julian stopped the roadster, he came up, laid a hand on the side of it, and without a word of greeting began speaking in a high tone that wavered and broke.

"What do you people down in the valley mean by the way you're treating me? I've been out fighting this fire for forty-eight hours. I've not had my clothes off for two nights ——"

"Shucks, Dan," Uncle Ben tried to break in, "I didn't know it was as bad as all that." But Slosson ran right over him with:

"I bring my own Japs and get the Portuguese up there to help me — and then we haven't water for 'em to drink — let alone anything to eat. Get my word, Dye?"

"Sure I did," old Ben answered hastily. "That's what brought us up here. But Nellis was on his way then over to San Pablo. Said he'd send plenty grub from there. Didn't he do it?"

"Sent some baker's bread — no knives to cut it — no butter to go on it — no meat with it!" Slosson let go the car, to throw up his hands and shake them. "We're about all in — an' yet I don't know what we c'n do. Can't quit."

"Jule and me'll drive on up far as the machine can make it," old Ben said. "Hop on and ride with us. Needn't go back for water. We got a-plenty. And I've brought grub for one feed all round, I guess. Matter o' that, Jule can leave you and me up there and turn back and get more stuff. This little car of his'n can run like the devil. What say he goes in to San Pablo and asks the Colonel for a detail of soldiers from the Presidio to help us?"

"All right—if Colonel Scott'll feed 'em," said Slosson sullenly as he got on the running-board, and they began again climbing the hill. "I don't want any more men out here hungry."

They crossed the open spot of yesterday's quarrel, going toward that rough canyon road he had suggested to Lynnie as a homeward trail to kill time. Julian's foot came down hard on the accelerator. The Go-devil jumped like a spurred horse. He had pretty nearly bumped Slosson and the Jap off, before he realized what he was doing. The smoke poured up thick now. They began to hear the rattle of burning brush. He came to himself with Slosson saying:

"Guess you'd better not drive in any closer. Unload here; and I'd be glad enough if you'd go back to the Presidio. No use 'phoning the Colonel. You won't get anything that way."

The Go-devil was stopped, the load thrown off. Ashes fell so thick here that you had to be on your guard to keep blazing cinders off shoulders and hat brim. Slosson took some food and began to eat in a famished way. The Jap, a big sandwich in one hand, a demijohn in the other, set off at a sort of dog trot over the turn for the fire.

Julian stood a minute looking at the two older men.

"Am I to go back now, Uncle Ben?" he asked. He would rather have followed the Jap.

"Yep. Take the shortcut through by Liveoak, son. It'll be hard on your tires, but ——"

"He'll have to go by Bruckner's and bring up more sacks," Slosson spoke between bites. "The Hannons ain't done a thing for us. Think because they ain't got any ranch or hay crop — wait till their house burns over their heads!"

"All right, Dan! All right, Dan!" Uncle Ben put that by. "Don't you reckon he better just come back that way? Don't you reckon he better get to the Presidio quick as ever he can? Understand, Jule? Goin', don't stop at all; but comin', tell everybody you meet. And last thing, come by our place and bring D'Aquisto. He wants to come. He'll have axes and sacks gethered up. Bring all of either that anybody'll let you have."

At the Presidio Julian stood and saw the detail of soldiers answer the bugle call, form in square, the teamsters running to the corrals for their mules and wagons, beginning to get harnessed like firemen, the cooks racing up from their quarters, the rations for three days being served out. More and more the spirit of the thing was getting to him.

Passing Hannon's store he was hailed, and Hannon himself came running out to hand up a box of heavy canvas gloves, such as drivers and motormen use.

On the San Pablo grade he met the Ashby girls, and stopped to speak to them, asking them to spread the word old Ben had given; things were bad on the Ridge; it looked as though the fire might get over into the valley. When he got to the Mission and the garage, old Pacheco was pretty short with him.

"Your news ain't no news, Mr. McCulloch. We been knowin' that for two days. My boy's been up there with the fire-fighters since yesterday. You just found it out?"

Passing "Restlands," Mrs. Jordan coming down the lane, he drove slowly, and finally stopped.

"Are you on your way up to the fire?" she looked at his load.

"Yes." His eyes searched the place in vain for Lynnie.

"Miss Dale's coming down on the midnight train, bringing Mr. Lemaire with her to make pictures for her write-up of it. Miss Paula's along, too, I think. Did you get the soldiers?"

"Yes, Mrs. Jordan. Shall you go up with Miss Pollard to see the fire?"

"Oh, I don't know. I guess Lynn might, anyhow," Mrs. Jordan said.

He left her, and turned in toward Bruckner's. A basket of food was waiting for him there. He asked Alma if she and Lynnie Willis wouldn't like to go up to the fire. She thought they would in the morning, after Miss Dale got in — there was a big crowd going then — and added that Lynnie had been over just a while ago, and they'd been talking about it.

If she'd been to Bruckner's, she had passed their post-office. She had got his message. There would be an answer there for him. Quite confidently he ran into the hollow, stopped, jumped down, turned the stone. There lay the two leaves side by side. Had she looked at them — and refused him an answer? Had she passed the stone and not cared to look?

He couldn't stay to argue that now. The men up there fighting fire needed what he was bringing them. He got into the car and drove on.

D'Aquisto was waiting for him with the sacks and axes. He said Dye was still on the Ridge. Going through the Slosson place they saw the mounted soldiers trotting in at the big gate. The cook wagon, the ambulance with its red cross, were drawn up, the men jumped down, horses were tied and fed in an orderly line; the cooking-fires were started; and when they looked back from the turn on the Ridge road they could see the camp, neat, business-like, [*Continued on page 46*]

Pity the Poor Guest of Honor!

by Oliver Herford

With a Sketch by the Author

ONCE when marooned on a small island in the midst of a turbulent sea of traffic, latitude Fifth Avenue, longitude Forty-second Street, I asked the governor of the island, a man of great stature and kingly mien, what he thought was the origin of the institution known as the Complimentary Banquet. Checking with an imperious gesture a monstrous traffic wave that seemed like to engulf us both the next moment, his voice came to me calm and reassuring above the tumult that surged and roared about us. "If it's a wake you do be meaning, sorr, sure it's as old as Ireland itself, it is!"

And the Traffic Cop was right.

Nearly two thousand years ago Strabo, the Greek geographer, describing the natives of Ivernia, wrote: "They are more savage than the English, and enormous eaters, deeming it commendable to devour their deceased relatives."

In this, probably the first reference in literature to the Irish wake, the suggestion that the departed one contributed anything more than the honor of his company must be taken with a grain of salt. Strabo was an awful liar, and whole barrels of salt might be used on his "Geography" without perceptibly affecting its flavor. In all probability the cannibal touch was nothing more than an unseemly concession to the yellow taste of the Attic metropolis.

Nevertheless, though he never appeared on the menu, the "departed relative," as the *sine qua non* of all festive gatherings, was (as the social instinct developed among the savage tribes) ever in increasing demand, and it is to be feared that in smart Ivernian circles it was not unusual to speed the departing relative in promoting the gaiety of an otherwise dull season.

Under such conditions it is hardly to be wondered at that in Ivernia, at that period, personal popularity was the most unpopular thing imaginable, and what more thinkable than that the reluctant candidate for a complimentary dinner should feign for the occasion the grewsome condition necessary for qualification.

With the spread of Christianity, this irksome feat of mimicry on the part of the Guest of Honor, at first a protective subterfuge, grew to be a social convention. And irksome indeed it was.

To feign at a banquet by the exercise of self-control a state of unconsciousness, joyfully achieved by one's fellow guests through so much more congenial channels, was no task for the amateur. Then it was that, puffed up, comatose, obese, along came the Professional Diner Out. And now, after nearly two thousand years, what have we to show?

Could the savage rite, described by Strabo, depressing as it must have been, by any possibility be as gloomy as the Testimonial Banquet of today? Is the Guest of Honor, sitting at the High Table feigning unconsciousness, the miserable target of bullets of wit, shrapnel of anecdote, and asphyxiating bombs of reminiscence—is he any less to be pitied than the deceased relative of the Ivernian dinner? Yet we call ourselves civilized; we think it barbaric to hang a fellow being for anything short of murder. Why have we not equal consideration for the innocent Guest of Honor? Why do we not dine him in effigy?

Few of us have forgotten the outrage of 1912 when William Dean Howells was dragged from his comfortable fireside by merciless miscreants, deaf to his cries and entreaties, and dined, wined and flash-lighted in the presence of a frenzied mob armed to the teeth with knives, and forks and spoons.

How much more humane to have dined Mr. Howells in effigy! A waxen image simulating as far as possible the kindly features of the Great Novelist, garbed in an evening suit that actually belonged to him, sitting in the place of honor, bowing, even smiling by means of some ingenious mechanism! This, with a phonograph record of the graceful speech of acknowledgment, and the ravening public would have gone home happy and none the wiser. Thus with the dawn of a new era of Humanity, one more chapter of the ponderous book of martyrs would be closed forever.

Von Edelstein's Mistake

A Story of the First Days of the Great War

by George A. Birmingham

Illustration by D. C. Hutchison

LORD DUNSEVERICK picked his way delicately among the pools and rough cobblestones. He was a very well-dressed young man and he seemed out of place amid the miry traffic of the Belfast quays. A casual observer would have put him down as a fashionable nincompoop, one of those young men whose very appearance is supposed to move the British worker to outbursts of socialistic fury. The casual observer would in this case have been mistaken. Lord Dunseverick, in spite of his well-fitting clothes, his delicately colored tie and his general air of sleek well-being, was at that moment — it was in the month of May, 1914 — something of a hero with the Belfast workingman. And the Belfast workingman, as everybody knows, is more bitterly contemptuous of the idle rich, especially of the idle rich with titles, than any other workingman. He outdoes the Northampton shoemaker in vigorous class prejudice, though the Northampton shoemaker has voted radical for generations.

The Belfast workingman had just then worked himself up to a degree of martial ardor, unprecedented even in Ulster, in his opposition to Home Rule. Lord Dunseverick was one of the generals of the Ulster Volunteer Force. He had made several speeches which moved Belfast to wild delight and sober-minded men elsewhere to dubious shakings of the head. Enthusiasm in a cause is a fine thing, especially in the young, but when Lord Dunseverick's enthusiasm led him to say that he would welcome the German Emperor at the head of his legions as the deliverer of Ulster from the tyranny of a Parliament in Dublin, why, then — then the rank and file of the Volunteer army cheered and other people wondered whether it were quite wise to say such things. Yet Lord Dunseverick, when not actually engaged in making a speech, was a pleasant and agreeable young man with a keen sense of humor. He even — and this is a rare quality in men — saw the humorous side of his own speeches. The trouble was that he never saw it till after he had made them.

A heavy motor lorry came thundering along the quay. Lord Dunseverick dodged it and escaped with his life. He was splashed from head to foot with mud. He looked at his neat boots and well-fashioned gray trousers. The black slime lay thick on them. He wiped a spot of mud off his cheek and rubbed some wet coal dust into his collar. Then he lit a cigarette and smiled.

He stepped into the porch of a reeking public-house to avoid two large wagons which threatened to splash him again. He found himself standing beside a grizzled man who looked like a sailor. Lord Dunseverick turned to him.

"Can you tell me," he said, "where Mr. McMunn's office is?"

"Is it coal you're wanting?" asked the sailor.

It is thus that questions are often met in Belfast, with counter questions. Belfast is a city of business men and it is not the habit of business men to give away anything, even information, without getting something in return. The counter question may draw some valuable matter, by way of answer, from the original questioner. In this case the counter question was a reasonable one. McMunn, of McMunn Brothers, Limited, was a coal merchant. Lord Dunseverick, though a peer, belonged to the north of Ireland. He understood Belfast.

"What I want," he said, "is to see Mr. McMunn."

Lord Dunseverick struck the German full on the mouth with his fist

"Andrew McMunn?" questioned the sailor.

"Is there any other?"

"There was Jimmy," said the sailor. "But he's dead this five year."

"Ah," said Lord Dunseverick, "then I expect it's Andrew I want to see."

"I've business with Andrew McMunn myself," said the sailor, "and I'm going that way."

"Good! Then we'll go together."

"My name," said the sailor, "is Ginty. If you're intimate with Andrew McMunn you'll likely have heard of me."

"I haven't. But that's no reason why you shouldn't show me the way."

"It's no that far," said Ginty, encouragingly.

They walked together, sometimes side by side, sometimes driven apart by a string of carts.

"If it had been Jimmy you wanted to see," said Ginty, "you might have had further to go. There's some says Jimmy's in the one place and more is of opinion that he's in the other. But I've no doubt in my own mind about where Andrew will go when his time comes."

"You know him pretty well, then?"

"Aye, I do. It would be queer if I didn't, seeing that I've sailed his ships this ten year."

At this point, while Andrew McMunn's eternal destiny was, so to speak, hanging in the balance, a huge dray dragged by four horses drove Ginty to the edge of the quay and Lord Dunseverick against the wall of a warehouse. When they joined company again Ginty made his pronouncement.

"Andrew McMunn will go to heaven."

"Ah," said Lord Dunseverick, "he's a good man then?"

"I'll no go so far as to say precisely that," said Ginty, "but he's a man who never touches a drop of whisky nor smokes a pipe of tobacco. It'll be damned hard on him if he doesna go to heaven after all he's missed in this world. But you'll find out what kind of man he is if you go in through the door forninst you. It's his office, the one with the brass plate on the door. My business will keep till you're done with him."

Lord Dunseverick pushed open one of a pair of swinging doors and found himself in a narrow passage. On his right was a muffed glass window bearing the word "Inquiries." He tapped at it. For a minute or two there was no response. Lord Dunseverick brushed some of the mud, now partially dry, off his trousers and lit a fresh cigarette. The muffed glass window was opened and a red-haired clerk looked out.

"I want to see Mr. McMunn," said Lord Dunseverick; "Mr. Andrew McMunn, not Mr. Jimmy. I understand that Mr. Jimmy isn't here."

The clerk put his head and shoulders out through the window and surveyed Lord Dunseverick suspiciously. Very well-dressed young men with pale lavender ties and pearl tie pins — Lord Dunseverick had both — are not often seen in Belfast quay-side offices. And in Belfast no one with legitimate business to do begins by making obviously foolish allusions to men who have been a long time dead.

"If you want to see Mr. McMunn," said the clerk, "— and I'm no saying you will, mind that — you'd better take yon cigarette out of your mouth. There's no smoking allowed here."

Lord Dunseverick took his cigarette out of his mouth, but he did not throw it away. He held it between his fingers.

"Just tell Mr. McMunn," he said, "that Lord Dunseverick is here."

The clerk's manner altered suddenly. He drew himself up, squared his shoulders and saluted.

The discovery that a stranger is a man of high rank often produces this kind of effect on men of strong democratic principles, principles of the kind held by clerks in all business communities, quite as firmly in Belfast as elsewhere. But it would have been a mistake to suppose that Mr. McMunn's junior clerk was a mere worshiper of title. His salute was not the tribute of a snob to the representative of an aristocratic class. It

was the respect due by a soldier, drilled and disciplined, to his superior officer. It was also the expression of a young man's sincere hero worship. The red-haired clerk was a Volunteer, duly enrolled, one of the signatories of the famous Ulster Covenant. Lord Dunseverick had made speeches which moved his soul to actual rapture.

"Come inside, my lord," he said. "I'll inform Mr. McMunn at once."

Lord Dunseverick passed through a door which was held open for him. He entered a large office, very grimy, which is the proper condition of a place where documents concerning coal are dealt with. Six other clerks were at work there. When Lord Dunseverick entered all six of them stood up and saluted. They, too, so it appeared, were members of the Volunteer Force. The red-haired junior clerk crossed the room towards a door marked "private." Then he paused and turned to Lord Dunseverick.

"Might I be so bold as to ask a question?" he said.

"A dozen if you like," said Lord Dunseverick.

"What about the rifles? It's only them we're wanting now. We're drilled and we're ready, but where's the rifles?"

"You shall have them," said Lord Dunseverick.

The clerks in Mr. McMunn's office were accustomed to behave with decorum. No more than a low murmur of approval greeted Lord Dunseverick's words; but the men looked as though they wished to cheer vehemently. The red-haired boy tapped at the door which was marked private. A minute later he invited Lord Dunseverick to pass through it.

ANDREW McMUNN is a hard-faced, grizzled little man with keen blue eyes. He can, when he chooses, talk excellent English. He prefers, when dealing with strangers, to speak with a strong Belfast accent and to use, if possible, north-of-Ireland words and phrases. This is his way of asserting independence of character. He admires independence.

His office is a singularly unattractive room. He writes at a large table and has a fireproof safe at his elbow. There are three wooden chairs ranged against the wall opposite the writing-table. Four photographs of steamers, cheaply framed, hang above the chairs. They are the *Andrew McMunn*, the *Eliza McMunn*, and a tribute to the deceased Jimmy, *The McMunn Brothers*. These form the fleet owned by the firm and carry coal from one port to another, chiefly to Belfast. On the chimney piece, under a glass shade, is a model of *The McMunn Brothers*, the latest built and largest of the ships.

"Good morning to you, my lord," said McMunn, without rising from his seat.

He nodded towards one of the chairs which stood against the wall. This was his way of inviting his visitor to sit down. His eyes were fixed, with strong disapproval, on the cigarette, which still smoked feebly in Lord Dunseverick's hand. Lord Dunseverick deposited it on the hearth and crushed it with his foot.

"Your clerk gave me a hint," he said, "that you object to tobacco."

"It's my opinion," said McMunn, "that the man who pays taxes that he needn't pay — I'm alluding to the duty on tobacco, you'll understand — for the sake of poisoning himself with a nasty stink is little better than a fool. That's my opinion, and I'm of the same way of thinking about alcoholic drink."

"Teetotaller?" said Lord Dunseverick. "I dare say you're right, though I take a whisky-and-soda myself when I get the chance."

"You'll no get it here," said McMunn; "and what's more, you'll no get it on any ship owned by me. So now you know."

"Thank you. It's as well to understand beforehand."

"I'm a believer in speaking plain," said McMunn. "There's aye less chance of trouble afterwards if a man speaks plain at the start. But I'm thinking that it wasn't to hear my opinion on the Christian religion that your lordship came here the day."

McMunn, besides being a teetotaller and opposed to the smoking of tobacco, was the President of a Young Men's Anti-Gambling League. He was therefore in a position to throw valuable light on the Christian religion.

"I came to settle the details about this expedition to Hamburg," said Lord Dunseverick.

"Well," said McMunn, "there's no that much left to settle. *The Brothers* is ready."

"*The Brothers?*"

"*The McMunn Brothers.* Thon's the model of her on the chimney piece."

Lord Dunseverick looked at the model attentively. It represented a very unattractive ship. Her bow was absurdly high, cocked up like the snout of a Yorkshire pig. Her long waist lay low, promising little freeboard in a sea. Her engines and single funnel were aft. On a short, high quarterdeck was her bridge and a squat deck house. She was designed, like her owner, for purely business purposes.

"You'll have the captain's cabin," said McMunn. "Him and me will sleep in the saloon."

"Oh, you're coming, too?"

"I am. Have you any objection to that?"

"None whatever. I'm delighted. We'll have a jolly time."

"I'd have you remember," said McMunn, "that it's not pleasuring we're out for."

"It's serious business. Smuggling rifles in the teeth of a royal proclamation is ——"

"When I understand," said McMunn, "and you understand, where's the use of saying what we're going for? I'm taking risks enough anyway without unnecessary talking. You never know who's listening to you."

"About paying for the — the — er — our cargo? Is that all arranged?"

"They'll be paid in bills on a Hamburg bank."

"Won't they expect cash? I should have thought that in a transaction of this kind ——"

"You're not a business man, my lord; but I'd have you know that a bill with the name of McMunn to it is the same as cash in any port in Europe."

"Well, that's your part of the affair. I am leaving that to you."

"You may leave it. What I say I'll do. But there's one thing that I'm no quite easy in my mind about."

"If you're thinking about the landing of the guns —"

"I'm no asking what arrangements you've made about that. The fewer there is that knows what's being done in a business of this kind the better for all concerned. What's bothering me is this: there's a man called Edelstein."

"Who's he? I never heard of him before."

"He's the Baron von Edelstein, if that's any help to you."

"It isn't. He's not the man we're buying the stuff from."

"He is not. Nor he wasn't mentioned from first to last till the letter I got the day."

He turned to the safe beside him and drew out a bundle of papers held together by an elastic band.

"That's the whole of the correspondence," he said, "and there's the last of it."

He handed a letter to Lord Dunseverick, who read it through carefully.

"This baron," he said, "whoever he is, intends to pay his respects to us before we leave Hamburg. Very civil of him."

"It's a civility we could do without. When I'm doing business I'd rather do it with business men, and a baron, you'll understand, is no just ——"

"I'm a baron myself," said Lord Dunseverick.

"Aye, you are."

McMunn said no more. He left it to be understood that his opinion of barons in general was not improved by his acquaintance with Lord Dunseverick.

"I don't think we need bother about von Edelstein anyway," said Lord Dunseverick. "What harm can he do us?"

"I'm no precisely bothering about him," said McMunn, "but I'd be easier in my mind if I knew what he wanted with us."

"We sail tonight anyway," said Lord Dunseverick.

"Aye. We do. I'll tell Ginty. He's captain of *The McMunn Brothers*, and a good man."

"I've met him. In fact ——"

"If you've met Ginty you've met a man who knows his business, though I wish he'd give over drinking whisky. However, he's a strong Protestant and a sound man and you can't expect perfection."

"Capital," said Lord Dunseverick. "It's a great comfort to be sure of one's men."

"I wish I was as sure of everyone as I am of Ginty," said McMunn. "I'm no saying that your lordship's not sound. The speech you made last night at Ballymena was good enough, and I'm with you in every word of it, but ——"

"Oh, speeches!" said Lord Dunseverick.

HE was uneasily conscious that he had allowed himself to be carried away by the excitement of the occasion when speaking at Ballymena. It was right and proper to threaten armed resistance to Home Rule. It was another thing to offer a warm welcome to the German Emperor if he chose to land in Ulster. The cold emphasis with which McMunn expressed agreement with every word of the speech made Lord Dunseverick vaguely uneasy.

"Aye," said McMunn, "your speeches are well enough, and I don't say, mind you, that you're not a sound man; but I'd be better pleased if you were more serious. You're too fond of joking, in my opinion."

"Good heavens!" said Lord Dunseverick. "I haven't ventured on the ghost of a joke since I came into your office." He looked round him as he spoke and fixed his eyes at last on the fireproof safe. "Nobody could."

"It's no what you've said, it's your lordship's appearance. But it's too late to alter that, I'm thinking."

"Not at all," said Lord Dunseverick. "I'll join you this evening in a suit of yellow oilskins, the stickiest kind, and a blue fisherman's jersey and a pair of sea boots. I have ——"

"You will," said McMunn, "and you'll look like a play actor. It's just that I'm complaining of."

THE *McMunn Brothers* lay, with steam up, at a single anchor a mile below the Hamburg quays. The yellow, turbid waters of the Elbe swept past her sides. Below her stretched the long waterway which leads to the North Sea. The lights of the buoys which marked the channel twinkled dimly in the gloom of the summer evening. Shafts of brighter light swept across and across the water from occulting beacons set at long intervals among the buoys. Above the steamer lay a large Norwegian barque waiting for her pilot to take her down on the ebb tide. Below *The McMunn Brothers* was an ocean-going tramp steamer. One of her crew sat on the forecastle playing "The Swanee River" on a melodion. A great liner, her deckhouse windows ablaze with light, stole cautiously down the river, blowing short, petulant blasts on her siren. A string of lighters, lined up behind a tug, struggled slowly up-stream.

McMunn, Ginty and Lord Dunseverick were together in the cabin of *The McMunn Brothers*. McMunn, dressed precisely as he always dressed in his office, sat bolt upright on the cabin sofa. In front of him on the table were some papers which he turned over and looked at from time to time. Beside him was Ginty, in his shirt-sleeves, with his peaked cap pushed far back on his head. He sat with his elbows on the table. His chin, thrust forward, rested on his knuckles. He stared fixedly at the paneling on the opposite wall of the cabin. Lord Dunseverick, who had a side of the table to himself, leaned far back. His legs were stretched out straight in front of him. His hands were in his pockets. He gazed wearily at the small lamp which swung from the cabin roof.

For a long time no one spoke. Save for the wash of the water against the ship's side and the ceaseless creaking of the cabin door, there was silence. It was Lord Dunseverick who broke it in the end. He took his cigarette-case from his pocket.

"You may say what you like about tobacco, McMunn," he said, "but it's a comfort to a man when he has no company but a bear with a sore head."

"Aye," said McMunn, "you'll smoke and you'll smoke, but you'll no make me any easier in my mind by smoking."

Ginty drew a plug of tobacco from his pocket and began cutting shreds from it with a clasp knife. He was apparently of the opinion that smoking would relieve the strain on *his* mind.

"I'm no satisfied," said McMunn.

"I don't see what you have to grumble about," said Lord Dunseverick. "We've got what we came for and we've got our clearance papers. What more do you want? You expected trouble about these papers and there wasn't any. You ought to be pleased."

"There you have it," said McMunn, "according to all the laws of nature there ought to have been trouble. With a cargo like ours there ought to have been a lot of trouble. Instead of that the papers are handed over to us and not a question asked."

"It's peculiar," said Ginty. "It's very peculiar, and that's a fact."

"Then there's the matter of those extra cases," said McMunn. "How many cases is there in the hold, Ginty?"

"A hundred seventy-two."

"And the contract was for one-fifty. What's in the odd twenty-two? Tell me that."

"Pianos," said Lord Dunseverick. "Look at your clearance papers. 'Nature of cargo—pianos.'"

"You'd have your joke," said McMunn, "if the flames of hell was scorching the soles of your boots."

"It's peculiar," said Ginty.

"It's more than peculiar," said McMunn. "I've been in business for thirty years and it's the first time I ever had goods given me that I didn't ask for."

"Well," said Lord Dunseverick, "if we've got an extra five hundred rifles we can't complain. There's plenty of men in Ulster ready to use them."

"Maybe you'll tell me," said McMunn, "why they wouldn't let me pay for the goods in the office this afternoon. Did anyone ever hear the like of that? — a man refusing money that was due him, and it offered."

"It's out of the course of nature," said Ginty.

"They told you," said Lord Dunseverick, "that you could pay von Edelstein and he'd give you a receipt."

"Aye, von Edelstein. And where's von Edelstein?"

"He's coming on board this evening," said Lord Dunseverick. "But you needn't wait for him unless you like. We've got steam up. Why not slip away?"

"Because it's no way of doing [*Continued on page 62*]

The Inner Story of New York

The Third Article in this Brilliant Series on the Fame of the Cities

by Edward Mott Woolley

Photographs taken especially for this article by Paul Thompson

"Mayor Mitchel runs the city by virtue of Fusion," says Mr. Woolley, "and undoubtedly will continue to run it for four years more. He is in vogue regardless of party. It was Mr. Mitchel who got Tammany down on its back — who divorced the city from politics"

IN vastness, New York must ever stand out as the chief city. In its immensity it is alone among communities, for even London has been eclipsed in population and financial activity. The war impetus has made New York the world metropolis from almost every standpoint.

But size alone is not New York's only claim to distinction. Its whole atmosphere is different. There is no other city in the world that bears resemblance to this municipal giant. Nowhere else will you find anything like that indescribable of city streets, Fifth Avenue; nor another Broadway with its most brilliant of night scenes, the theatre district. Its skyline of office buildings — twenty, forty, fifty-five stories — makes every other skyscraping city seem insignificant, and its stretches of mighty apartment buildings and rows of stone houses seem endless.

You are in a different world in New York, whether you happen to be on Riverside Drive or in the Ghetto. You are staggered alike by its display of riches and the hugeness of its East Side population. Wild stretches of hyperbole in other cities are less than the truth in New York.

The metropolis is so big and complex and spectacular that I am not going to attempt any general description. I shall let alone the things you see from the megaphone automobiles, and tell you chiefly about the inside of New York as seen from the offices of those who run this incomparable old town. It is full of big drama with which even New Yorkers are largely unfamiliar. New York people have little idea of the job Mayor John Purroy Mitchel has in running this Colossus and safeguarding it from perils of war, fire, disease, riot and crime. It is a big constructive story of city-building, worth investigation by other large cities that have problems.

Police Commissioner Arthur Woods, who has under him 11,000 uniformed policemen and 900 detectives

Robert Adamson, once a City Hall reporter, is now Fire Commissioner. There are 5,300 firemen in New York

Although William A. Prendergast is a Republican, he is Comptroller of the City of New York under Mayor Mitchel

Always, too, these inside glimpses of New York bear intimately on what is to me the greatest wonder of all — its human story. About six million people live in New York, and there are two million more in the suburbs.

Indeed, the most spectacular thing is the East Side, with its four million people in the tenements and its hundreds of thousands of children playing in the streets. There are 104,000 tenement-houses in the city, holding a million families. More than a hundred families often live in one building. Here you find a congestion unequaled anywhere in the world, yet it is significant that nearly all these people are in good health, and well clothed. One of these districts recently reported the lowest death rate in the whole city.

So the story I want to tell is about people, not about buildings, museums or parks.

I am not writing a political story, but I may say that government by partisan politics in New York is nearly defunct. Mayor Mitchel runs the city by virtue of Fusion, and undoubtedly will continue to run it for four more years. He is in vogue regardless of party; but to keep the giant foot of New York on the neck of the monster Tammany is his herculean job. It was Mr. Mitchel who got Tammany down on its back — who divorced the city from politics and gave the millions of people in New York more of a show than they ever had before.

Whichever way you turn in New York you see how big the Mayor's job really is. In the administration of city affairs 80,000 people work. There are 11,000 uniformed policemen and 900 detectives, 5,300 firemen, 4,000 street cleaners besides the emergency force, and 5,000 stenographers. There are 1,320,000 pupils in the schools between five and eighteen, and to educate them takes 22,000 teachers and costs $35,000,000 a year. In the twenty-seven-story Municipal Building, 6,000 persons work for the city.

Through this great municipal organization the Mayor's directing hand is always on the people. Just for example, most of the population live high in the air, but travel forty feet under ground; yet the human honeycombs as well as the subways are under the eyes of the mayor. There are no such honeycombs elsewhere, nor is there another railroad so intensive; nor another mayor's job so dramatic. The inner story of New York has a mighty swing and sweep that fascinate.

Since this is a story of the common people chiefly, I may well begin with the tenements. Once we were in the habit of talking about New York's submerged millions, but now they are not altogether submerged. My researches revealed peculiarly interesting evidence of the consideration the metropolis is giving them. Up on Roosevelt Street, in the once-famous Cherry Hill district of Colonial Days, I found a sign barring the street to traffic during certain hours. It said "Street Closed for Play," and in it hordes of children were bent on their games. They owned the street.

Here and there throughout the tenement districts you will find these play streets — at least a hundred of them — set apart for the children, and the police will arrest any driver who attempts invasion. In other tenement streets vehicles must not exceed eight miles an hour, and in half a day's walk through the Ghetto I saw three arrests made for violation of this rule.

An encouraging thing in connection with the improvement in tenement conditions is the interest many prominent New York men are showing in public benefit work.

The city government is too big and technical for either citizens or newspapers to watch it closely, so there have developed elaborate organizations like the City Club, the Citizens' Union, the Brooklyn Civic Club, the Bureau of Municipal Research, and the Merchants' Association. This last frequently assembles two thousand members at luncheon.

On the committees of these organizations work several thousand progressive citizens, helping public officers by constructive studies or criticisms, and leading public opinion. Lawyers, business men, bankers, and college professors give to such committees time, the value of which is beyond calculation.

The City Club, for instance, can command almost at will the services of a lawyer like Charles E. Hughes on a public question, without fee. Every conceivable subject develops a volunteer somewhere in these organizations who makes that subject his hobby and acquires an expertness in it that is at the service of successive public officers. Some of them are millionaires, and some are men of small means indeed. But they stand for brains, and collectively they constitute one of the most valuable legislative bodies of the city. Today they are at work on matters that will be public issues perhaps years from now. The issues of today they promoted years ago.

The active members of the City Club include Albert S. Bard, specializing in election laws; Nelson Spencer, specializing in civil service reform; Winfred T. Dennison, who keeps tabs on the State Legislature; Frederick H. Whitin, adept in the study of vice and police; Richard S. Childs, of the Short Ballot movement; Sam A. Lewisohn, specializing in prison problems; George W. Alger, and a long list of others.

The Citizens' Union centers around the leadership of William J. Schieffelin. The Bureau of Municipal Research is steered by R. Fulton Cutting, and the Merchants' Association draws its leadership from the countless big industries of the city.

Through all this cooperation, and through Mayor Mitchel's own experience with municipal affairs, the cost of city administration has been reduced several million dollars a year, while extensions in service to the people have been very great. Through the analytical study of city government the metropolis has become the exponent of the most advanced ideas, many of which are thoroughly original with New York. Partly through reckless mismanagement and graft, this great city had piled up a debt of some two billion dollars, and it cannot be pulled out of the mire in a hurry. I shall scarcely touch the complicated finances of New York, but the great town is on a sound financial foundation at last. Its pay-as-you-go policy is working out.

Presently we shall get a glimpse of New York's war perils; but the hazards of war [*Continued on page 58*]

"E Flurribus Unum!"

by Porter Emerson Browne

[of The Vigilantes]

Picture by Peter Newell

"THERE is one thing about this war," said my friend, "that people ought to begin to understand, and to understand now: that the difference between an autocracy and a democracy is precisely the difference between a stripped-down racing automobile and a comfortable touring car; one is built for speed, and the other for pleasure.

"It is to be admitted, without argument, that the racing car is the fastest, but who wants to ride in a racing car?

"And yet, when it comes to a race, no one but a darned fool would bet on the touring car to win.

"And that's precisely what so far has been the trouble with the war.

"Germany, all begoggled and beoiled, with the mud guards taken off and no body to speak of, carrying no excess weight except spare gas and extra oil, has been piling down the boulevard at a hundred miles an hour; while the Allies, settled back all comfortable among the cushions of a large red limousine, have been following along and wondering why they can't catch up to her.

"And the reason is almost too obvious to need explanation. It's because the respective governments were not designed and built for identical purposes. The German machine is purely a racing machine; the Allied machine is purely a car for comfort. Hence right from the jump it ceases to be a race and becomes a procession.

"It's because, also, that autocracies are the hard-bitten product of necessity; while democracies are the plush-lined result of security.

"In the beginning, all governments were autocracies. They had to be; or they got licked by, and merged into, the first autocracy that happened to notice 'em. So that they thereby became autocracies anyway.

"And autocracies went on being autocracies until, having licked everything in sight there was no longer any need for them to remain autocracies; and out of that safely-certain sanctity, they began to grow careless, and ethical, and lax, and decent, and easy-going and altruistic; for when a man is busy every day fighting for his life, he hasn't much time to sweep off the back stoop and put new wall paper in the front hall. Progress comes of peace. But efficiency comes of war. And there you are.

"But there is one advantage that a democracy has over an autocracy — if it will only use it. A democracy can take off its touring body, strip down to the buff, and race with any of them. While an autocracy must always remain a racing machine and nothing else. That is the advantage a democracy has over an autocracy — if, as I say, it will only use it. . . . But will it? That, my child, is the question. . . . It does use it, sometimes; but generally only when it is almost, or entirely, too late. . . .

"But if it *will* use it, then it has both the chance to win the race, and the added benefit of still having its comfortable touring body to put back on the chassis after the race is won.

"And, yes, there is one other advantage that democracy has over autocracy: that it is human nature for a man to fight better and harder and more intelligently for something in which he has a direct personal interest than for something for which he fights only because he has to or get himself shot at sunrise. The French fight for France. But the Germans go to war largely because they'd rather face the French than their own officers; which puts them on the field as defensive fighters, whichever way the battle goes.

"And this is the thing above all others for the United States to learn: that if it would be within whistling distance in this race at the finish, it must take off its touring body and strip down for business. If it doesn't, it's liable to find out how bitterly true is that old adage about to the victors belong the spoils. And the beautiful touring car that is now ours will be stripped down anyway — but not by us. It will be peeled down for us by the Germans and used as a two-ton truck to help carry off silverware and bric-a-brac and other loot for that noble youth who guards the lives of his subjects with the same loving devotion that he would those of so many fishworms — we mean the Crown Prince.

"Out of all the chaos of catch-as-catch-can war-making that has marked the efforts of this country to get into this war, none is more astounding than the absolute fear that seems to obsess this country that it will do something right. As fast as any gentleman comes out with a good idea, everybody hops on him. 'Oh, but we can't do that!' they exclaim. 'Why, that would be autocratic!' or, 'Oh, goodness me, no! why, that's efficiency!'

"I want to tell you one thing, my son. It's a darned good thing for us that we've had the English navy to protect us — and that Chris Columbus was thoughtful enough to tuck us 'way off here in the first place!

"Here we've been in the war for nearly six months! Which is just about six times as long as it took Germany to completely murder Belgium and stab France a bloody breast wound that she won't get over in generations! And Belgium and France were both prepared!

"And here we've been at it six months, and what have we really accomplished? What have we really got actually to make war or actually to resist an enemy? Hardly one more ship! Hardly one more airplane! Hardly one more field piece! All we've really done is to get together a lot of trained money and a lot of untrained men.

"Suppose that at any time within the last six months the English navy had failed to protect us, and the Germans had wafted over here and landed on our shores? Is there anything on God's green earth that we could have done to have prevented them? Or to have resisted them successfully after they had landed? Or have won any sort of victory, in any sort of way? The only thing I can think of is that we might have given our untrained men a couple of trained dollars apiece and have let them invite the Germans into some good saloon in the hope that they would drink themselves to death!

"Mind you, I'm not blaming anybody for this; I'm blaming everybody. And I'm blaming democracy most of all. Democracy can do things sensibly, but it won't. Why won't it? Only God knows. Will it ever? We hope so. How long will it last if it doesn't? Not very.

"Why are we afraid of an autocrat, when it is, and will always be in our power, as a democracy, to get rid of an autocrat the minute we don't need him? An autocrat, to be self-perpetuating, must control the armed forces of an armed nation. America is not, nor ever will be, an armed nation; nor could any man control what armed forces she may have against their own well-being; said forces are too intelligent; and education is always the successful foeman of unjust absolutism.

"Why are we afraid of an autocrat when every day we have before us countless examples of what autocracy, under democracy, can do? All the best-conducted private enterprises, those enterprises that are alike our boast and our pride before the world, are pure autocracies. Autocracies under democratic control, it is true; but autocracies they are, nevertheless.

"Look at John Wanamaker's stores. Autocracies, pure and simple. Look at the Saturday Evening Post. Another autocracy. Look at the Pennsylvania Railroad. Yet another autocracy. And there are as many more as the leaves of the tree, or the telephone book — which is by way of being still another beautifully conducted autocracy.

"All these things run like well-oiled, perfectly-acting machines. Everybody admires them to death! Yet when it is suggested that the central government adopt this approved and demonstrated manner of conducting its business, thousands of well-meaning but peanut-headed persons all over the country climb up on their hind legs and begin to holler against autocracy!

"And this in the face of the fact that beyond any possible contravention the best possible form of government in the world is a benevolent autocracy; while the worst possible form is malevolent democracy — which is only another name for chaos.

"But benevolent autocracy cannot be trusted because, at the demise of the benevolent autocrat, it almost invariably falls into the hands of crooks and grafters and rogues; benevolent autocrats being exceeding few and far between; while malevolent democracy can't be trusted at all in the first place.

"If you doubt this, what is the best-run and

But the best chauffeur that ever lived couldn't run a machine with Uncle Abijah yelling in one ear to go faster and Aunt Arethusa howling in the other to go slower

happiest family that you know? — for government, after all, is but the extension and enlargement of the human family into larger groups. Isn't it the one where father, as the head of the house, sits at the top of the table and carves the duck, while mother, his helpmate, advises and counsels and aids him, taking her helpful share in all things, and Aunt Hannah and Uncle Henry and Jack and Lizzie and Maude S. and little William J. sit around the sides, shoving in the provender, and thinking ain't life swell?

"There's a benevolent autocracy; and sometimes mother has more say about things even than father, although she's too sensible to let him know it.

"Isn't this better than the other family you know, where every time they want to do anything, mother says she won't, and Aunt Mehitabel wants to do something else, and Uncle John says he'll be good-and-gol-darned if he will, and little Amelia is pulling the cat's tail while Hiram, Jr., is jabbing the baby in the eye with one hand and pinching his leg with the other, and the whole thing breaks up in a fight?

"Democracies are only right when all the inhabitants thereof will get together and allow one democrat to become an autocrat. The degree of success that a democracy obtains depends solely upon the amount of controlled autocracy that democracy contains. That the post office is well-administered isn't because the letter carriers all get together and think that maybe they'd better deliver the letters. It's because there is at the head of the department an autocrat that tells them that they'll have to deliver the letters or get fired. John Wanamaker doesn't make a success of his stores by going down in the basement and asking the coal passers how many diamond tiaras he'd better purchase for the fall trade. He buys what he darned pleases; while the coal passers can pass coal or quit, as the spirit moves. Hence is the store a democracy as far as the coal passers are concerned; but where John is involved, it's an autocracy, and an autocracy right. In an absolute autocracy, like Germany, the coal passers would be chained to the furnace; and if they didn't pass coal fast enough, they'd be encouraged with a blacksnake whip. And their quitting time would come only when they were carried out feet first. Democracy gives them their choice of what they shall do; autocracy makes them do it, or get out of the way for somebody that can; and democracy again gives them the power to throw the autocrat in the cooler if his work should begin to transcend the law, or get too rough for ordinary consumption.

"As, in Germany, we have a beautiful illustration of what too much autocracy means, so in Russia, we have an illustration of the almost as great evil of too much democracy. As too much autocracy becomes abuse, so does too much democracy become anarchy. But Russia is a hop ahead of Germany, at that. For what Russia is now going through, Germany will have to come to. Only it may well be that the Germans, being educated, when once they see the light, will be able to read by it; which the Russians, never having been even to night school, cannot.

"As an autocracy, even an autocracy with a couple of flat tires and only three cylinders working, Russia was able to cripple along and still retain some degree of momentum. At any rate she still had a chauffeur, and a mechanician.

"But then along came Democracy, all full of vodka and unused-to freedom and the liberty that is license.

"'Hey! Le' me in that machine!' yells Democracy.

"And Democracy gives Autocracy a push in the nose, and lands him in a snow drift. Then he kicks out autocracy's mechanician and climbs in himself, and he invites all his friends to take a joy ride, and they all try to run it, and one man has the brake, and another the clutch, and another the gas, and another the spark, and yet another takes out the spark plugs to see what makes it go, and still another experiments on the two well tires with a case knife, while *encore un autre*, having heard that gasoline explodes when brought in communion with a flame, drops a lighted match in the tank to find out; which he does. And there you have the poor old thing today, stuck stock still, with flat tires, and the engine taken apart and hidden in the grass, and the chassis all burned up, and the environing countryside covered with arms and legs and broken bottles and consonants and things, while another autocracy, which is Germany, and efficient, comes along and tells its slaves to pick up the pieces for she needs some of them to repair her own machine, which is getting full of carbon, and wearing badly around the valves.

"And it all goes to show that, as Richard Washburn Child quotes a Chinese friend, democracy is like a tight-rope; an attractive amusement for those who understand it, but apt to prove disastrous for those that don't. It's also like a revolver. It's highly effective in the hands of a trained man; but it's a mighty poor plaything to give the baby. Furthermore, it's like brandy; a stimulant and a medicine for those who have knowledge enough to use it; but a terrible jag for those who have no better sense than to abuse it. And that knowledge comes only with brains, intelligence, education and experience.

"Our own South, after the Civil War, was another interesting experiment in uncontrolled democracy; when the negroes, suddenly accorded a freedom for which they were not prepared, just naturally busted loose and raised hob until along came autocracy to put them back where they belonged and fit them for their new freedom by a proper course of education and training. Thus does efficient autocracy control inefficient democracy to be in turn controlled by efficient democracy.

"And what we now have before us in this country — only, thank God, in a greatly modified degree — is inefficient democracy as yet uncontrolled by the efficient autocracy that will mean efficient democracy. We haven't kicked the chauffeur out into the snow drift; but we are hampering him with a lot of boneheaded advice and a lot of asinine restrictions. If he is going to run the car, let him alone to run it. If he can't run it, make him get out and put in somebody that can. But the best chauffeur that ever lived couldn't run a machine with Uncle Abijah yelling in one ear to go faster and Aunt Arethusa howling in the other to go slower, and Cousin Adoniram telling him he needs more gas, and less spark, and Nephew William Henry informing him that he needs more spark and less gas, while Grandpa leans over and gets his whiskers all mixed up with the controls, and a lot of bystanders flock around and inform him that his mixture is too weak, and there's a knock in the muffler, and his ignition is dry, and he ought to have his valves ground. Barney Oldfield would go on the rocks under those conditions, let alone any ordinary driver. Everybody's automobile is nobody's automobile, and you can paste that in your hat.

"Does Germany, which is efficient, stand for any such performance? You bet your life she doesn't. That's why she's winning the war — so far.

"The Kaiser comes out in the morning, and climbs aboard his war machine. Von Hindenburg is at the wheel.

"'Give her the juice, Von,' says the Kaiser. 'Step on her tail and let's get out of here.'

"'Right-oh, Kais,' says von Hindenburg, and twenty-seven minutes later they've gone through Rumania and come out on the other side. And if, when they stop for lunch, any nosey interloper comes around and tries to peek into the hood, both von Hindenburg and the Kaiser mutually and coincidentally kick him spang in the nose and he alights thirty-eight feet off in the poison ivy — and when another machine comes along he's that car-shy he up and beats it and you don't see him again for weeks!

"Meanwhile the Kaiser tears around, with the exhaust open, carrying no excess weight but a couple of spare tires and an extra can of gas, and one day he's busting loose the echoes in Flanders and the next he's coming out the big end of the Golden Horn, and all with no more lost motion than a machine gun. And if he sees von Hindenburg beginning to crack under the strain, he pushes him out and puts in von Somebody Else; and when he weakens, the Kaiser cans him, and in goes von Who's-Is. And all the superfluous old parties with whiskers and ideals and morals and decency and things, that want to give him advice and talk things over, he sticks in the Reichstag where they can sing themselves to sleep without bothering him or confusing his chauffeur. For he's out to make time, and by golly, he sure makes it! Despise him or not, you've got to admit that.

"And that's the way the Kaiser gets around.

"But what about our Uncle Sam?

"He comes down to the garage in a hurry to get out his car. The Kaiser's run over Belgium, leaving her a mangled pulp; and butted into France, and chased Rumania up a tree, and is about to bulge into Russia, who is sitting on top of what's left of his chassis with a monkey-wrench in one hand and a pair of pliers in the other wondering whether he'd better take down the engine, or look over the differential, or get a new car, or something. Also the Kaiser has run over a double handful of Uncle Sam's own children. And our Uncle is as sore as a boil and as hot as a lady who's lost money.

"'Gi' me my car, and give it to me quick!' he he says. 'I'm going over there and take a wallop at that lad if it's my last act on earth. Nobody can mess up my folks like that and get away with it, and don't you forget it!'

"Well, he waits around a while, and nobody brings out his car.

"'Where's my machine anyway?' he demands, getting impatient.

"'It's probably in the attic, or the cellar, or somewhere,' says the efficient garage man. 'Anyhow, you ain't had it out since eighteen ninety-eight, in the first place.'

"'Well, I want it now,' says Uncle Sam. 'And I want it quick! I got business to attend to and I can't wait.'

"'I'll ask Joe if he knows where it is,' says the garage man. 'Hey, Joe! Have you seen the boss's machine around anywhere?'

"But Joe hasn't seen it. So he asks Newt; and Newt asks somebody else; and somebody else asks someone else. And then they all get out and look around. Finally they find it, tucked away in the back end of the carriage house between a victoria and a one-horse shay. It's full of whiskers and somebody's been sleeping in it.

"Uncle Sam gets a peek at it, and is sorer than ever.

"'Whose job was it to take care of this thing, anyway?' he asks, excitedly.

"'The Democrats',' says the Republicans.

"'The Republicans',' says the Democrats.

"Uncle Sam sees it's no use trying to find anybody to blame, and there isn't any time anyway.

"'Well, let's get it out where we can see it,' he says.

"So they all take off their coats, and roll up their sleeves, and shine their shoes, and shave, and comb their hair, and manicure their nails, and go home and take a bath, and then they bring it out. It looks like a Ford, only funnier. It's got one cylinder, and hardly that. And the tonneau buttons up the back, and somebody's been using the radiator to boil water in. And it weighs five hundred pounds per horsepower.

"'Do you suppose we can get it started?' asks Uncle Sam.

"'Yes,' says Joe.

"'No,' says Newt.

"'Well, can we?' asks Uncle Sam.

"'No,' says Joe.

"'Yes,' says Newt.

"So they try. But first they need some gas.

"'I want some gas,' says Uncle Sam.

"'You can't have it,' says an old party with long, white whiskers, rubbing his eyes as though he just awoke from a long sleep.

"'Who are you anyhow?' demands Uncle Sam.

"'Congress,' says the strange party. 'And you can't get nothing except through me.'

"'How do I get it through you?' asks Uncle Sam.

"'You ask me for it,' says Congress smothering a yawn. 'And then, maybe I give it to you, and maybe I don't. Usually,' he explains politely, 'I don't.'

"'But I've got to have some [*Continued on page 71*]

A Boy of France

by **Walter Trumbull**

BRAVE in his uniform he kissed his mother,
Then seized his gun, a new and shining toy.
She watched him go with sobs she could not smother,
This soldier, who was just her little boy.

She has the letter that a comrade scrawled her;
Her shaking fingers smooth it. Solemn-eyed
And dumb she sits, to wonder if he called her
And if her son was lonely when he died.

She knows the agony of war infernal;
She sees a slim young body, maimed and cold;
Yet death itself has made his youth eternal,
Because her boy will never now grow old.

That smooth, clear brow will never furrow after
The cares of life bleach darker hairs to gray,
Those firm, clean lips grow loose with senile laughter,
That straightness stoop to doddering decay.

There are no cares in death. He sleeps, and never
Will wake to age or pain or lost romance.
The boy who died will be a boy forever —
A child of glory and a son of France.

Plain Propositions for Pacifists

by Harrison Rhodes

THE difficulty in talking to pacifists is that there are so many kinds of them, and that to so many of the kinds there is no use in talking. Persuasion avails little with the German propagandist who has tried to steal the cloak of pacifism, or the man whose pacifism is rooted solely and selfishly in the wish to save his own skin, or the small soul whose disapproval of war is a mere excuse to his own conscience for keeping his pocket-book closed when others have opened theirs to relieve war suffering. Public common sense soon smokes these out, and finds some other argument than moral suasion for them.

Another attitude too is already passing: that of the pacific American whose patriotism was, so he alleged, burning with a hot red, white and blue flame, but who could not abandon our traditional national policy of isolation; who thought Europe's quarrel was not our quarrel; who really believed that neutrality was possible. The most apt comment on this attitude is that provided by George Sylvester Viereck, editor of *The Fatherland*, and for a long time one of the most ardent and prominent defenders of Prussia in our country. As we went into war and Viereck's Americanism deepened and strengthened he changed the name of his sheet to *Viereck's: The American Weekly* and put upon its cover the motto, "For America First and for America Only." It is fairly evident that an American patriotism which is "for America only" is the kind that would please Berlin. And Berlin, assuming as usual that no generous or unselfish emotion exists outside Prussia cannot understand why our patriotism is not "for America only" but for the bleeding fighting sister democracies of the world.

Internationalism has today become a living thing, and it is not without some ironic satisfaction that one points out to the elements in the socialist party which are now opposing America's participation in the war that they themselves have had much to do with bringing the world to see that to think only of your own country is a narrow patriotism and that you must wish for the good of humanity as much abroad as at home. Now that America is crossing the ocean just for these reasons, the socialists are suddenly in a panic, feel quite differently about internationalism and are not willing to sacrifice a single precious socialistic life to make patriotism broader or to do good to countless millions of humanity abroad. But they are, as it were, neatly hoist with their own petard. Who is the better internationalist — the man here hiding from registration, or the man over there fighting for France and England and the new Russia and perhaps a new Germany, as well as for his own America? It would seem that what was broad and fine and generous and human in the socialist doctrine of international amity has been adopted by America at war, while many of the original internationalists, trembling with fear, are vainly trying to call back the water which they themselves have made flow under the bridge. Small wonder that the socialist party splits, and leaves a false and disingenuous breed to try to explain how the thing they have so long said was most to be desired in the world is now not worth fighting for.

Pacifism, however, is not to be dismissed so easily with condemnation and scorn. The term covers not only a multitude of weaknesses and cowardices, but much virtue too, much love of humanity, much almost admirable folly. It is to pacifists whose hearts are right even if their heads are wrong that this article is addressed.

Theoretically, the perfect pacifist should be the complete Tolstoyan non-resister. He should believe that it is better to submit to conquest by a foreign power than to resist at the price of life. Such an attitude is at least clear. And if you believe that there is as small choice in governments as there is in rotten apples the proposition is at least arguable. But few of our American pacifists go to this extreme. Indeed, they have shown no such tendency to press forward to logical conclusion. They thought the war so terrible that it seemed almost wrong to try to fix the responsibility for it. They wanted peace so badly that they declined to face the possibility of Germany's making war on us if she could beat down France and England. They wanted to protect the country from conquest, but they did not want to fight to do so. They exhibited, indeed, a very human but muddled wish to eat their cake and have it too.

The tactics they advised towards Germany were like those of the old man in Edward Lear's *Book of Nonsense* rhyme (a passage quoted once in Congress with great effect by James A. Garfield in describing those who before the outbreak of the Civil War advised every concession to the South):

> "There was an old man who said, 'How
> Shall I flee from this horrible cow?
> I will sit on the stile
> And continue to smile,
> Which may soften the heart of the cow.'"

For a considerable period it seemed as if America were indeed following the pacifists' (and Mr. Lear's) advice. If smiling showed signs of failing to soften the heart, the pacifists would have advised hiding the head like the ostrich to meet the emergency. Their point of view was shifty, their thinking confused. Yet let us try to do them justice. Perhaps this was just from the strength of their emotion, for through everything was their deep and passionate and wholly right hatred of war, with all its sacrifice of young life and old happiness. One phrase which is forever on the pacifists' lips is clear and very much to our present purpose. The pacifists sum up their case when they say they "do not believe in war."

But who does? The war is being fought just because we, the Allies, too, do not believe in war. That is the issue. Germany believes in war; she has believed in it for half a century. She believes in the might that makes right, from which there is no appeal. Her world is one in which the strong must do what they can and the weak suffer what they must. War, which is not considered in any ethical or humane way, is simply the most efficient way for Germany to get what she wants. Bismarck said that the war business was the best Germany could go into. And she holds to this tradition; conquest is the least expensive way of earning your living — just as thieves conceive robbery to be. Efficiency in promoting the well-being of Germany is the only standard by which the actions of soldiers are to be judged. If cutting off the hands of ten Belgian children will assure one easier half-hour to a single German child, then the Belgian hands should be cut off. But why only ten? This is war. Germany believes in war. The pacifists do not believe in war. The United States does not believe in war. Our allies do not believe in war.

The Allies do not believe even in war as they make it, leaving the hands on children, and striving to make the fight as decent and as sportsmanlike as they can. Even as war came they did not believe in it; it seemed for a moment like the nightmare of some monstrous dream. They were unprepared for it, because in his heart of hearts everyone outside Germany believed that civilization by the twentieth century had come so far that war was unthinkable. There was a doubt, it is true, about German intentions, but it was almost beyond human nature to believe that Germany could do this unspeakable thing. The world outside Germany was not ready for war because it did not believe in war.

Does anyone, pacifist or otherwise, think that after three years of sacrifice and courage and sorrow, even when victory seems to hover in the air — does anyone think that our side has come to believe in war? No. War has grown more repellent every month. Human bravery and patience in suffering have been shown as we had perhaps forgotten they existed in the world. The military virtues shine like stars, giving almost all the light there is in a darkened world. And yet at heart we feel that the military virtues are not worth what they cost; that in the sky that spread over a world at peace other as bright stars would glow. The failure of the pacifists to understand that their aims and beliefs are exactly what is driving on the allied attack is a tragedy. So much of their generous sympathy with suffering, so much of their power of head and heart is being wasted. Can they not see that their country went to war slowly because it hated war? Can they not see that France and England hated war and made it only to save the future? Can they still believe that anyone now loves war for war's sake?

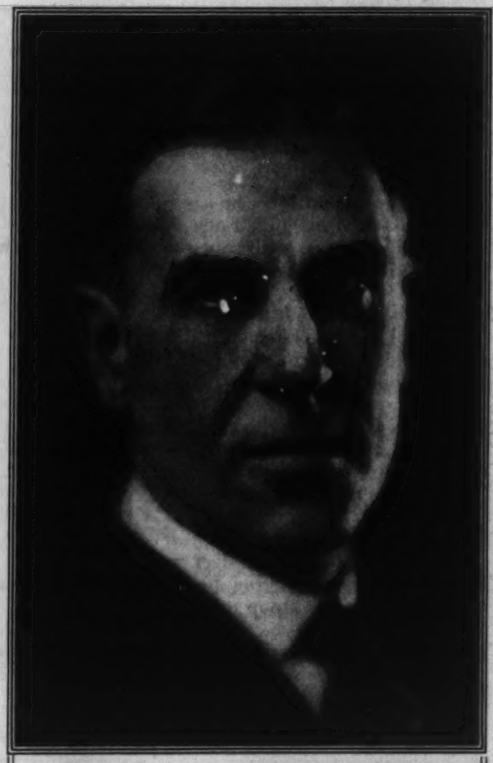
No, this the greatest of all wars, is a war upon war, a passionate cry from the peoples of the earth that war shall cease to exist, and that the nation which brought war shall repent and shall join with us in solemn vows and engagements that never again shall this horror devastate the world!

We say commonly that this is a war to defend democracy. And this is true. But the phrase seems vague to many people. Will it not seem clear enough if we say that we defend democracy because we believe that democracies do not believe in war, and that if we can make democracy supreme we also make peace supreme?

Do the pacifists think they have any monopoly in the dislike of war? What have all these millions that ring Germany about fought and died for except to save posterity from war? The pacifists are merely willing to save *themselves* from war. They would hand posterity over forever to war and the slavery which, as we have seen in Belgium, a conquering race which believes in war thinks it right to impose on a free people.

The pacifists say that to end war a time must come when men will refuse to fight and to kill other men. This time is already appointed; it is when the Great War is ended. The writing is now to be read on the skies that arch over Europe, set there in lightning and flame. The right *not* to kill is the most precious gift that Liberty and Democracy can bring, more precious even than the right not to die. These rights are what we are fighting for today in France. And both are within the world's reach, if the world is in this supreme and final effort ready to pay their price. And the price is victory over Germany and the German belief that war and arbitration by force are still tolerable in the world. Which disbelief in war is better for the world, the pacifist's or that of the man in the trenches? Many people still believe that Christ died on the cross to save the world. Men, humbly imitating what they have heard Christ did, are dying on the battle-front to save the world, to bring in peace and happiness and good will towards men. They are the true pacifists.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood



MR. RHODES asks this pertinent question: "Do the pacifists think they have any monopoly in the dislike of war? What have all these millions that ring Germany about fought and died for except to save posterity from war? The pacifists are merely willing to save *themselves* from war. They would hand posterity over forever to war and the slavery which, as we have seen in Belgium, a conquering race which believes in war thinks it right to impose on a free people."

Over-Reached—*by* Sophie Kerr

The Best Story Yet in This Big Series of Political Yarns

Illustration by T. D. Skidmore

It was as if their two wills clashed and battled and struggled right across that table, while they sat there so still

SOME people call Mrs. Souchez a wicked old woman. But they do it behind her back. I maintain, however, that she is not wicked in the least, though she is certainly worldly and wise and she always makes me think of Lady Kew in "The Newcomes," for her tongue is a lash when she wants to use it. She doesn't look a *bit* like Lady Kew, being plumpish and pink-cheeked, with white fluff for hair and features that fairly beam benevolence. All except her eyes. They are bright blue and as sharp and as hard as pin points. Doris Souchez, the one who married the Earl of Marwick, used to say, "It always amuses me to the soul to see the unwary approach Mama as a 'dear old lady.' They're lucky to escape alive."

Yet I think Doris was too hard on her mother. Mrs. Souchez was more merciless as an observer than she was in conversation, even with dullards and smart Alecs. Someone asked her why she didn't read Balzac more and she answered, "I don't need to, my dear. I live in Washington and read a more pitiless 'Comedie Humaine' than Balzac's every day, just by looking on the city's life."

When she was among her intimates and would talk, Mrs. Souchez was wonderful. She would sit in the drawing-room of her big old luxurious house, with Nita or Doris or Miss Chaloner, her companion, at the tea-table, and half a dozen people she knew and really cared about around her, and while she embroidered she would open her store of reminiscences and tell true stories, as brilliantly colored as her endless skeins of gay silk. She always did ecclesiastical embroidery, I recall. And she did it like a professional — oh, exquisitely. I've seen her needle flashing back and forth and the pattern of a stunning Lenten altar cloth grow slowly under her lovely hands, while she told such things — well, the contrast to her occupation added piquancy, I suppose.

After she had the motor accident and was lame, she did not go out very much for a long time and these informal intimate five-o'clocks of hers grew to be a feature of Washington. Sometimes the talk was all of memories. And it was on one of these days, when a heavy rain had kept all but two or three of the faithful away, that someone mentioned Kitty Willard.

At that name Mrs. Souchez dropped her embroidery and looked up with her blue eyes fairly dancing. And everybody simply turned on her with one demand: "Tell us. You've got to."

That was how the story came to be told.

I married off my own girls so well, began Mrs. Souchez, that I was always being pestered to death to chaperon others whose mothers were not so clever as I. I couldn't take a trip abroad without being besought to lend my sheltering wings to Louise This or Dorothy That or Susan Somebody Else. It was not so bad until after Doris married Marwick, and then — my word! Nita's husband being a mere American millionaire, my ability wasn't what you might call advertised until we'd landed Marwick. Nobody would believe me when I said that Doris had done it all herself, and entirely by indifference. That's the reason he's so much in love with her yet, by the way.

With both my girls married and Doris with a house in London, besides the big Marwick estate in Devon, you can imagine what I went through from friends with girls who hadn't gone off in their first season and from friends who were hoping their girls would manage to catch something bigger than Marwick, but wanted Doris to help them do it. I was the way to Doris, of course, and was supposed to lend my magic aid. Oh, I led a life! Used to sneak off to Europe like a defaulting bank president.

One spring — it must be nearly twenty years ago — when I was surreptitiously packing my trunks, and telling no one that I was to sail in a week or two, Dudley Willard came to see me. Poor Dudley! After he married that common fat Mollie Strong and ran through the money his uncle Job Willard left him, he had hard sledding. I'd always liked him, though I hadn't had anything to do with him much since he married. But we'd been boy and girl together at Prides Crossing and his sister was one of my bridesmaids.

I was struck to see how old and worn he looked.

"You're surprised to see me, of course," he said, "but I'll tell you right away; I've come to ask a favor."

His eyes were fairly beseeching me to be kind, and so I was, for I was sorry for him. "Sit down," I said. "If you've come to ask a favor and I can grant it, it's yours."

"I know you don't like my wife," he said, and I knew he was suffering, or he wouldn't have been so unnecessarily frank.

"I don't suppose you like her very well yourself, by this time," I said — for I knew he didn't.

He laughed — a drearier sound I never heard. "You're the same acid Alice," he said. "No, I don't like her. But that's neither here nor there. I've stuck by her and done my duty. And now — there are the children."

I knew from that moment what was coming. I guessed it instantly. He wanted me to take one of his daughters abroad and see if I couldn't marry her off advantageously.

"They'll never do it here, Alice," he said. "Their mother's too much of a drawback and I've no money to speak of. They've got no talents nor ability, but they've got youth and they're pretty little pink and white creatures. Oh, marriage is the only thing for them. And I don't want them to marry as I've done. I'd like to see them well settled before I die."

It was all true, of course. Mrs. Willard was a good-natured, loud-talking, vulgar, pushing creature who'd have handicapped far handsomer, smarter girls than her daughters were. Oh, I could see Dud's point of view — I was only surprised that he had seen it. But it did seem dreadful that I should have to be elected to help him out.

And then I reflected. What if it did spoil my trip and make Doris rave? It was only one trip — there'd be plenty of other summers when I could go and enjoy myself without a tiresome good deed to do hanging round me. And poor old Dud looked so pitiful — such a down-and-outer.

"I'll take one of them," I agreed, finally, "but not both, Dudley. Two's too many. If I marry off one of them, she can take care of her sister's chances, I should think. Now — which shall it be?"

"Kittie, I think," said Dudley, a little doubtfully. "She's the prettier of the two and the more determined."

"Oho — Kittie has ambition then?" I said. "And maybe it was Kittie who thought of getting you to come here and ask your old friend to grant you this favor. Am I right about that?"

He acknowledged — shamefacedly — that I was right. I'll admit that the knowledge rather cheered me, because if Kittie had sense enough to plan and build on me and work out a scheme whereby she could get at me, why, she'd be able to help herself with very little help from me. I would not have to do *all* the work to get rid of her. I took quite a liking to Kittie.

"Send her to see me," I said to Dudley, "and I'll have a talk with her. But tell her to come alone." For I wasn't going to have Mollie Willard in my house.

Dudley went away quite cheered, and the very next morning in came Miss Kittie. I didn't feel very hopeful when I looked at her. She had youth, of course — she was twenty-two or -three — and a good clear red and white skin, and nice teeth and good hair; but there her assets ended. Her eyes were too small and set a thought too close together. Her cheekbones were a little high. Her figure was just ordinarily good and her feet and hands were only medium. She was just a young fresh American girl, like a thousand others, so I knew she'd have to have a dressmaker only a little lower than the angels to make her stand out at all from the ruck. She had a demure, pretty little way with her, and it was "Yes, Mrs. Souchez," and "No, Mrs. Souchez," and "I'm so grateful, Mrs. Souchez," that I got sick of it in three minutes.

Still, I stuck to my word. I told Miss Kittie when to be ready, and ordered her to get nothing but traveling clothes, as I couldn't launch her on London in an American outfit. I knew a modiste over there — no, I won't give her address — who is a perfect genius for taking a plain or a moderate looking girl and dressing her up to look a beauty. She'll take a tall, thin, sallow woman and give her a perfectly fascinating vampirish look. And she's the only person I ever heard of who can make a fat woman attractive.

We started off on our journey, Miss Kittie and I — I very much disgruntled over the whole business, and I'm a fiend when I travel, anyway. Nobody pretends that I'm a pleasant companion *en voyage*. But Kittie kept up her pleasant, demure, deferential manner very successfully, no matter how rude I was. After my first bout with sea-sickness, when I'd recovered sufficiently to be carried up into a deck chair, I began to observe her. There were not very many young girls on board and two or three men were hanging round her. I will say for her that she kept fresh as a daisy and never lost her color in the roughest weather.

It amused me very much to see the way she discriminated between those young fellows. There was one lad from New York who was going over to play polo. He didn't have any money, but he knew the right people. Kittie was, oh, so nice to him. There was another, who was in the employ of a big engineering firm in London — a boy with a future if ever I saw one, but a future still far, far off. Kittie was merely coolly pleasant to him. There was still another, a dirt-poor young artist on his way to France, as interesting and fine-natured and cultivated a young man as I ever met. He was a perfect delight to me, but Kittie would have none of him, absolutely. I'll do him the justice to say that he made scant effort to interest her, but he was young and so was she and it was natural for him to turn to her a little. She'd hardly notice him. He told me once, whimsically, and yet a trifle bitterly — once after she'd snubbed his perfectly courteous greeting, "I'd like to paint your charge, Miss Willard, some time, Mrs. Souchez. I'd call the picture 'Bid High.'"

It was after that that I had a very plain talk with her. "You'll never get on unless you have better manners," I said. "You can't afford to be rude — no poverty-stricken young woman who is out to make a big marriage can. And while we're talking, let's have a complete understanding as to what you want, so that time and effort may be saved. Do you know what you're after?"

That was pretty brutal, but it didn't flutter Miss Kittie a trifle. She looked at me straight, and said she, as cool as an iceberg, "Of course I know what I want. I want to marry into the diplomatic service. I *know* what I could do in such a position. I'd never be an outsider again. I'd have to be invited whether people liked me or not. I don't care if the man hasn't a great deal of money — I want the assured position most. I've been on the edges of things for so long. Oh, if I could just go back to Washington the wife of a man well up in the service — no one could ignore or slight me then."

"That's definite enough," I said. "Have you anyone particular in mind?"

"I have several people in mind," she said, and with that, if you'll believe me, she began a complete catalogue of the personnel of every important embassy in London. She'd looked up all the secretaries, and attaches; she knew their families, their fortunes and their prospects. She'd even informed herself as much as she could as to their tastes and hobbies. She wound up her list with: "Anything you'll tell me to do, Mrs. Souchez, I'll do. You needn't consider my feelings. This is my one big chance and I know it and I'm grateful to you for giving it to me, for I'm sure you must hate doing it. I should, if I were in your place. But here I am, and I need your help very much."

Now a girl of that nature is just about as much real pleasure to me as a paving stone, but I could see that she was desperate and determined, and, after all, I'd promised her father. She'd been brought up with the worst possible ideals. I tell you, there's a clan of mothers in this city who sell their daughters with as little compunction as a Chinese coolie woman drowns her girl-babies. And the worst of it is they teach the girls to think that there's nothing in life but money and social position. It's ghastly. But that's neither here nor there. As I listened to her I felt that I was almost as much to blame in Kittie's case as her poor silly mother. Why hadn't I told Dudley Willard to have his girls properly educated and taught an art or a profession and set them to earning their own livings? That's what I ought to have done, only it was a bit too late for it!

The very day after we'd got to London I set out bright and early for Madame Fedor's establishment (no, that is not her name) with Kittie in tow.

"You must make this young lady into a beauty," I said.

Madame gave Kittie a long appraising look. "Ah-h," she breathed. "So ma'moiselle must be a beauty! An' is she to be the kind that men go off the head about, or the kind they wish to marry, if you please?"

"The kind they wish to marry," said Kittie, coolly.

"That is the most difficult," said Madame, "wiz ma'moiselle's style. But it can be done — I think. You will have to change the hair dressing, first of all. You do not mind that, ma'moiselle?"

"Cut off my nose and ears if you like," said Kittie.

"We must have the things at once," I warned Fedor.

"I will push all other work aside," promised Madame.

She led Kittie away and I went on about my business. Oh, that Madame Fedor — she was a witch! She took that girl and, first of all, as she had warned, she changed her coiffure. With her hair parted in the middle, waved and adjusted into the simplest, most girlish knot at the back of the neck, she took ten years of sophistication and five of actual age off Kittie's outline. Then came the dresses — she'd said they would be a piece of *diablerie* — and devilish was just the word for 'em. They were pale heavenly blues, clear young pinks, melting mauves, lilting, spring-like greens, and always and ever the softest virgin white, all made so simply and so appealingly that a man couldn't help but notice them, and so well and cunningly devised that women were bound to notice and envy them, too. Madame Fedor showed Kittie how to put the least touch of very dark blue pencil on her eyes, making them seem larger and more languorous without looking in the least made-up, and showed her how to hold her hands to the best advantage, toned down her brisk American walk and confident manner, and I'm sure gave her a lot of valuable tips about the quarry Kittie was after. Madame Fedor told me afterward she never enjoyed herself more in her life, and that she'd never had so apt and tractable a subject to work on. All the same she did not like Kittie.

"She is not yo'ng," she told me, disapprovingly. "She is as old as Egypt. It is not natural. It is bad. All ze same, she will, I believe, get what she want. If not — beware!"

Naturally, Madame Fedor's warning concerned me little. All I wanted was to get Kittie's frocks complete and launch her into the London season. Doris had been none too pleased when I appeared at Marwick House with Kittie in tow, but she couldn't resist the droll possibilities of the situation.

Ah, there's nothing like London, in the season — long ago, I mean, before the war. That strange seductive English summer, and the leisurely elegant ceaseless round of Court functions, receptions, balls, dinners, opera, garden parties, bazars — and all the rest of it. Everyone's either interesting or good-looking, and sometimes both. The one great difference between London and New York society is that the English men and women both think and talk. American men think but don't talk — and American women talk but don't think. That's why our smart American society is so dull.

But I'm getting away from Kittie. We launched her, Doris and I, at a big ball, one of three Doris was giving at Marwick House. She was perfectly done in the *jeune fille* style, white muslin, blue ribbons, downcast eyes and shy, sweet manner. She didn't look a day over seventeen. I chuckle yet when I think of her, and Doris and I could hardly keep our faces straight. Of course her white muslin and blue ribbons had a Paris *chic* — trust Madame for that. And behind that gentle manner of hers she was taking everything in, pretty coolly. Of course she was impressed — and that helped. You can't take a girl out of a horrid, climbing, narrow home like the Willard's and drop her down into London going at its best pace without getting some sort of excited reaction. I soon found, though, that Kittie was wide-awake to all opportunities and was keeping her head very well through the stress of the gaiety and the association with better people than she'd ever seen before. I noticed that she kept right along her line of investigation of the opportunities in the diplomatic corps. She weeded them out remorselessly.

She "took" very well — though she wasn't a real belle. She made a great running amongst the older men, of course, who are all for the innocent and unsophisticated type — it rests their jaded sensibilities, I suppose. Kittie did very well with those and built up quite a little circle of elderly beaux — but nothing decisive came of it. Men over forty may like to philander with a sweet young thing, but they aren't very keen on marrying it, unless plenty of money or a big connection goes with it.

We hadn't seen many Americans that season, but one day I had a note from Pamela Merrick — she was at the Savoy and had just come from the Continent. Poor Pamela — it was just a little while before she died! She had been taking endless cures, but they were all no good. I hurried round to see her and found her the same laughing, high-spirited, adorable creature she'd always been, though she was at death's door and knew it. She

The Living

by

Daniel M. Henderson

I TREAD once more the market-place;
In trafficking my heart seeks balm;
But often, over trade's turmoil
There falls a holy calm.

A thing she loved has met my sight:
Arbutus, or a clump of ferns;
Or in a stall of books I find
Her well-loved poet, Burns.

The thrushes sing — and call her back;
I see her friends smile from the throng;
Or from some window comes a snatch
Of her most-treasured song.

Because she loved the things of earth
They hold her gentle spirit yet.
They cry to me, "Remember her!" . . .
As if I could forget!

could not even get up to meet me, but she wouldn't talk about her condition. She'd kept in touch with every interest she'd ever had, and all the jolly people she'd ever met, and she was always vitally concerned about them all, and so we did nothing but gossip — lively, harmless stimulating notes and comments on men and things. I told her about Kittie and she laughed and laughed about it. She knew Dudley Willard, too, you see, and his terrible wife. And then she fell suddenly silent.

"But I know the very man for her," she cried, at last. "Jameson Dana, my dear. He'll be in London soon and I'll send him to see you. Don't you know him?"

"The name has a familiar sound," I said, "but I can't place him, somehow. Remember, Pamela, I'm a grandmother now and can't keep tabs on all the nice young men as I used to do."

"You may be a grandmother," she cried, "but you're the youngest person alive. Oh, you *must* remember him — he's the man who did all that splendid spectacular work in the last presidential campaign. Everyone supposed he'd get a cabinet post — that being the usual reward of ante-election enterprise, but since he didn't, of course he's to be an ambassador. His name's mentioned in connection with Vienna about every other day. High time they got rid of old Hetherman, too — they say the Emperor thinks him a perfect joke. And you know Jane Hetherman! How I've longed to see her in court regalia! D'you remember her yellow satin with the black lace?" And then we both laughed until we nearly cried.

"I believe I do remember a little about him, but not much," I said. "He's a Westerner, isn't he? Has he money? He'll need it at Vienna."

"Not a great deal, but enough, I suppose," said Pamela, "and he's got something more — he's got a lot of character and purpose and seriousness and finesse, my dear."

"If he has, I'd hate to see Kittie get him," said I.

"Oh," said Pamela, softly, "maybe it's what the girl needs — someone like that. She may have a lot of unplumed possibilities. She's Dudley Willard's daughter, remember."

I felt like saying that she was Mollie's, too, but Pamela was such a saint that I couldn't.

After I'd left her, I began to remember scraps of things I'd heard about young Dana, but all I could recall was, as I'd told Pamela, that he was a Westerner, and I seemed to remember that he had a great reputation for honesty and enthusiasm, two virtues that don't often go hand in hand. I hadn't paid a great deal of attention to the last campaign — I prefer my presidents elected rather than trying-to-be — but Dana had apparently gone into the work with a disinterestedness and a lot of hard practical sense that are too frequently lacking in political work. Dear, dear — as I grow older, how I moralize!

For all the charitable thoughts about Kittie that Pamela had stirred up in me, I wasn't sure that I ought to do anything that would bring a man like Dana into her clutches. If he *was* the sort Pamela said and I vaguely recalled, he ought to have a better wife than Kittie. On the other hand — I admitted to myself that I was too close to Kittie to get any fair opinion of her. She might be a whole lot finer than she seemed. Maybe Pamela was right and all she needed was a chance. Moreover, there was an Englishman who'd had a minor embassy and was slated for a bigger one who was paying Kittie a lot of attention in the hard, obvious way Englishmen center themselves on a woman they're seriously interested in. He was a widower, with plenty of money and a remote chance of a title. He was also short and red-faced and tummyish, and he had a straggling red mustache. He wasn't pretty, but he had a brain and a career before him, that man. He'd have made Kittie a fine husband, because he'd have stood no nonsense. He'd have beaten her if she got obstreperous — oh, he was exactly what she needed.

Thinking it over, I decided that Paulfield — that was the Englishman's name — was good enough and I wouldn't bother to bring Jameson Dana to Kittie's greedy notice. But the thing was taken out of my hands. I'd hardly made up my mind in the way I did when Jameson Dana presented himself in our drawing-room at tea time, with a note from Pamela. I was late coming down and Doris and Kittie were there. When I finally came in, Kittie was sitting beside him looking like a little dryad, in a delicate green frock, with just the same pagan look in her eyes that dryads are supposed to have. Paulfield was nowhere to be seen — of course, something had happened on the very day when he should have been there, for Kittie'd never have dared to risk playing so devoted to a new man if Paulfield had been there. Jealous brutes, Englishmen, and not afraid to show it. I like it in 'em.

I LIKED Jameson Dana the first word he said to me. He was a real human man, and no silly flub-dub about him! And he shook hands well! And his manners were good. How we old women do dote on manners. And when he laughed he had good white sound teeth. He didn't laugh very often, though — the man seemed to be a little troubled and *distrait*. But he looked everything Pamela had said about him, and more besides. The more I saw of him, the better I liked him. Then some more people came drifting in and I had to talk to them. When I looked round for him again, he was off with Kittie on a sofa and she was leaning toward him, ever so little, and making her eyes round and ingenue. Little cat! It made me sick, and I could see that Doris didn't like it either.

So I stood on my social rights and reshuffled my guests and made Kittie go and talk to the hatefulest woman in London — *you* know who I mean — and sat Dana down amongst some nice fresh-colored English girls, who were chattering about sports.

It was all very well for the moment, but it was only for the moment. Kittie got hold of him again at the first opportunity and it was from her that he came up to say good-by to me. Yes, and he looked back at her as he was going out of the door. She knew it, too.

Well, my dears, that was the beginning of the end. That horrid little wretch, Paulfield, had had to go away for a fortnight to Manchester or Birmingham, or some unspeakable place, and it left Kittie free to hook Dana if she could.

"Mother," said Doris to me, "you ought to warn him."

"Doris," I replied, "the man's close to forty years old and he must have had women after him before. If he isn't smart enough to elude Kittie, why, then she'd better get him. I won't help her — but I'll play fair about it."

Jameson Dana was a decent, unsuspicious man. I dare say he knew the wiles of the obvious siren type, but this fluffy pink-and-white little creature, with her sweetly appealing ways, was a new sort of trap to him, and he didn't see the catch in it. She was an American and could talk about the things he was interested in. He was a little lonely and bored in London, and Kittie listened to him and flattered him in the ingenuous way that only the type Fedor had made her into *can* listen and flatter. Just before Paulfield was due to return, she came to me anxiously.

"Mrs. Souchez," she began, "are you

"I envy the fortunate buyer
This gem of good taste to acquire!
Such a *chef d'oeuvre*, if hung in the Louvre,
The nations would flock to admire!"

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Campbell's Soups

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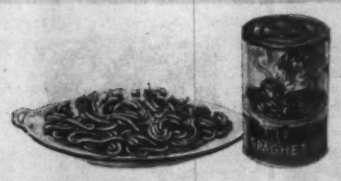

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sure Mr. Dana's been offered the Vienna post?"

"I'm sure of nothing in this world, Kittie," I said, "except that I get older each year instead of younger."

That wasn't much help to her, but she went on, thinking aloud.

"If I were *only* sure he'd been offered it," she said, "and that it wasn't all newspaper talk!"

"Why?" I asked.

She gave me a look. "He'd propose to me tomorrow if I'd let him," she said. "I've got him right where I want him. I've been so sweet and sympathetic — he's out of sorts about *some*thing — I don't know what. I keep suspecting it's the embassy. If I were only sure! He's so much better looking than Paulfield and I know I could manage him much more easily. Yet I know what Paulfield's going to be."

"Listen to me, Kittie," I said. "Why is it you're so crazy to marry an ambassador, anyway? There are lots of good men in the world who never saw the inside of an embassy. It's a perfect obsession with you."

"I don't want to marry just money," she said, "for I might still be handicapped socially. I'd never be able to get a title that amounted to anything. I want the *notable* part of it, Mrs. Souchez. I made up my mind when I was a young girl and began to understand our position in Washington that I'd be *somebody*. I want a husband with a big career. I could help him, I know I could. I studied it all out and an embassy's the only thing. It's the only thing I want, and I *will* get it."

She didn't look young and fluffy then — she looked as old as Egypt, as Madame Fedor had said.

"Better stick to Paulfield, then," I advised. "He's sure, at any rate."

She gave me a queer look. For once I managed to strike a real feeling in her. "Oh!" she cried. "*You* think Jimmy Dana's too good for me!" And she rushed off into her own room in a wild fit of crying.

So then I knew it was all up with Jimmy Dana and I said no more. Sure enough, two days later he came to call on me, a radiantly happy man, the look of seriousness gone from him. He had proposed to Kittie and been accepted. Knowing that I was chaperoning her and was an old friend of her family, would I — well, he said the usual thing.

And so did I. I accepted the inevitable, but with every kindly, straightforward, happy word he said, I was sorry for him. He spoke of the disparity of their ages, but I told him there was not so much disparity as he thought. And he said he was glad to hear it. And then he said that he hoped I would not mind if they were married soon, so that Kittie and he could make their trip back to America their honeymoon.

"What — be married in London?" I asked.

"I should like it, if it can be arranged — Kittie is willing," he said simply.

So she had worked that, too! No marriage for her in Washington, where her home and her father and mother would have to be in evidence! Rush it through, here, she had determined, and she had persuaded him, evidently, that it was his idea, not hers.

After he'd gone, I told Doris. "Now," said I, "let's do the thing right, for his sake as much as for hers. Let's arrange a really smart quiet marriage, in the chantry of some fashionable church, and get as many bigbugs there as we can. I suppose we might get the Princess-Royal, if we tried — she's awfully fond of you."

Doris agreed, only saying that she thought we'd better get it over as soon as possible, as she was a bit fed up with Kittie, anyway. And then, in comes Kittie, wearing a diamond half-hoop engagement ring, and fairly purring with satisfaction.

She said that dear Jameson insisted on being married at once and she wanted to humor him. She thanked us, oh, so prettily, for all we had done for her, and hoped that she might sometime have a chance really to prove her gratitude. Jameson was wonderful, she murmured, so dear and kind and generous. She carried it off very well. But, believe me, she'd already been to see Fedor about frocks, and cabled to her parents.

After Doris had been called out of the room, I asked her. "What about Vienna, Kittie? Is it decided?"

She raised her eyes to mine, oh, so sweetly and innocently.

"Dear Mrs. Souchez," she said, "I know you'll be as happy as I to hear that Jameson really has been offered the post — and hasn't yet given his answer."

"Then you'll be able to decide it for him," I said, probing.

"He knows how I should love it," was all she answered — oh, so complacently. "Of course I shall leave the decision to him."

So, of course, there was nothing left to do but hurry up the wedding. We had grateful and humble cables from Dudley and Mollie Willard, and poor Dudley scraped up a generous sum for Kittie's frocks. Heaven only knows how he did it. Doris and I made the actual ceremony an impressive affair. We had two sprigs of royalty, the American Embassy in force, and quite a bunch of titles, as well as an American or two really worth while. Fedor made Kittie a frock and hat to be married in which were indecently becoming — that woman works by witchcraft, I maintain. She is not just a *couturiere*.

Doris gave the wedding breakfast and we had out the gold service and tons of flowers sent from the conservatories at Marwick's country place. The champagne was extremely good. Kittie wept and clung to me a little, explaining that in the absence of her mother, etc! Fancy me in Mollie Willard's shoes! I could have slapped Kittie for her impertinence, but it made a wonderful impression on Jameson Dana's soft heart. He told me that perhaps he had been wrong to insist on the marriage taking place in London! You see, he still thought it was his idea. Oh, I forgot to say that Paulfield came to the wedding and was enormously jolly — I've wondered since if his trip to Manchester, or wherever it was, wasn't a blind to ease himself out of the situation he'd got into. I think he'd begun to understand Kittie perfectly.

"Well," said I to Doris, when the bride and bridegroom had driven away. "In the words of your grand-uncle, Cyrus, 'that chore's chored.'"

"Oh, I do hope they're going to be happy," cried Doris. "So few married people are really truly happy, as Marwick and I are. And she's so hard — and she doesn't see —"

"Doesn't see what?" I asked.

"Doesn't see that — that life is give as well as take," said Doris. "I feel sorry for her, somehow, though I haven't really liked her."

"I'm saving my sympathy for Jameson Dana," I said. "He's going to need it, I'm afraid."

And I don't know why I said that unless I had a premonition, for when they left I was fully convinced that Kittie would persuade Dana to go to Vienna and that she'd get everything she wanted. She'd persuaded him, in the first place, not to return to America as a honeymoon trip, but to go to Paris instead, and that's where they were bound. And all I heard from Kittie were just brief notes that she was having the most wonderful time and that everything was rose-color!

Yet I was uneasy. I'd done my part and got her married off to an ambassador — a potential one, at least. I'd given her an expensive piece of jewelry for a wedding gift. Doris and I together had arranged a marriage ceremony for her that any girl might have envied. Yes, I'd done my duty — that was plain — done exactly what I'd set out to do. But — I didn't feel comfortable about that marriage.

Still, I didn't let it prey on my mind. I determined to enjoy the fag-end of the season, since I hadn't enjoyed the first very much, and I had three crowded, beautiful weeks, seeing everything and going everywhere, like a girl just come to town.

JUST when I was about ready to start to the Stillson's place — the Sussex Stillsons — Kittie and her husband came back to London and Kittie came rushing to see me. The second I looked at her I knew something had happened. She'd taken no pains with her frock, and she'd certainly slipped her ingenue expression. She hardly said "How d'ye do" when she began:

"He's refused the Vienna post," she flung at me. "Refused it! I've argued and cried and had hysterics and done everything, but I can't move him. Oh, Mrs. Souchez, what am I going to do — what am I going to do?"

"What's his reason?" I asked. "And sit down and talk calmly," I begged, for she was pacing up and down like a mad woman.

At that she flung up her arms and began to cry. "I can't sit down and be calm," she sobbed, frantically. "I'm almost cr-crazy. The only thing I wanted in the world has been taken away from me. Oh, I shall go mad — I know I shall!"

"So shall I if you keep on like this," I snapped. "Listen — *why* did he refuse?"

She flung her arms about again. "That's the crowning touch! He won't tell me! He's got a business offer — a magnificent thing, he calls it — and he says it's his plain duty to accept it and get back to America and get to work. He says he hasn't money enough to

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be an ambassador. But that's *not* the real reason, I know it! Oh, it will kill me — oh, I'm the most deceived and betrayed girl in the world."

"You're a little fool," I said — and yet I was sorry for her. "Now calm yourself, Kittie, and listen to common sense. You've married him and you'll have to stick to him. Even if he refused the ambassadorship this time — he's a man of prominence and he may be offered it again. Be reasonable — look at things fairly!"

"He won't — he won't!" she sobbed. "He doesn't care for diplomacy at all — he hates it. He wants to live in America — in some horrible Western city, where I might just as well be dead! Oh, I've been tricked into this — I've been tricked into this!"

"You tricked yourself into it," I said. "You were determined to marry Jameson Dana as soon as you heard that he'd had an ambassadorship offered to him, and you never took the time to find out whether or not he intended to take it. And he married you because he loved you, Kittie, and he's a fine, honorable man — far better than you deserve, you with your greedy, petty ambitions. Don't come whining and crying to me about it. You've over-reached yourself."

She stopped crying and pulled her face straight and patted her hair back into place. "You never liked me, Mrs. Souchez," she said. "You never liked me at all. But I did think that when I was in such trouble, you'd be sympathetic — or tell me something I can do."

"I can't tell you a way to shake your husband's determination," I said, "and if he's a man who knows his own mind, as I think he is, you'll be wiser not to try it. There's a time when each of us has to give in to fate." Then I remembered Doris's phrase. "Life isn't all take, Kittie," I said. "Some of it's give, too."

"It's very easy for you to talk," she said bitterly. "You've always had an assured social position and money and you've been able to do what you like. And now, when I thought I had everything in my grasp, it's all slipped away from me and I've got to go back home to be nobody at all — just nobody. The wife of a Western business man!"

"You might do far worse," I said. And with that she went away.

The next day I saw Jameson Dana. I was shocked and I was steadied. All the quiet tenderness of his wedding day was gone and he had the look of a man who has been suffering refined torture — but who hasn't wavered an inch. Naturally he did not confide in me — a decent man doesn't talk about his wife, no matter what she does. But I could read as if it were stamped on him what Kittie had been putting him through.

THE Danas went back to America and so did I, after my jaunt to Scotland. And, since I'd been sitting in a first-row seat for this whole comedio-tragedy, of course I was present at the last act. It didn't take place for several months.

I had gone over to New York for a quiet little orgy of vanity and extravagance — which means new frocks and shopping generally — and one afternoon I went into the Ritz for tea, more to see the people than for anything else. The maitre-d'hotel, seeing that I was an old lady and alone, promptly tried to stick me in down at an uncomfortable table with the orchestra fairly in my face, but I said a few burning words to him and he meekly led me to a place where I could see everything and not be deafened by the tom-toms. I had ordered my tea when I heard a familiar voice just behind me — a woman's voice, saying with a sort of restrained venom, if there is such a thing: "I'll *never* go back to that horrible lace-curtain and plush hotel — *never — never!*"

And then a man's voice answered, oh, so patiently: "You wouldn't have a house, Kittie, remember, though I urged one."

Kittie Dana — of course! I turned square around and there she was, and Jameson with her. Oh, how hard and sharp and old she looked — no ingenue sweetness about her now. And as for him — well, he was older, too, — there was gray showing at his temples and his eyes had the harassed, desperate look of a man in hopeless pain.

Well — she'd seen me, so I didn't waste time. I got up and went over to their table and spoke to them both before they had time to get up and come to mine. Jameson jumped up and begged me to sit down with them — so I did. I think he hoped that my presence would defer the scene I'd interrupted. But he was wrong. Kittie turned abruptly to me — I'd been murmuring some of the polite commonplaces.

"You ask me where I've been and what I've been doing, Mrs. Souchez," she said, nastily. "I've been marooned in the most dreadful provincial Western city you can imagine, living in a hotel that has girl waitresses who call you 'dearie' and lean on your shoulder when you're ordering a meal; and clerks who manicure their nails while talking to guests. I'm almost insane with it all! I made Jimmy come East for this trip just to keep me from going quite mad, and I thought, too," she looked at Jimmy accusingly, "that it might bring him to his senses and he might be induced to do something really big and worth-while —"

Jameson Dana was looking at me, red to his ears. "I'm very sorry," he said. "This is intolerable, I know, Mrs. Souchez. Kittie — we can hardly intrude our domestic difficulties on Mrs. Souchez."

"Yes, we can," said Kittie, before I could get my breath to speak. "I want someone who knows the world and is able to judge to hear what I've had to endure. It's all so unnecessary, Mrs. Souchez. He's only to go to Washington and ask and he could get anything he wants —"

"Anything *you* want, I daresay you mean, Kittie," I said. "But really, Mr. Dana, — if you don't mind an old woman's impertinence — is it necessary for you to live in this place Kittie so dislikes?"

"Yes," he said, heavily, "it's my best and biggest opportunity. It means — just a few years — and fortune, Mrs. Souchez, a great deal bigger than anything I ever expected. And since I've said so much, in justice to myself I want to tell you a little more. I have no future politically. I don't want or expect any political appointment. The work I did in the last campaign I did because I thought I was helping a big man, with big principles, into power. I have found out that neither he nor his principles are big. I wouldn't take an appointment or any other favor from his hands — I'd starve first — and I don't say that for theatrical effect, either. I didn't tell Kittie this at first, but when she grew so insistent for my real reason I told her, but she can't see that it matters."

"It *doesn't* matter —" cried Kittie. "It's the most ridiculous thing I ever heard of — such fine-drawn scruples! You know — you know perfectly well that the only thing in the world I want is that ambassadorship and that you could get it even yet if you didn't want to pretend to this super-honesty. You care nothing at all about me and my happiness —"

"I care a great deal," he said, "but I can't live my life according to your wants; but according to my own integrity, Kittie."

It was a strange thing, that conversation in the crowded restaurant, over our untouched tea. We might have been alone in the world for all the impression we got of what was going on around us.

She stared across at him after he'd said he couldn't live his life according to her wants, for a full minute.

"Then that's the end," she said. "I'm through."

There was another silence. The orchestra was wailing away on Rubinstein's "Since First I Met Thee," and a perfect babel of chatter hemmed in our sudden stillness. I saw the waiter looking at us malevolently, evidently wishing that we'd drink our tea and be gone, so that he would have some chance of another party and another tip. Funny how trifles like that impress you at any tense moment!

And it *was* a tense moment. It was as if their two wills clashed and battled and struggled right across that table, while they sat there so still, looking at each other. I could feel the grapple and thrust of them and their utter desperation. And wasn't I thankful to see that Jameson Dana didn't waver!

"Kittie," he said, at last, "I'm going to leave here on the eight-o'clock train — the night express. I'll buy your ticket, too, and get a drawing-room and wait for you at the gates — but whether you come or not, I'm going back to the place where my work is. Understand me — *I'm going*. You can come if you like. But don't come unless you've made up your mind to live as you know we've got to live. But if you do not come," he said, very slowly, "you will never have the chance again. I'll provide for you, but that's all. I, too — am through."

He beckoned to the waiter and paid the check and gave the man a tip that evidently repaid him for all his waiting. Then, just as he was getting up, he stopped a moment and said: "If you'd ever really cared for me, Kittie — " but he checked himself and went on out, threading his way through that gay

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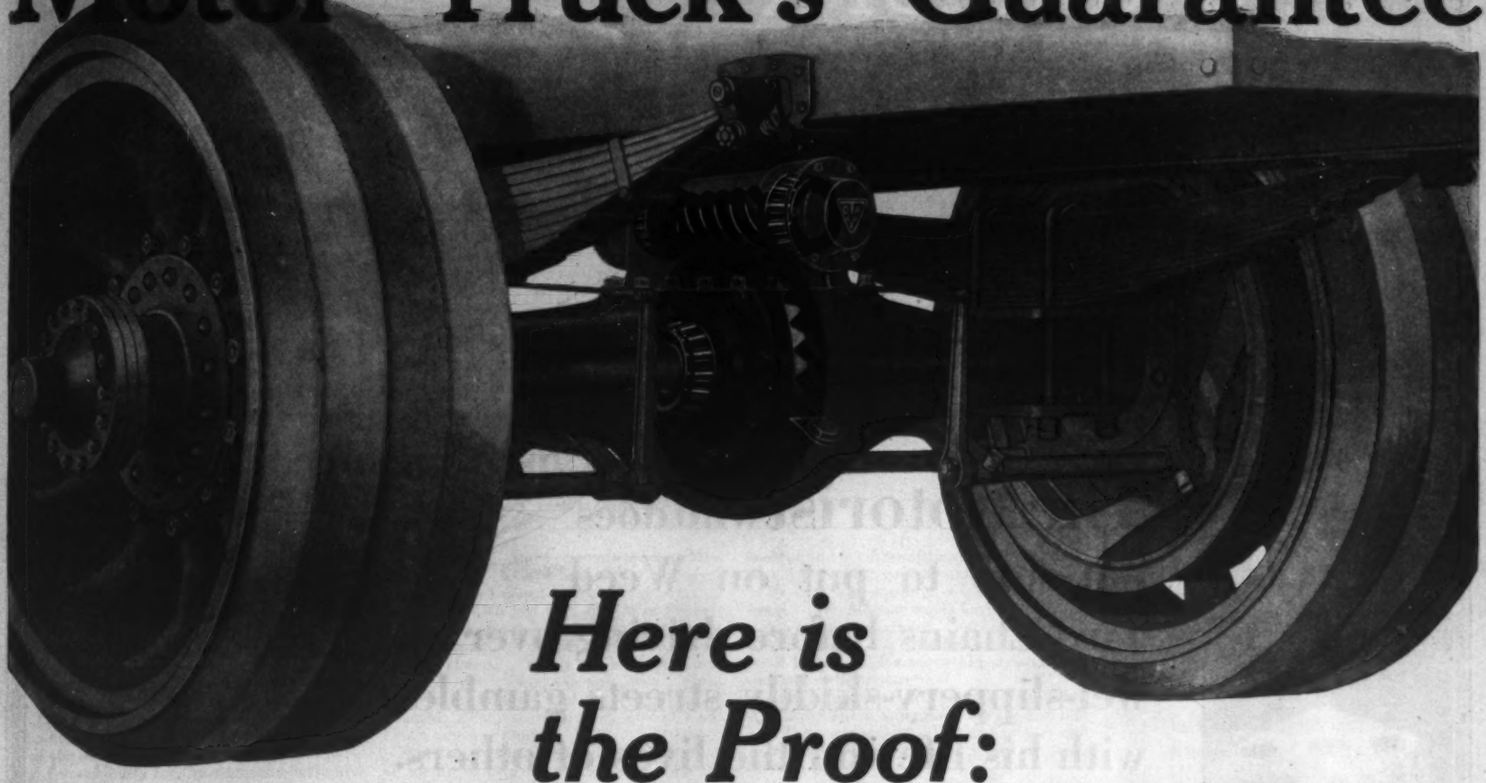

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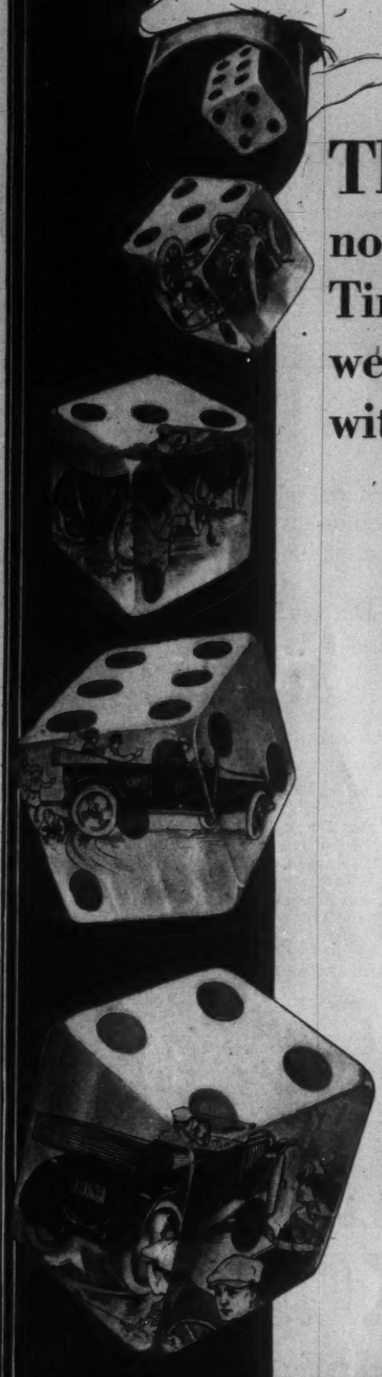

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crowd as if he didn't see them, and looking strangely bereft and lonely. It gave me a lump in my throat just to look at him.

He hadn't even said good-by to me,—you see, I suppose he'd forgotten I was there. I got up and Kittie followed me. "You come into this little reception-room," I said; "I want to talk to you." And when I'd got her in there on a sofa and out of earshot of all the women who were powdering and lip-sticking that horrible red stuff all over their mouths, I began. But cautiously.

"What do you intend to do?" I inquired.

"I'm going to stand by what I said," she answered me, like a stone. "You heard that he said he'd provide for me. You'll be a witness to that, if it's necessary. That's all I wanted — and I've saved some money, too, for he's been generous enough — with money. Thank heaven, my way's clear now."

"Your way — what do you mean?" I asked.

"I'm going to get a divorce as quickly as I can," she said, "and begin all over again. *I'm going to have what I want*, Mrs. Souchez. I won't be balked and thwarted. If I could do this once, I can do it again. And there's Paulfield still not married —"

She checked herself and at that instant the one great big thought flew into my mind and if I'd given tongue to it, I'm perfectly certain that Kittie Willard would have met Jameson Dana at the station that evening and gone back West w[illegible] him. But I fairly bit my tongue between my teeth to keep the words back and I even tried to stop thinking it for fear she'd get it by telepathy. But she didn't. And after a little while she went away. Maybe I didn't draw a big sigh of relief. Though I hadn't prevented Jameson Dana from marrying her, at least I'd helped him to get rid of her, and I've never been sorry for it.

You know the rest of the story. She got her divorce and — that was the end of her. She hurried back to London — but it was no go. Doris shut her house to her, and so did all of my friends. Paulfield, of course, wouldn't even look at her, for the one thing she had overlooked, and the one thing I wouldn't tell her — being determined to save Jameson Dana any further misery — was — *that a man who marries a divorced woman is not eligible for any Embassy post!*

Honestly, I can never understand how Kittie came to overlook that, but I suppose she was so desperate with disappointment and rage that she couldn't think of *everything*. Probably she didn't tell anyone else her post-divorce intentions, or someone who knew would surely have warned her. It's an unwritten law, to be sure, but nevertheless it's a strict one and it dates back to the time when most court religions were Catholic and divorces were taboo. It's a queer thing, but I've noticed it again and again that it's not the big things we do, but the little matters we overlook that put the largest spokes into our life plans. There I go — moralizing again.

Kittie's what I call a man-eater now — one of those smartly-dressed, hard-faced women of uncertain age, who hang around the big New York hotels and have an enormous acquaintance with men from out of town who are known to be lavish with invitations to luncheon and dinner. And Dana's made heaps of money and married again — happily, this time.

It must make Kittie awfully wild when she sees kings and monarchies all going to bits, and republics rising here and there, to reflect that if she'd been born twenty years later than she was she might have had her divorce and perhaps gotten an ambassador, too, — for I don't see how these foolish old strictures can last much longer in the rising tide of woman's freedom.

And old Mrs. Souchez smiled about on her circle delightfully and folded, with her delicately lovely old hands, the piece of ecclesiastical embroidery she had been working on.

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The Full Measure of Devotion

[*Continued from page 11*]

and leaned his arm upon the table. "You want to enlist? I thought it was an ambulance you had in your eye."

"That was before."

"Before what?"

"Before"—Steve paused to swallow a click in his throat — he hated — emotion — and went on steadily, "before I read old Miss Pilcher was on the passenger list, I think."

Tears rose in gentle Mrs. Morrow's eyes. She had been fond of little old Miss Pilcher, and she couldn't rid herself of a sense of partial responsibility for the seamstress's frightful death. For when she saw how the lonely old woman was pining to be with her own kin, she herself had suggested to Mr. Morrow that they give her something to add to her savings. And she had interested other customers in doing the same; so that, at last, Miss Pilcher had enough money to buy second-cabin passage.

Through Miss Pilcher war had come to Cherryvale. Belgium and the Battle of the Marne were far away from Cherryvale, but Miss Pilcher had lived there thirty years. No one in Cherryvale had ever seen a Belgian, but everybody knew Miss Pilcher. Cherryvale had seen photographs of German submarines, but it hadn't comprehended the meaning of a German submarine until one of them crept through the sea and killed Miss Pilcher.

Some people in Cherryvale even began to wonder whether the United States was going to be able to keep out of the war. But Mrs. Morrow, despite her sorrow over Miss Pilcher, was still sanguine.

"The President will keep us out of it, some way," she had said confidently. "He's a wonderful man."

Even the fear that War might seek out her and hers had never crossed her mind; much less that one of *hers* would seek out War. But now, vague, unnamed, keen-edged fears were beginning to whirl in her throat, as she sat there listening.

"Yes, it is horrible about Miss Pilcher," said Mr. Morrow.

"And that isn't all!" said Steve. "*That* made me see how horrible, how damnable the whole thing is! I didn't get it before. Of course I realized that the Belgium business and all the other things you read of are ghastly, but I didn't *get* it. Not even when I read about the *Lusitania*. I thought I got it, but I didn't really. There was a cartoon—little babies and women struggling in the water, and death's-heads coming up alongside and skeleton fingers dragging 'em down. It gave me the horrors. Then I saw Miss Pilcher's name in the second-cabin list; and then, the queerest thing, I seemed to recognize *her* in that cartoon. A poor little old woman with her mouth open, and thin straggly hair all down over her face. She looked scared to death — died scared, with that look set on her face. And I remembered how Miss Pilcher used to look — and her jar of gingersnaps! Then I began to get it. Sneaking up on a weak little old lady like Miss Pilcher! That's what *they* call war! Why, they'd do it to any woman! — to Mom there, even, if they got the chance! That's the kind they are! They're not soldiers — not *men*, even! They're mad-dogs! And they've got to be stopped. They've *got* to be! Good God! Don't you see, Pop?"

Steve's eyeballs were straining out as if in an agony to help expression. Mr. Morrow stretched out one hand to cover his son's, and the other he reached to his wife.

She clutched it. "Oh, papa! Tell him he *can't!* You *told* him he couldn't."

"But, Mom ——" began the boy.

She interrupted him, arguing blindly:

"Anyway, you're too young to know about such things. Only twenty years old!"

"Mom, do you know how old Lafayette was when he landed in this country to fight?"

"No."

"Not quite twenty years old!"

She changed her tack:

"Wait and see what the country does. Maybe we'll have to go into it."

"We ought to be in it — just as Roosevelt says!"

"Anyway, just wait and see, Stevie. I wouldn't mind so much, maybe, if you had to fight for your country."

"Well, what is it but your country that you fight for, if the Germans kill Miss Pilcher?"

"If it gets down to that," replied Mrs. Morrow, "Miss Pilcher was English."

"Miss Pilcher came from right here in Cherryvale! And what did the Germans care where she, or any of the rest of them, came from?"

"But, Steve, wait and see ——"

"I tell you this thing won't stand waiting! And it's bigger than for country — it's for ordinary human decency. And for all the things that Lafayette and his men fought for when they came over and helped us a hundred and forty years ago. If we're any good at all, we must go now and fight for the same principles, and help pay back our debt to those Frenchmen."

Mrs. Morrow searched blindly for further arguments. Then, impotent, she complained:

"But I don't see why it must be *my* boy. Out of all the hundreds of thousands of boys, why must it be *mine*? And you're just *one*, Steve. What good can just *one* more do?"

At that, amidst the grimness, the boy and man permitted a flicker of a smile to pass between them, a smile of masculine understanding of the hopelessness of arguing against the feminine point of view. But the father did not give the answer his son longed to hear.

"We'll let the matter rest, Steve. Your mother and I will want time to think it over. You'd better eat your breakfast."

He rose, and squeezed the mother's hand again. Mrs. Morrow would have liked to add a hundred protestations. But, instead, being a wise woman, she kissed Steve, asked him what he wanted for his breakfast, and went out herself to prepare it.

And young Steve, as the young can when a critical issue is adjourned, ate the last bite of a three-egg omelet. It is the fathers and mothers who do not eat, when sons are going off to war.

"Oh, papa!" pleaded Mrs. Morrow, later. "He *mustn't* go. Show him he mustn't!"

Mr. Morrow stroked her hand.

"If he feels about it the way he does," he said, "I don't see how we can show him. Don't you see? It's hard, mamma," he went on gently. "But sometimes parents have to go through these things. They have to fortify themselves with the knowledge they've children to be proud of. We ought to be proud of Steve, mamma — his soul's on fire."

At last she realized that her cause was lost. She must give in to masculine ideals she could hardly comprehend. She knew that if she was to have her husband and son proud of *her*, she must not lament. And when she came to that realization, she rose as women will, to the emergency.

When she spoke her consent, her husband's heart ached with pity for her. He knew her "yes" was only with her lips, her Spartanness only skin-deep. His heart ached the more because, in so many ways, she was like Steve. He had always noted the resemblance between Steve and his mother; except, of course, that she had the natural timidities and softnesses of a woman.

However, next morning, she came down in heroic mood. And, when she kissed Steve, neither of her men-folk could have told, from her appearance, that a hot burning pain choked her throat or that the furniture in the room wouldn't stay still.

Steve gulped when they told him their decision. Apparently he had not dared hope they would let him go. He sat down in a chair as if thoroughly exhausted. When he looked up at them, there were tears in his eyes. Till then his mother hadn't known how great had been his suspense.

Finally he put to his father the question his mother had put the night before.

"How'd you come to let me go now, when you refused the other time?"

"I had no choice this time, my boy. Last winter you were planning a hooray-boys kind of lark. It wasn't worth the risk. But your mother and I feel that when your soul's in a thing, we haven't got the right to dictate. Don't we, mamma?"

Mrs. Morrow nodded her head.

Steve had a week before he and his friends

The Woman Who Cares

is watchful of every influence that bears upon the husband's health. And her part lies largely in selecting proper food and drink.

For example, when science says that coffee contains a drug whose constant use makes for premature old age, and whose reactionary effects cripple nerves and heart, she shelves the coffee and serves

POSTUM

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It has a delightful flavor, and thousands have found that coffee troubles disappear and health improves with the change to Postum.

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Trial tells!

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New Jersey zinc° in paint

increases durability by postponing decay. Other necessary ingredients serve other useful purposes, but zinc reinforces every good quality of every other ingredient. Zinc paint costs no more in the first place and a great deal less in the long run.

Good prepared paints always contain zinc. Competent painters who mix their own paints add zinc. It is easy to make sure that you get enough zinc in your paint. To help you, we have prepared a list of prepared zinc paints and also a list of manufacturers who grind composite zinc pastes in oil, such as painters use to get a good zinc mixture.

These lists and our booklet "Zinc in Paint" will help you get your money's worth every time you paint.

THE NEW JERSEY ZINC COMPANY
55 Wall Street, New York
ESTABLISHED 1848

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were to leave for Canada. He didn't go back to college, but wired and had his things packed and sent home. After that first grimness, he grew very gay, and followed his mother about her household tasks as he hadn't done since he was a little fellow. But his talk, of course, was all of the days to come.

"I wish I knew more about motors," he said once. "Maybe I could work into the aerial service later."

"Oh, Stevie! Don't go to trying to think up *worse* things! The trenches are safer than those awful machines."

"If a fellow is dated to get his, I guess it won't make much difference *where* he is."

Mrs. Morrow, as she bent over his trunk, turned her back that he might not see her face. Young Steve, hater of emotion, crossed over and laid his arm for a moment across her shoulders. Then she dared wipe her eyes.

"I think maybe I could see it," she said, "if it wasn't *you*. I just can't get used to thinking it must be *you*."

"You'll see it in time, Mom," he said, cheerfully sorting out a riotous heap of beloved shirts that would never see fighting.

She went on counting socks, laying in neat piles those which must be darned or marked.

"I wish I could see you in the uniform," she said wistfully.

"I wish so, too," muttered Steve. "In the uniform of my own country."

"You won't forget to have a picture taken, Stevie? I'll frame it and hang it the other side of the mantle to balance the one in the football suit."

Steve laughed. "I'll bet, Mom, that by the time I come home, you'll be the best soldier in the land."

STEVE'S last day at home arrived. All day the house seemed overflowing with chattering young people who had run in to say good-by; they seemed to make of his departure something of a festal occasion. But Mrs. Morrow, upstairs packing, felt that each thing she laid in his trunk or bag was a fragment of her own heart. Even in times of peace and no event, no one so loves any inanimate thing as a mother loves the intimate pieces of her son's clothing; the socks she has darned or will need to darn, the garment on which she has sewn so many buttons.

After she had packed and repacked his bag "to better advantage" until there was no more time to keep up the sorry game, she went into the kitchen to supervise his last supper at home. Every dish should be something Steve especially loved.

"Hooray! Beefsteak pie!" Steve rewarded her when he saw the golden-crusted confection which only his mother knew how to make. "I certainly hate to think of having to go so long without any of your beefsteak pie, Mom."

"We'll have it again the first day you get home, Stevie," she promised, ladling an extra amount of the gravy on his portion.

After supper, they had to hurry to catch the "seven-fifty," which was to carry Steve away. Both Mr. and Mrs. Morrow went to the station with him. On the way home, Mr. Morrow said to her:

"You can cry now, if you want to, mamma."

She pressed his hand for the wealth of his comprehension.

They returned to the house, talking of Steve. It is strange how changed a house can look when just one person is gone. And, as if trying to bring things back to naturalness, they sat late, talking of him; traveling back through the years, piecing out each other's memories.

The next day she put away the things in his room. Steve was not a tidy boy, and now, for the first time, she was glad for that. She was thankful to be kept busy with his belongings. She cleaned out the big closet in which was stored the steam-engine, the magic-lantern, and other toys of long ago; she dusted the football suit and spiked shoes and baseball bats he might never use in play again; she rearranged the cupboard containing some articles of outgrown clothing she could never bear to give away; fingering the well-remembered things each of which recalled a dozen vivid pictures.

That night she confided to her husband that the hardest part was going to be facing that unchangingly neat room.

Then they talked of him again.

Life for them resumed its orderly routine — for Mrs. Morrow the daily tasks at home, for Mr. Morrow the trips downtown to the store and trips back home at night. And all around them Cherryvale went about its tranquil, uneventful business. Cherryvale, absorbed in its own little concerns, still read of the tremendous happenings overseas as one reads a thrilling story-book. To be sure, more ships were stabbed in the dark and sunk, more lives of Americans lost; but it was decreed that these were foolish, venturesome Americans whose selfish risks should not be laid to the nation's account. At every such recurrence, there penetrated to Cherryvale vague tremors as to the result. But, even now, Cherryvale was not really uneasy; this war was a foreign thing. Somehow the President would fend it away from Cherryvale.

To the Morrows alone the war was close and vital. When Steve, in the fall, left the training-camp in Canada and sailed with his mates to France, the bare word "submarine" in a headline was enough to make their hearts catch. When they read the reports of battles in the trenches, they heard the shells singing through the air before they struck; saw blinding clouds of fire; smelled the suffocating gas; felt the fear of the threatened; heard the groans of the smitten. The local papers did not present the hideous pictures in sufficient detail, so Mr. Morrow subscribed to several New York dailies. These they eagerly awaited, to read anew of the world in which Steve was living. It was the world in which they, too, really lived; only their bodies, the husks of them, had existence in Cherryvale.

"We're still holding 'em at Ypres, mamma," Mr. Morrow would announce, coming home and displaying the first-page headline to her. "They're pounding at Hill 60, but we're holding 'em."

And Mrs. Morrow would get out the big maps she had cut from the New York papers and study anew the lay of the land, as if she didn't know every mile of it by heart.

They had to familiarize themselves with all the battlefronts, for they didn't know at just which of them Steve might be. That was one of the worst features, not being able to lay finger on one definite spot and say, "Steve is here — we must watch this spot closely!" But his address was vaguely "somewhere in France." His letters, too, were unsatisfactory in that they must tell nothing of the things which they were so eager to hear. They were notes, penciled in Steve's big, angular scrawl. He was well; the inclosed snapshots — in uniform! — would prove that. They were not to worry. Of course the life wasn't soft, but they were to remember that he was a husky brute and could stand it. The men he was with were a fine, jolly lot. He was proud that, under those foreign flags, there were thirty thousand Americans working to keep human decency alive on the earth. And so long as there was a successful outcome to look forward to, a fellow couldn't help keeping cheerful.

Thus ran Steve's letters. But of his own risks, of his daily activities, there wasn't a word. Mrs. Morrow found herself worrying over the most absurd trivialities.

"He never speaks of his food," she complained. "Stevie always had such a big appetite. I wonder if he gets enough to eat?" Or: "I wish he'd tell me about his laundry. And his mending."

"His mending!" Mr. Morrow laughed at that.

"Well, you know how fussy Stevie always was about his mending," she returned defensively. "He'd never wear a sock if it was darned so he could feel it."

"I guess he's got hardened to darns," said Mr. Morrow. "He's not thinking of darns, anyway. Steve's changed, mamma — he's a real man."

And Steve *had* changed. His requests, when they wrote asking what they might best send him, was for money to buy the soldiers cigarettes. Tobacco, he said, was Tommy Atkin's favorite investment; when Tommy was wounded, if you gave him a cigarette (provided he had a hand left to lift it to his mouth), he'd smile as if the world had set itself right again.

Steve liked Tommy Atkins. He liked Tommy's strong language, his unexpected gentlenesses, his irrepressible humor under all conditions. He said he had learned to be proud of the English blood that, from way back, must be in his veins; he was proud of the bed-rock quality in it. Also he liked the French. He got but brief glimpses of them, but they were brave, sweet, cheerful people. The French civilians couldn't do enough for the soldiers. And what he learned of their hardships, of the sufferings of the children, was heart-breaking. He wished he might only lay hands on some of those old clothes and toys of his, packed away and doing nobody any good!

At that last letter, Mrs. Morrow looked thoughtful.

"Maybe I do wrong in keeping Stevie's

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The Quartet from Rigoletto

Ciccolini, Alcock, Verlet and Middleton have sung this world-famed number for the New Edison in a way that will stir your emotions to the uttermost depths. The New Edison Re-Creates their performance with absolute realism. The acid test of direct comparison between their living voices and their Re-Created voices has proved this to be true. The illustration is from an actual photograph of this test. Only the New Edison can sustain such a test.

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Visit the Edison Dealer in your vicinity and ask him to let you hear the Quartet from Rigoletto. Write us for the brochure, "Music's Re-Creation," and a complimentary copy of the new musical magazine, "Along Broadway," which will interest every music lover.

THOMAS A. EDISON, INC., ORANGE, N. J.

Must she wrestle with the old coal range, and struggle with the obsolete broom?

Is she treading away her strength on an old-fashioned machine?

Is she confronted with the everlasting Monday problem?

Are You Giving Your Wife a Square Deal?

As you sit in your office, surrounded by mechanical and electrical devices for saving time, money and labor, give a thought to your wife at home. Has she the right kind of household machinery with which to carry on *her* business, that of making the right kind of a home? Has she any efficient machinery at all?—or is she just a slave to methods which even her mother and her grandmother found tiresome and wasteful?

Vacuum Cleaner makes the work lighter and the rugs last longer.

Take the question of sweeping. Have you given her a vacuum cleaner? You certainly would if you yourself had to go through the house with a back-breaking broom and breathe the dust-laden air. A Western Electric Vacuum Cleaner not only makes home cleaning easy, but also makes rugs last longer by removing the grit that grinds the life out of the fabric. Four cents' worth of electricity runs it six hours.

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Who does the laundry work? Surely not your wife! Rubbing clothes to cleanliness is heart-breaking drudgery. The Western Electric Washer and Wringer starts at once to save your clothes. It turns them through the hot suds and dissolves away the dirt. With one, your wife or servant can do the wash easily. A week's wash uses only three cents' worth of current.

Try your hand at washing the dishes tonight and then you will know how tiresome and disagreeable a task this is. Then ask us to tell you how it is made quick and easy by the Western Electric Dishwasher. Four cents' worth of current washes the dishes for a week.

Years ago man made the ox earn his keep in the treadmill. But today it isn't necessary for your wife to treadle her strength away at the old-fashioned sewing machine—a clumsy, unsightly device. Give her a Western Electric Portable Sewing Machine that is no larger than a typewriter and can be carried to the work. Three hours sewing can be done with a cent's worth of electricity.

You can buy many other Western Electric Household Helps—fans, electric irons, toasters, etc. and these will go a long way towards helping your wife solve her servant problem, and meet the rising cost of running your home.

Interphones are great step-savers.

Electric Washer saves the clothes and reduces servant costs.

Electric Iron saves steps and fuel.

Electric Sewing Machine. Easily carried from room to room and connected anywhere there is a light socket.

If you want to give your wife a square deal, and your electric light company or dealer cannot show you these devices, ask our nearest office to send you a copy of the Booklet No. 164-M, "Mrs. Bright's Way."

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things," she said. "Maybe I should give them to some poor children where they'd be doing some good. He would like me to — he was always so tender-hearted. But I just can't bear to let them go. Do you think I *should*, papa?"

"You do just as you want to," he replied.

"I couldn't bear to give up his high-school baseball suit. I can see Stevie, now — he'd always come rushing in, red and perspiring, his bat over his shoulder, shouting for something to eat. Stevie was always hungry — I *do* wonder if he gets enough to eat over there."

"Of course he does, mamma. Stop worrying."

"Well, I know I'll feel better when I get him home where I can cook for him myself. Isn't it cute, the way he keeps reminding me of my promise about the beefsteak pie?"

"What'll you bet that you *do* forget it?" They laughed together at Mr. Morrow's little joke.

Not once, since that last meal with Steve, had they had beefsteak pie. Mrs. Morrow didn't explain the omission, and her husband never asked the reason. He didn't need to; he understood that the favored homely dish was being withheld, as a sort of sacrament, for their boy's return.

Their boy's return! It was of this, of the long months they had waited and planned and talked of it, that Mr. Morrow was thinking, in the August twilight, as he paced the porch waiting to be called to supper. This was what he had been thinking of for six long days, for six endless nights.

Hideous days and nights, he hiding the grief which had all but killed him, till he should find some way to tell her which would not kill her outright. Six days, going to work just as if the world had not turned void and futile; six days, returning to eat — to *eat!* She would suspect something if he did not eat. And she mustn't suspect till he had found the way to let her know. For, if the news had done this to him, what would it do to her? Though she had acted so bravely, he felt that she had never grown reconciled to Steve's absence, in her heart had never understood the reason for his going. So, when she should learn, she wouldn't have even that frail reed to lean upon. It would be easier to tell her, if she only understood. Poor little mamma! Such a soft, tender, loving thing! Her home and her family were her shrine and her life.

The day after he received the cable, a letter had come to them from Steve. The usual scrawl, penciled there by Steve's big, muscular fist — his *live* fist. The penciled words fascinated him horribly: to think those marks could survive and talk after the hand that wrote them, the brain that directed them, were gone! Yet he contrived, somehow, to read the letter with Steve's mother, just as they always read his letters.

The next morning, when he came home, he found his wife up in Steve's room. But it was not, just then, a room to pain one with its neatness; it outrivaled Steve's most riotous days.

"What in the world are you doing, mamma?"

"Just sorting out some of Stevie's things."

"What for?"

"I've been thinking over Stevie's letter about the little French children — Stevie always was so tender-hearted. These little-boy suits might fit some of those poor young ones out in Stringtown. See, papa! Here's his first pair of long pants — remember?"

Mr. Morrow crossed over and pressed the hand displaying the cherished trousers.

"You're as good a soldier as Stevie, mamma," he said.

She smiled at him then — an odd little bright smile.

Then she pointed out the piles of shoes, shirts, gaudy ties, prosaic underwear, assorted out on the little white iron bed. Chairs were loaded with the favored literature of youth, bound and unbound; and with dog-eared text-books, and the mechanical magazines which boys pore over. There was the steam-engine and the magic-lantern, a tool-box, a battered kodak; and a mountain of athletic paraphernalia.

"Those baseball and football things will make some boy happy, I guess," said Mrs. Morrow. "But I'll keep some little things — maybe the baseball cap and belt."

"Yes," Mr. Morrow managed to say.

"I always think of Stevie all dressed up in some kind of rig," she went on. "Anything like a uniform. I never knew a boy to love it so much, way back to his first 'real' sailor suit — remember, papa?"

He nodded.

"I'll bet the day he got his soldier uniform he strutted like a turkey-cock. Don't you?"

"Expect so."

"I'm glad he's sent us so many snapshots — I feel as if I'd actually seen him in uniform; I wanted to so much."

"I left my pipe downstairs," said Mr. Morrow, and hastily left the room.

MR. MORROW paced up and down the porch in the deepening gloom. Inside he could hear her putting dishes on the table. Presently she would be calling him, and he must go and face her under the revealing gas-light.

Across the street the children could still be seen playing in the dusk, still fighting the wind. An unseen voice called to them:

"Come, children! Come! Bed-time!"

A shout of protest; and the mother's voice again.

Then, from the dining-room door, he heard his wife's voice, the summons he had been dreading.

"Supper's ready, papa."

He got ready a smile for his lips, and went in. She had a smile waiting to meet his. The strong light blinded him at first. He had pushed her chair into place and taken his own seat before he noticed the contents of the big platter before his plate.

"Why — mamma!" he stammered. "Beefsteak pie?"

For, before him, steamed the crusty brown dish that husky young Steve had preferred, the delicacy he had bespoken for his first meal at home.

"Why — mamma!" he repeated thickly, not lifting his eyes, "I thought——"

Then he felt her soft hand upon his head; she had noiselessly crept round to him.

"Papa," she said, "Stevie will never come home."

Suddenly he lifted his head.

"Mamma — you *know*?"

She nodded, dropping to her knees beside him. For minutes they held each other close, not speaking.

Finally he asked:

"How long have you known?"

"Six days."

He started. "How — ? — why didn't you tell me before?"

"I've been praying for the courage, papa. I was afraid it would kill you."

"But surely you knew *I* knew!"

"*Did* you?"

"Six days."

They stared at each other.

"I went to the store that afternoon," she explained. "You were out. I saw the cablegram on your desk. I thought of Stevie first thing. So I opened it — oh, papa!"

She bowed her head, and he laid his cheek against her pretty soft hair.

"I carried it home with me," she went on. "I didn't want you to learn that way — so hard."

"They'd already 'phoned it from the telegraph office," he told her. "I was out walking, trying to get a grip on things."

"Oh, darling! All *alone!*"

He kissed her commiserating eyes. Presently he said:

"We may never know where his grave is."

"All France is his grave," she answered proudly. "More than that — *every* free country, every country where liberty and justice and idealism are cherished, will be Stevie's grave, forever."

He gazed at her, thrilled. His pride in her, his wonder at her, for the moment rose above all other feelings.

"Mother," he said, "you're like Steve — through and through."

"Stevie was right," she said softly, "just the way those young Frenchmen were right who came over here with Lafayette. They were fighting for the same things Stevie fought for. A hundred and forty years ago, there were mothers in France who lost sons over here. There come times in the world, I guess, when fathers and mothers just have to go through these things. Stevie has helped pay back the debt to those young Frenchmen who never went home; and you and I are paying back the debt to those French fathers and mothers who grieved a hundred and forty years ago."

Tears came into Mr. Morrow's eyes. They were the first tears that had been shed.

"The White Morning," a powerful novel of Germany, will open the next number of McClure's. It is complete in one number. Gertrude Atherton wrote it

Are You *Hot—"Itchy"* in warm rooms?

It's your Underwear!

In winter you dress for outdoor cold—and *indoors* where it's *warm* you suffer.

Wool underwear is fine for *outdoors*—warm and a protection to health. But *inside*, where there's heat, it "itches"—scratches your skin; you're uncomfortable.

Cotton underwear is O.K. *indoors*—it's soft and comfortable. But *outside*, in the open, it's poor protection against *cold*. If you perspire, it doesn't dry quickly like wool—feels wet, clammy, and you may *catch cold* easily.

In patented Duofold you have all the advantages of warm wool and soft cotton *without* the disadvantages.

Duofold Health Underwear

Cotton next to Skin . . . COMFORT
Warm Wool Outside . . . NO ITCH
Air Space between . PREVENTS COLDS

The fabric consists of a *thin* layer of fine wool knit *over* a *thin* layer of soft, high grade cotton. The cotton is *all* on the *inside* next the skin, which means *comfort all over*. The wool is all on the *outside*, where it *protects*, keeps the cold *out* and natural warmth *in*. This combined fabric is of *lighter* weight than the usual heavy underwear.

An Air Space between the two layers provides *ventilation* for garment and body.

No Itch: In your Duofold you don't mind hot trains, offices, homes, etc. You *keep comfortable*. The soft, smooth cotton is actually *soothing* to the skin.

Always Soft, Fresh, DRY: The outside wool layer absorbs bodily moisture from the inside cotton layer and it then evaporates easily in the wool. Thus the cotton next the skin always *remains soft, fresh, dry*.

Less Colds and Sickness: Put on your Duofold with the first frost and wear it straight through to the last frost—and you'll be surprised to find how uniformly comfortable you'll be regardless of changes in temperature. If it's mild you won't be hot; if it's zero you won't be cold! No need of frequently changing your other clothes to suit the weather. You'll be constantly protected against catching cold.

Ask your physician

If your dealer hasn't it, write us. Description and sample of fabric sent on request.

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Delicious steak broiled Yes Sir

Cooking brings out flavor

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The real Burley cigarette

It's toasted

Toasting seals in flavor

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The Lesson of the Automobile Industry

How the Motor-Car Manufacturer Will Teach the Airplane Builder to Make 23,000 Airplanes

By Waldemar Kaempffert

Editor of McClure's Automobile Department and Editor of "Popular Science Monthly"

WE are to win the war in the air — so competent army officers assure us. The impressive sum of $640,000,000 has been appropriated to be expended in a year by the army alone. No less than 23,000 airplanes are to be built, a flock so numerous that our enemy is to be literally crowded out of the air. He is not to be permitted to "spot" his heavy projectiles as they fall, but we are to direct our own artillery without hindrance from him. Besides the 23,000 airplanes, nearly 50,000 airplane motors are to be built.

Of course, we can do it, we assure ourselves with a wave of the hand. Haven't we the money? Haven't we the mechanics? Aren't automobile factories producing hundreds of machines a day?

It is not so easy as all that — this huge task of swooping down on a highly-organized, highly-trained, highly-resourceful enemy. At the outbreak of the war, we had less than two hundred trained aviators in the army and navy together. We must draft and train one hundred thousand men for our unborn aviation service — pilots, mechanics and a whole retinue of airplane attendants, in other words, a force almost as large as the regular army in time of peace. Difficulty was encountered in obtaining a few dozen flying machines for the army before the war. And now we are to vault into the air with thousands.

We have not enough flying machine factories to cope with so gigantic a manufacturing problem. And so we must turn to the automobile industry for help. Even now automobile plants are busily grinding out motors and metal parts for the flying machines in which ten thousand adventurous young Americans are to take the air. Munition makers, too, are producing engine cylinders, and furniture makers are turning their hands to the unaccustomed work of fashioning spruce frames for airplane wings.

When we shall have won the war, the flying machine builder will find that he has learned much from the automobile industry, above all, what "quantity production," as it is called in the automobile industry, really means.

But what does it mean?

In the first place limitation of the number of types produced. The secret of quantity production is standardization. The inexpensive automobile is standardized; the airplane is not. And standardization — what is the significance of that? A long time ago, automobile engineers gathered together and decided that engines should have cylinders of a certain size for a certain horsepower; pistons should have certain dimensions for a certain power; nuts, bolts, screws, the thousand and one parts that enter into the construction of an automobile should not be fashioned haphazard, but made according to one set of specifications. The adoption of these recommendations has made manufacturing and repairing wonderfully easy.

But think what it means to the airplane, not only from the standpoint of the factory but the standpoint of the fighters on the battlefield. There are in England thirty-seven different types of aviation engines; in France about fifty. At least thirty types can be counted in America. And the Germans — they have just five because they standardized even before the outbreak of war. Why should the width of engine-beds be so different for each make of engine that it is impossible to complete the design of the body of a flying machine without knowing definitely the exact engine that will be used? Every airplane maker, unlike the automobile manufacturer, has adopted his own sizes of screw-threads, nuts, bolts, pins, washers, struts and wires. Suppose an airplane factory should be destroyed. Must we cease to build airplanes of the type with which the name of that plant is identified because no other factory uses parts of the same dimensions?

Think, too, what standardization means on the battlefield. At the beginning of the war, France had twenty-seven different types of flying machines in action. Two of them might be disabled at the same time — the engine of the one and perhaps the wings of the other. It should have been possible to interchange motors and wings so as to build up a new, fairly efficient machine. But it was not possible for many months.

It is standardization of this kind — standardization with which the automobile industry has long been familiar — that will help to give us thousands of airplanes. Sewing-machine, cash-register and typewriter factories will learn the lesson of standardization from the automobile maker of Detroit and produce the metal parts required for airplanes by the car-load lot.

After he has learned the lesson of standardization the airplane builder will learn from the automobile maker what "progressive assembling" means. Nothing more daringly original than progressive assembling was ever conceived. Walk into any large automobile factory and you will see what it means. The work of human hands is subdivided with a minuteness that seems meticulous — an old idea but one amazingly developed. There are men who do nothing eight hours a day but drive home screws with electrical screw-drivers; others who do nothing but fit pins into holes; and still others whose sole duty it is to slip a wheel on a hub. Everything moves — moves at a scientifically determined speed from workman to workman on either a chain conveyer, a rail or a stationary slide.

Each task has been carefully studied; the time in which it can be properly performed has been scientifically determined. No one is hurried, but no one has time to loaf. The chain conveyer is the inexorable commander of the workman. He must perform the work allotted him in the standard time, or else the chain conveyer or the slide will drop an avalanche of work upon him.

The spectacle of the conveyer in action is one never to be forgotten. At one end of the conveyer the parts of a rear axle are placed; at the other, the completed chassis rolls off on its own wheels, propelled by its own motor. The entire process of assembling the chassis has been carried out in perhaps half an hour. At a definite point in the conveyer's journey the motor has been lowered into place; at another, the ignition system has been installed; at a third, the wheels are slipped on their axles; at a fourth, the gasoline tank is added; at a fifth, the tank is filled; at a sixth, a man mounts the chassis and drives away.

Progressive assembling is at present unknown in the airplane industry. When it is introduced by the automobile maker, there will be a revolution in the building of flying machines. Even as it is, fully one-half of the parts out of which our airplanes will be built up must be produced by automobile manufacturers, and fully $50,000,000 must thus be expended among automobile makers. If they are rich now, how much richer must they be when all these orders are filled?

We have talked much of preparedness in the last two or three years. No one ever paid much attention to the automobile makers when we talked of Belgium or the submarine problem. But now it turns out that we are to win the war with flying machines, and that, after all, only the automobile maker is prepared.

If the Kaiser could, he would drop bombs from his Zeppelins on Detroit, Flint, Grand Rapids and Toledo; for there are the real generals who will win the war for us.

For Greater Business

THE new booklet issued by the Automobile Department of McClure's, "The Motor Truck in Business," by Waldemar Kaempffert, will be sent free to any business man who writes to the Automobile Department of McClure's on his business stationery. This booklet is unlike anything ever before published and may be worth thousands of dollars to your house. Write for a copy today, addressing your letter to the McClure Automobile Department, 25 West 44th Street, New York.

The Motor Truck in Business

Partial List of Contents

Do They Pay?

Which Shall It Be — Gasoline or Electric?

Motion and Money

Fitting the Body to the Load

When Trailers Pay

The Right and the Wrong Way of Running a Motor Truck

Keeping the Truck in Condition

Watching the Cost

Mr. Kaempffert will be glad to answer automobile questions that readers of McClure's may ask. This service is free. But it must be understood that, for obvious reasons, Mr. Kaempffert cannot give his opinion of well-known cars or pass upon the merits of competing products. He will give the names of manufacturers of different types of cars and accessories, leaving the final selection to the reader himself.

With technical questions on the maintenance and operation of an automobile, the reader is given the greatest latitude. The monthly automobile articles must do more than simply provide interesting reading matter. They must set you thinking — set you to asking questions. They must be of help to you.

Wild Apples — *Continued from page 24*

almost as though it had been there for a week, and hear the bugle sounding the supper call.

"Fine — ain't it?" said D'Aquisto.

On the top of the Ridge, evening coming on, the fire showed up much more strongly. Julian ran the Go-devil to the point where he had left Uncle Ben and Slosson. Dusky bushes; wind; the roaring of the fire; nobody there. D'Aquisto dragged off an armload of his own supplies and started along the path. Julian followed. Close up like this the noise of the fire was terrible. When the flames reached a bit of greasewood there would be an outburst like the rattle of musketry. He saw D'Aquisto bobbing along, then lost him in a glimpse of the line of men working, swinging wet sacks. There was no trail any longer under his feet; he stumbled around a shoulder of the Ridge; suddenly, out of the glare before him, seemed to leap the figure of a man meeting him, a queer scarecrow, silhouetted against the flare, ragged, that shrieked in a poor little husky, high, whimpering pipe of a voice:

"Where's them axes?"

It was Tony De Vega. Julian stopped and the fellow ran up to him — stark mad. Convicted of empty hands, Julian turned back, De Vega at his heels.

"Soldiers?" he heard the Portuguese crying out behind him, and answered:

"Be here when they've had their supper. Camped in the field below."

"Supper!" They had reached the Go-devil now. De Vega stood waiting. "My God! — I don't know when I've had any kind of a meal."

Julian got out the axes. This was the man Lynnie had cried about. The fire, the necessity to fight it, took second place. Yet he heard himself saying as he kept one of the axes out of the bundle he gave De Vega:

"I'm going back with you."

"Hold on, Jule — that won't do!" Old Ben popped up from somewhere and yelled after him. There was Bill Pacheco, too, grabbing an axe from De Vega. Julian didn't answer. He just sprinted along through the dark with De Vega and Bill, leaping low brush, guessing the path, missing it half the time.

Down at the front, he found that the axes were needed for cutting brush where Slosson had decided that they must backfire. Some newcomer tried to take Julian's away from him, and when he wouldn't give it up, said:

"Oh, you goin' to work? Go to it, then."

He went to it. It seemed to him a long time that he swung that axe, the other men about him swinging their axes; slashing away down the line of brush; being turned back by the overseer; cursed sometimes; sometimes spoken to with that high, strained voice and foolish laugh. They were all frantic here, crazed with the lack of sleep, strain and exhaustion.

They got a space cleared, and the brush dragged off it; other men with horses were attending to that. Then the backfiring began, and he had a wet sack shoved into his hand and was told to use it.

He was one in the line of sack swingers — right up against the fire — flailing with the wet burlap in a sort of unison. The wood smoke stung his eyes frightfully; it strangled him and made him dizzy — crazy like the rest. He worked on and on here. It seemed a long time. There was no place to quit. The blaze was like a living thing that would leap out at you if you didn't keep hitting at it — if you slacked a minute to get more water on your sack. The roaring of the fire, the roaring of those about him, the yelling and jabbering, the straining — he lost his sense of identity and came to himself suddenly with Bill Pacheco offering him gloves out of the box from Hannon's.

The minute he got out of the line somebody had surged into his place.

"Better put on a pair of these gloves," Pacheco urged.

"No."

"Gosh!" Yer hand's burnt a'ready!"

He noticed now a raw, red streak on the back of his right hand.

"Hadn't you better go to the am'blance with that?" Bill was suggesting, when a man with a red cross on his arm took hold of Julian's shoulder, wheeled him around, and the next thing he knew his hand was being bandaged.

"That'll keep the fire off it," the army doctor said as he released him.

Back with the yelling fire-fighters. Through all the noise and confusion, the dull aching of the burn on his hand, what was this sense of awful calamity? The fire — yes — the fire — but what was the dreadful thing that happened before the fire? The soldiers were in now. It must be ten o'clock. Somebody said Dale Pollard was coming up on the Ridge and — Oh, it all rushed over him with that! Lynnie. She didn't love him any more. She'd rather have had Tony De Vega, over there!

After that there was a time when nothing coherent was in his mind. His grief — the work — they swung together, and got into his head like drink. He could hardly tell whether he was thinking of her or fighting the fire.

It was all his fault — not hers. Slam, crash — he'd get that blazing bush down if it burned the backs of his hands to the bone. She had good reason for anything she felt — or didn't feel — about him. When had he ever done anything for her — that he even might have done? Money in his pocket — plenty. . . . Dressed in the best. . . . Poor little shabby girl with only one pair of broken shoes. . . . When he got her a pair of slippers — poor, miserable things — and she spoiled them walking in the sand. . . . he offered to get her another pair. That's what he did. He offered. Did he ever get them?

No use to deny that he'd felt he was Julian McCulloch, and it was a privilege for a girl like Lynnie Willis to love him — to be loved by him. Needn't deny it. He'd acted it. Infernal, stuck-up fool! Brute, too. Tony De Vega over there cut a better figure as a lover than he did.

THE sacks were renewed now systematically. The soldiers were in. He might have stopped. But there was no relief for him but this beastly hard labor and danger. Automatically he dropped his sack and grabbed an axe, throwing it up with an intake of breath, bringing it down with a grunt. Lynnie's eyes overflowed by tears were before him. She had been crying for another man. But oh, he wouldn't have cared for that — if she'd only cried on his breast! If she'd let him put his arms around her and comfort her!

So his soul battled all through that dreadful night, while he swung sack or axe, was dragged away from the work or thrust at it, blundered over to the demijohns for water, drank the coffee and ate the food that was put in his hands. Voices dinned at him to go home — what was he doing there! Others shouted, "Good man, Jule McCulloch! Attaboy! Stay with it!" His body was pushed hither and thither, hurt some, and unspeakably wearied; but his mind never left Lynnie for an instant. She would come in the morning — when Dale Pollard did. He would get a chance . . . he would say to her, then. . . . . Well, he'd say enough. He'd say the right thing, this time.

The soldiers lifted the work along splendidly. One of them had just taken his place in the line, letting him stagger out once more to the demijohns for drink. He was standing swallowing like a famished animal when a pair of hands reached around from behind and blinded his eyes, and a girl's whisper demanded:

"Guess who?" He pushed the hands away, and looked around. It was Rose Daggett.

"Oh," he said stupidly, straightening up, staring at her. "You back at 'Restlands'?"

"Bet yer neck I ain't," Rose grinned. "I'm livin' in San Pablo. My soldier boy's up here fightin' fire — that was him took your place in the line just now."

"Yes."

"That's my horse over there. Say, do you know if Miss Dale's up here yet this morning?"

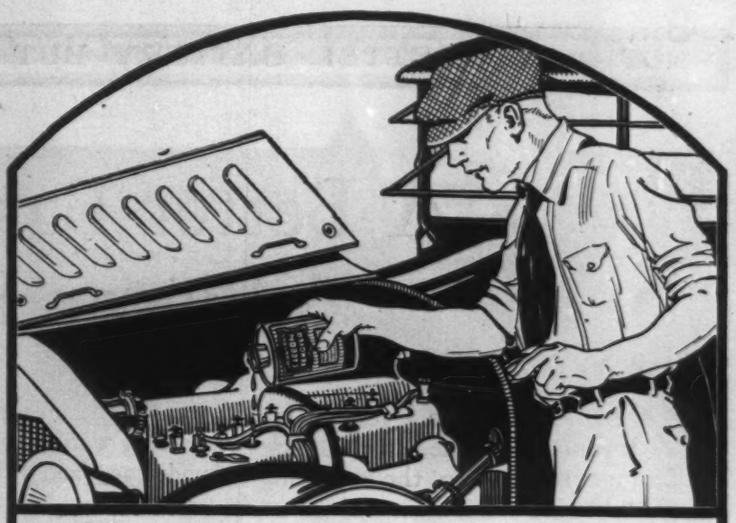
"This morning!" he echoed, and looked around him, dazed. It was broad daylight.

Across where the horses were held, a man sat slumped down, his arms hanging straight before him, his body looking as though every bone in it were broken—Tony De Vega. From the upward trail sounded women's voices.

"Bet that's Miss Dale, now!" Rose cried, turned and ran.

Julian was trying to steady his breathing. Now that he had stopped moving he could hardly get started again. He'd wait for her here. She was coming. Slosson rounded the big rock to the demijohns, looked at him a minute curiously, then said:

"Better go home and get to bed, kid. You're about all in."



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A dose of Johnson's Carbon Remover—will increase the power of your car—improve acceleration—stop that knock—quiet your motor—save your batteries—and reduce your gas consumption 12% to 25%.

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is a harmless liquid to be poured into the cylinders. It softens the carbon and releases it from the metal. It then burns, powders and goes out with the exhaust. Five minutes' time and no labor required. You will save from $3.00 to $5.00 over any other method, without laying up your car and with much better results.

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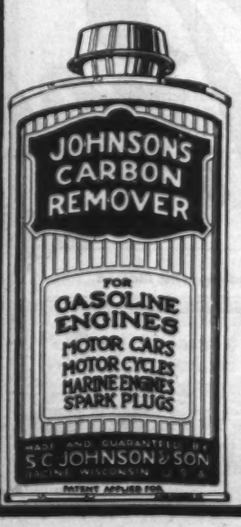

Johnson's Stop-Squeak Oil

penetrates between the spring leaves, thoroughly lubricating them and giving perfect spring action. It will greatly improve the comfort and riding qualities of your car. It reduces the liability of spring breakage and removes squeaks of all kinds from bodies, hoods, fenders, shackle bolts, springs, etc.

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A Better Battery Builds a Bigger Business

A LITTLE less than a year ago we announced the Prest-O-Lite Storage Battery to the motoring public.

The achievements of this year of battery history are one of the greatest proofs of the superiority of Prest-O-Lite.

The demand among discriminating owners, dealers and manufacturers caused us to double—to triple—to finally build the battery factories at our great Indianapolis Main Plant to six times the floor space occupied a year ago, and with this increase in capacity has come a proportionate increase in the production of Prest-O-Lite Batteries.

In the engineering laboratories great strides have been made in substituting precise, inflexible, efficient standards for the old "rule-of-thumb" methods inherited from the storage batteries of the past.

In manufacturing—new processes and new standards—have given to motorists a storage battery capable of greater endurance—longer life—increased value in everyday service under any and all conditions of road and weather.

You who know the meaning of grids, cells, terminals, sulphation, active material and other of the "inside facts" of the storage battery, will be interested in the tests which show the results of this exacting care in the manufacture of every Prest-O-Lite Battery.

In the past year Prest-O-Lite Storage Batteries have been adopted as standard equipment by manufacturers of representative cars in every class.

And in keeping with the great, ever-increasing demand for these better batteries—the Prest-O-Lite System of Service, founded with the dawn of the automobile industry, has in the past year doubled, and doubled again, in the number of its battery service stations, until today you will find honest, intelligent, expert service awaiting you wherever you drive your car.

These are the results of a year since Prest-O-Lite announced its Storage Battery.

The reasons are contained in the storage battery itself and the great, growing organization which backs it up.

For the coming year, and years to follow it will pay you to know the Prest-O-Lite Storage Battery. There is a correct size for your car. It means the beginning of the end of your battery troubles.

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From an actual photograph of the Prest-O-Lite Main Factories, Indianapolis, Indiana

Then another man, Slosson's brother, he thought, came up, coughing, rubbing his eyes, choking out:

"Hold on a minute. That young McCulloch? Miss Dale Pollard's looking for him."

Julian's head was humming so that he hardly knew where he was, or who. He tried to go forward, stumbled over a pile of coats, and the next thing he knew he was shaking hands with Miss Dale Pollard, Lemaire at her shoulder. Lynnie was not with them.

"Oh — have you burned your hand?" She saw the bandages. "We think it's awfully fine of you, Jule, to turn in and work this way."

"Want a photograph of you," added Lemaire. "If you'll just stand here a minute, I'll take it now. That's all right — just as you are. Thank you."

Paula came around the big rock.

"Oh, there he is! You've found him. Have you told him what Mr. Dye said? You're to go back to the ranch, Jule. We promised Mr. Dye we'd get you started back." Then to her aunt, "You needn't keep a place for me in the machine, Aunt Dale. If Jule wants me to drive him down in his roadster —— "

"Thank you;" he pulled himself together and tried to think out the situation. "I'm not going down, yet." Then, in the midst of their protests, "Miss Pollard, did — Alma Bruckner — come with you people?"

"Not with us; they're here somewhere — I think. Jule, you mustn't go back into that fire!"

"I won't."

"Paula — I need you. Wait, Mr. Slosson!" Miss Dale hurried her crowd across and up the slope.

Julian stood a minute looking about him, then plodded with dragging feet over toward the horses. De Vega was there still. He saw a glimpse of a girl's sleeve — someone standing beyond Rose's horse. He got far enough around to see clearly; it was Lynnie standing there, De Vega groveling on the ground at her feet. As he came close he heard the strange, crazy whimpering of De Vega's voice.

"I never got it! My God, Leenie! Do you think I would have married someone else — if I'd got it?"

He kept on going — right up to them. De Vega, there on the ground on his knees, turned and stretched a shaking hand.

"See," he appealed, "she tells me now she wrote me a letter — to say she'd have me — and I never got it. I was in San Pablo — drunk as a dog. Oh, Leenie!"

Lynnie stood there; she didn't look down at De Vega; she didn't look at Julian. Her face was raised, and so white that, when the eyes closed for a minute, it seemed to float, a drowned thing.

"What's the use?" she whispered. "It's too late."

He couldn't believe it. Was he crazy? He raised his eyes. There were Paula, Miss Dale and the photographer signaling and beckoning from the top of the slope.

"We're going now, dear," Miss Dale called to Lynnie. "Come on."

He stood and watched her go. De Vega got up and shambled back to the fire-fighters.

Well, he was done — he was all in. Maybe he'd better have let Paula take him down; he wasn't sure he could drive his roadster; but he crawled back to it and sat on the running-board a while till he felt a little better. Then Estancio came along; he must have told the boy to drive, for pretty soon they were getting down the Ridge. Estan was an awful driver. The chances were against their getting to the bottom alive. Well — what difference? All the way Estan was gabbling. They had the fire under control now. Wasn't the camp fine? B'lieved he'd like to be a soldier himself — if we go to war. When they got to the ranch Julian dragged himself into his tent, threw himself on the cot there — and oblivion closed over him.

Chapter XI — "Never Any More"

SOMETHING fell on his cot with a thump. Dimly he looked down at it — a rolled-up newspaper, and it had struck the back of his bandaged hand. That roused him a little more. Uncle Ben called from outside the tent curtains:

"Slept the clock round, boy — and then some." The old man poked his head in. "Take a look-see at that *Messenger*. You're quite some little hero! I'll go get you some coffee. It's near two o'clock."

Julian lay and stared for a while trying to get awake. He felt fairly drugged with sleep. What was the dream Uncle Ben had waked him from? Then with a pang he knew that it was of Lynnie. He rolled over on his side and shut his eyes. Why did he have to wake? Oh, God — he wished he'd never wake again!

Clumsily he unfolded the paper, and read Dale Pollard's account of the Montana County fire. His picture — the one Lemaire had made — was in the middle of the page, looking queer and snap-shotty and flaring-eyed. The line under it ran:

"Youthful Millionaire Among Fire Fighters. Julian McCulloch Works with the Men on the McCulloch Ranch to Save Siloam Valley."

He lay and looked at it a long time.

No use. Suddenly he hurled himself out of bed and dressed. All the time he was making an effort to eat some breakfast Uncle Ben was talking to him excitedly about that stuff in the paper, fairly crowing, taking a lot of credit to himself. Then the telephone began to ring. They called for him; he wouldn't have gone, but Uncle Ben let him in for it. It was Paula offering congratulations. She talked and talked. Julian didn't know what he answered. She was no sooner off the line than long-distance called for Uncle Ben. The old man came limping in, beaming as he took up the receiver.

"Yes — yes, this is the McCulloch ranch. Dye speaking." He listened a minute; his face fell comically. "Well — I didn't think you'd take it that way, Nettie." A pause, evidently filled in by remarks from the other end of the line; then, "Why, no — no — I don't s'pose it was any too safe. Oh, the boy's all in good shape. He's right here now. He can speak for himself. Jul —— "

Julian came slowly forward, but Uncle Ben put up a hand, with:

"She doesn't want you, after all. Wait a minute. All right, Nettie. Tomorrow morning. Oh, this evening? Well — that's kind of crowding the mourners, ain't it? Uh, all right. I'll tell him. What say? The four-thirty? He's got to meet the four-thirty in San Pablo this evening? Well? Is that all? Good-by," and he hung up.

"Well, Jule," he faced the boy sheepishly, "your mother's on the rampage. Says I ought not to have let you go up there with the fire-fighters, and —— "

"What was that about meeting the four-thirty?" Julian interrupted.

"Why — she — er — she says Calkins is on it. You're to take the machine over and get him."

There was a moment of chagrined silence.

"You understand what Calkins's comin' means?" old Ben eyed him anxiously. "He's to take you right back home tomorrow. Makes me feel cheap. Nettie lays it on thick — sending Calkins up here for you — 'zif I couldn't even be trusted to start you home all right. Well — I don't know when I've had such a callin' down."

"If I'm to meet the four-thirty, I'd better start now," Julian said. Then, in answer to old Ben's look of surprise, "I've — I've got another errand."

"You bet you have!" Old Ben cheered up a bit as Julian went into the hall for his hat. "I reckon you spell that errand g—i—r—l, eh?" Then, as the boy made no answer, "Tell Miss Paula I said that's a fine piece her aunt put in the paper."

Out on the road everybody he met waved at him or stopped him for congratulations.

"It would have been in Siloam by now if you hadn't gone and got the soldiers!" they hailed him. He hardly knew what he answered any of them.

He got to "Restlands" and was turning in at the lane. He was at the end of his endurance in the matter of Lynnie. He'd got to have a chance to see her, to speak to her plainly. He was done with dodging and concealing. There was nothing left to conceal. He would go soberly up to the house and ask for her. He heard a faint call back of him, from the direction of the hollow, and there she stood. He ran back toward her a little way and stopped. She didn't come up close to him, but stopped several steps away, hesitating:

"Did—did you want to see me, Julian?"

He looked at her standing there, just the same Lynnie — yet ——

"Oh, Lynnie!" he cried, "I've got to have some explanation."

"What?" Her eyes begged him to let her alone. Her pale little face was suddenly burning red; then the color died out of it. She looked over her shoulder. There was someone across by Bruckner's, coming closer. She halted a step nearer and spoke low.

"Oh, no," she protested.

"Yes," he said doggedly, "I've got to see you. We've got to understand each other.

Helping the Government In the Home

The U. S. Food Administrator says:

"The use of baking powder breads made of corn and other coarse flours instead of patent wheat flour is recommended."

Corn meal, oatmeal and rye flour can be used instead of white flour to make wholesome and most appetizing food when prepared with

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Try the following recipes which are practical examples:

RYE AND CORN MEAL MUFFINS

1½ cups rye flour	1 tablespoon sugar
½ cup corn meal	¾ cup milk and water
½ teaspoon salt	1 tablespoon shortening
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder	

Sift together dry ingredients; add milk and water and melted shortening. Beat well. Bake in greased muffin pans in hot oven 30 to 35 minutes.

CORN MEAL GRIDDLE CAKES

1½ cups corn meal	1 tablespoon molasses
1½ cups boiling water	⅔ cup flour
¾ cup milk	1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon shortening	4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder

Scald corn meal in bowl with boiling water; add milk, melted shortening and molasses; add flour, salt and baking powder, which have been sifted together; mix well. Bake on hot greased griddle until brown.

OATMEAL BISCUITS

1 ¼ cups flour	1½ cups oatmeal
1½ teaspoons Royal Baking Powder	6 tablespoons shortening
½ teaspoon salt	⅔ cup water
2 tablespoons sugar	

Sift flour, baking powder, salt and sugar together. Add oatmeal, melted shortening and enough water to make a soft dough. Roll out thin on floured board; cut with biscuit cutter and bake in greased pan in moderate oven about 20 minutes.

NUT BREAD

3 cups graham flour	1½ cups milk and water
5 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder	1 cup chopped nuts (not too fine), or 1 cup raisins, washed and floured
1½ teaspoons salt	
¼ cup sugar or corn syrup	

Mix together flour, baking powder and salt; add milk and water, sugar or corn syrup, and nutmeats or raisins. Put into greased loaf pan; allow to stand 30 minutes in warm place. Bake in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes.

Our new red, white and blue booklet, "Best War Time Recipes," mailed free on request. Address **Royal Baking Powder Co.**, 139 William St., N. Y.

There is no alum nor inorganic phosphate in Royal Baking Powder. Cream of Tartar, its chief ingredient is of pure fruit origin, derived from grapes, and has no substitute for making a baking powder of the highest quality.

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The Scientist Says:

It must contain every food element needed, minerals and vitamines included. And all in the right proportions.

The Doctor Says:

It must be easily and completely digestible. The ideal food would have every food cell broken.

The Housewife Says:

It must be ever-ready, fit for any meal, a varied dish, and one which everybody welcomes.

The Children Say:

It must make real food as good as desserts or confections. And be something mother never will forbid.

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Prof. A. P. Anderson, the food expert, took whole wheat as the basis. He found a way to burst every food cell by millions of steam explosions.

Thus he puffed whole grains to bubbles, eight times normal size. He made these globules thin and crisp and nut-like, and as flimsy as a snowflake.

The result is a food confection—an exquisite dainty. Yet every wheat element is in it. And every atom can digest and feed. No other food in existence so meets all requirements.

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The three Puffed Grains supply a wide variety. They are served with cream and sugar, mixed with fruit, or in bowls of milk. They are eaten dry like peanuts. They are used like nut-meats on ice cream, as wafers in all soups.

Those who know their hygienic value serve them all day long.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers (1706)

I have to go in town for Calkins now; but I'll be in there — by the stone — at eight o'clock tonight."

"I — Julian, I can't —— "

"Well — nine, then."

"But I don't see —— "

"Ten. Ten o'clock. Surely you can get away by that time. I'll wait till you come — if it's midnight."

She didn't answer that. She was turning away.

"Lynnie!" he called cautiously. "You know it's our last chance. I'm to leave with Calkins in the morning."

She just nodded over her shoulder without a word. He didn't know whether she meant to come or not. He had to drive on without knowing.

JULIAN had very little remembrance afterward of that trip to San Pablo. Circumstances were closing in on him; he must think — and he couldn't think. Fruitless mental wrestling about took up his attention till he was gingerly shaking hands with Calkins on the platform at San Pablo. There were a lot of people there; they all seemed to be noticing him. The newastand showed a border of San Vicente *Messengers*, with the portrait Lemaire had made staring at him from the middle of the page.

"Proud of you, Jule." That was Calkins's first word. "Not because you got your picture in the paper, but for what you did that put it there."

"Nothing extraordinary." They were getting over to the machine. "No more than some of the Japs."

"Oh, yes — but that's the point," Calkins laughed a little. "You're not a Jap — hired. You aren't even like one of the soldiers they got from the Presidio — a man told off to face danger. You're one of the rich fellows. People like to think of your sort risking something for the public good."

Julian got in and took the wheel. He sat looking straight ahead of him for a long time. Finally he said rather huskily to Calkins, standing with a hand on the side of the car:

"Thank you, sir."

Calkins was a good sort. The tutor's cheery, wholesome, commonplace presence brought a sudden, terrible ground-swell of remorse that he had made nothing — ever — of such a human, accessible source of counsel. Well — it was too late. Things were out of his hands, now. Whatever he had to say to anybody wouldn't be his own secret. It was up to him to be a man. Unconsciously he squared his shoulders as he sat at the wheel.

"You're looking well," Calkins said, "in spite of showing the marks of your fire-fighting. I told your mother I thought you'd be all right to make the trip up tomorrow —— "

"Oh, yes."

"Then we'll start in the morning. She's giving a breakfast-concert on Thursday — Belgian relief. Wants you to play."

"I'm all out of practise."

"You were to go past the San Vicente apartment and get the music — the Peer Gynt suite. Probably she thought you'd have time to brush up on it. How about your hand?" He looked at the bandaged fingers.

"I guess it would be all right — by then."

"And your birthday party this year is a luncheon."

"What? Pardon me — I wasn't paying any attention."

"Wake up — wake up!" Calkins laughed. "Your birthday — you're twenty next Friday, young fellow. Had you forgotten that? I've got a note for you from your mother," he reached in his pocket; "probably that covers all these points." The heavy, square envelope with its monogram was passed over. "I'll step into the station and 'phone her to say that I found you all right," Calkins said; "then we'll be off."

Julian sat in the machine and read his mother's note. It was brief; a few sentences gave her opinion of his fire-fighting. The word about his proposed party was, "I shall celebrate your birthday, as usual." Beyond that, she condemned him vaguely, yet sweepingly, and ordered him peremptorily back to Las Reudas next morning with his tutor. One statement occurred twice: at the opening of the note his mother said, "I have had your room done over," and at the end she repeated, "Your room has been entirely redecorated," as though the matter were of importance. He groped a minute for some meaning, then gave it up. The whole note smelled of jail, so far as he was concerned, and that was all there was to it. He was still sitting with it in his hand, looking at it, apathetically, when Calkins got back.

"Your mother takes a woman's point of view of the matter," the tutor said after a quick look at Julian's face. "I suppose it's a mother's view — a sort of 'I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier' way of looking at things."

Calkins got in, and Julian started the car. He drove, and Calkins let him alone. Almost nothing was said between them till they turned in to the Valley road.

"Been a pretty good summer, Jule?" the tutor asked, then.

"Pretty good." Julian knew he would never again be able to characterize things in the listless fashion that had once been his. All heaven and hell were behind the veil of those two words he accepted to describe the summer just passed in Siloam Valley.

Calkins looked at him again curiously, examined him at short range, and finally said:

"Comes the nearest to being out on your own that you've ever been. Well — I think it's done you good. I believe it's made a man of you."

They were getting up toward "Restlands." If the past summer had made a man of Julian, then he felt that being a man was a sizeable thing — and tragic. Well, perhaps being a man was all right; it was the making of a man out of a soft boob of a kid that was a good deal like nailing you to a cross and letting you hang there till you found out. Stealthily his eyes scouted over toward the vacation camp. Nothing but the gables of the big house, the end of one of the cabins, could be seen from here through the trees. They were too far off to recognize anyone who might be moving about there. He ran slowly and more slowly. Then, just as they got to the corner of the field he saw Lynnie, with Mrs. Jordan coming down the lane. He spoke to them; and Calkins also lifted his hat.

"Was that the little Willis girl?" the tutor asked when they had gone by. He glanced back. "Has the child been sick? How white she looked!"

Julian made no answer. The Go-devil shot ahead.

"Hel-lo!" Calkins grabbed for his cap. He pulled it down over his ears. Julian never slackened the pace till they got to the ranch gate. It stood open. He took the turn on two wheels.

"Do you often make it that way?" Calkins laughed as the roadster stopped abruptly in the side yard. The tutor got down, and lifted out his over-night bag. Still Julian sat in the machine.

"Would you mind telling Uncle Ben that I don't want any dinner, Mr. Calkins?"

"I — I had something to eat in San Pablo," in answer to the other's surprised look. "If we've got to make an early start — I — Get my packing done now."

"Oh, certainly." With a little hesitation, Calkins turned and entered the house.

Over in his tent Julian dragged out bags and suitcases, and threw his things into them anyway. With a final glance around, he went out to the roadster, made a back turn, and got to the road again. Somehow he couldn't think at all. He held fast to the idea that Lynnie would be waiting for him down in the hollow at ten o'clock. She knew that he had to leave the Valley tomorrow morning. . . .

At ten o'clock he went in to the hollow. Even before he gave the customary little sequence of modulated whistles he knew that Lynnie was not there, yet he stopped every now and then to signal softly again. No answer. Well, then, surely a message. In the dark he found the boulder and knelt beside it. For a long time he crouched there afraid to lift the stone and look. Finally, with a sudden, nervous movement he jerked it up, and dropped his palm on two twigs that lay there.

They were crossed. They said "No" to him. They denied him.

He tried to convince himself that he had disturbed them in getting the stone up. Yes, that was it. He had pushed them around that way. She had left them parallel. That meant, "Wait for me — I may be late." Anyhow, he would wait.

Numb with the shock of unbearable disappointment, he leaned forward, and fumbling, pushed the twigs around parallel as though to force fate or facts. As he did so paper rustled under them. Ah-h-h, a note!

He got out his electric torch, dropped it in his excitement, picked it up, and at last threw its little circle of pale light on a small, wadded paper under the stone. The light went off it as he dropped his flash again. It wasn't a note, anyhow; he grabbed for it, and felt through the folds — his ring. His fingers were all thumbs getting the light to bear once more on the scrap of paper that wrapped the ring. When at last he could see it he found written with hard pencil a dim gray scrawl

without address or signature — "Never any more."

He just sat there. He found a saying of old Ben's churning over and over in his mind — "Never's a long time." A long time. He stood up presently, the paper in his hand — desperate. Lynnie knew that he would have to leave the Valley at dawn. She had written that — and she knew! Oh, what a fool he was. . . . She said never. . . . And never was a long time. He looked about him at the night in silence. He couldn't go in the morning and leave things like this. Well — she was right across there at "Restlands;" but would she answer his signal? Could he have a human word with her? No. Not any more than as though she were locked up in San Quentin.

He went finally and leaned by his machine in the silent, empty road, that was after all just a pine-needle carpeted sand trail. He snapped on the lights, took his mother's letter out of his pocket and wrote a few words to Lynnie — beseeching — incoherent — on the blank bit at its back.

He had ripped the sheet apart before the utter futility of this came home to him. He went back and closed down the stone without putting anything under it.

When he got out in the main road he didn't know which way to turn. He looked over to "Restlands" — back toward the ranch — and suddenly pulled the wheel around and slewed the Go-devil in the third direction that was left for him. After he got started there was no thought of turning back. He held on for the coast. There would be a late moon. The wind was chilly, but there were tracts of sun-warmed air, where cupped slopes had held the heat. He passed through these as though they were friendly presences. On he went down the sleeping valley. He left behind him the scene of this summer which Calkins said had made a man of him. The sea wind, male, courageous, vitalizing, began to lift his hair and talk to him. Finally the stone dome of the Mission showed in silhouette between the low hills, against the night sky. He knew then what he had come for. When everything fails, you reach out and try to get hold of the skirts of the unseen.

Pacheco's dogs raged their hearts out at him as he went past. There was a light at the garage, but nobody about. He rolled in to the Mission field beside the old building, left his car in an angle of the ruined cloister and found his way to where the key hung, got it and let himself in.

The place was as big as all darkness. The glimmering circle of his flash only showed him broken stone pavements, the corner of a wall, and faded out in the obscurity of the dome. He got to the altar, and down in front of it. He didn't consciously come there to pray; yet such hurried and desperate thinking as went on in his mind had, binding it together, a thread of supplication.

"Don't — don't — don't!" he seemed to be begging some vast, black Power that was closing in on him. Nothing sane or commonplace came at first. From the wonted thought of Lynnie as a little, twining, soft lover, he had swung to the idea of her as a changeling, a sphinx. And she hated him. Would she hate him always? Why? Oh, the queer jumble of ideas he had been furnished with offered a reason for that. Was he a monster? Was he? How did he come to be like this, anyhow?

Before the eyes of this passionate inquiry came the vision of his father and mother. Stephen McCulloch going his own way like a bachelor; his wife, beautiful still, treating her husband with a politeness that was somehow insulting — Julian had accepted their manner of life as children in a house do. Yet here tonight there flared up in him an accusing flame of question. He was the son of these two. They must have loved each other once — else how had he, Julian, ever come about? Where had he come from? And why had they brought him here if they never meant to give him any light on the road they had set him in?

So he agonized the night through, able mostly to see nothing but Lynnie's face: strange, strained, pitiful, suddenly red and then startlingly white, as he had seen it last; laughing at him across the table on the Lodge porch, lying like a flower against the shoulder of his black coat that night at the Portuguese dance — Lynnie, as she had been to him. Meetings and partings with her — little things she'd said — the first time he kissed her there in the chaparral . . . the kiss he was too timid of her then to take, it all came back with strange new meaning as he knelt in the dark.

In San Pablo that morning, putting her on the stage, and the next Sunday, going down to Smuggler's Cove, he had talked a lot about blaming himself, and given her a chance to blame him. But she hadn't. It was down at the Cove — at thought of it came that queer closing up of the throat that he used to have when he was a little fellow and anything broke his heart. It was down there she first said she loved him. Now, retracing the steps of their love, questioning everything in an agony of doubt, it seemed to him that all along she had only responded because he demanded. Maybe she hadn't, from the first, cared anything like as much about him as he did about her. Or, maybe — and worse — she had cared then and gotten over it, because of his selfish inconsiderateness. He'd been a brute to her. Why wouldn't she think she'd rather marry a man like De Vega even, to get away from him and his kind of love?

And he'd have to go and leave her just like this. There wasn't time, there wasn't any chance for a better word with her. He'd have to trust that when he saw her next in Las Reudas — Something seemed to shut down blacker than ever — as though he never would see her in Las Reudas. He could only kneel there in the dark, each long, shivering breath a supplication. Time was forgotten. He finally wearied out his emotions rather than won to any peace.

When at last he let himself out of the church he found the night was over. The east was pink. He hurried to reach the ranch.

The first thing he saw when he got there was Calkins coming out of his — Julian's — tent. There was no word said, though it must have been plain that the cot there hadn't been slept in. Instead when Uncle Ben called "breakfast" from the front porch, and added, "Where you been so early, Jule?" Calkins seemed intentionally to get in the way so that no answer was necessary.

Chapter XII — The Homecoming

FROM the moment they went through the ranch gate into the main road, Julian drove as though the furies chased him. He had on the sweater bought in San Pablo, the one Lynnie had worn; he sat with his chin dropped in the collar of it, staring ahead, so sunk in his own thoughts, wrestling so hard with his own distress, that the first notice he had of Calkins's uneasiness was when his downward glance caught the feet over there beyond his automatically "braking" the flying roadster. Then he became conscious, vaguely, of a continual, sidelong study.

But he went on through San Pablo without ever shifting his gaze from the street in front of him. He knew what he'd see — the San Pablo House, the motion-picture theatre, the sidewalks where he and Lynnie had strolled arm in arm. It was enough to get them out of the corner of his eye. He sent the Go-devil out again onto the State Highway, glad to be on less familiar ground, whipped at last into a willingness to go home to Las Reudas. He made it at forty — forty-five — fifty miles. He saw without noting that everything they met or passed pulled out to the side with scared, indignant haste.

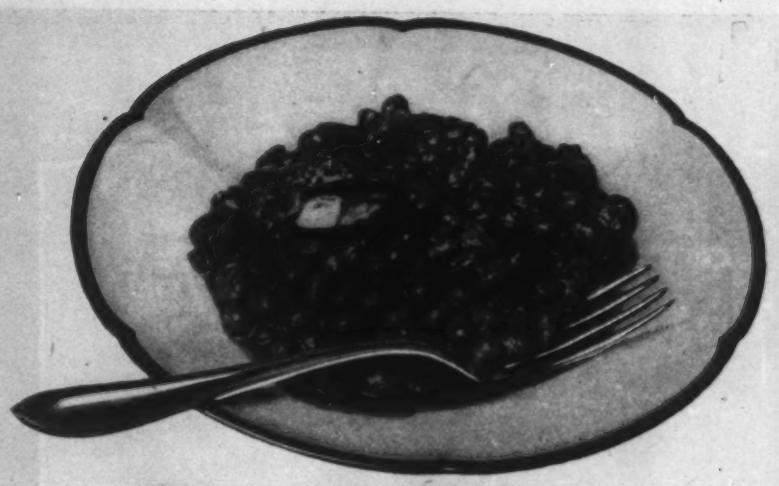
"I say, Jule," Calkins's words and the half laugh that went with them were snatched from the lips by the wind of their going, "if you keep up this clip you'll get us pinched."

"Huh?" For a moment he couldn't make any sense out of what Calk was saying. For a moment he looked at the tutor and couldn't see him. Then he hunched his shoulder and nodded — but the speed of the Go-devil didn't slacken.

After that he was dimly aware of Calkins's continual, half-hearted movements to open speech with him about last night. Of course he'd want to — he'd feel that he ought. As they flew on roaring, again and again he leaned close, seemed about to say something — and then gave it up. It seemed to Julian that he knew this only as one inside a room, in the midst of some terrible issue, might be aware of a fly crawling up a windowpane. Calkins was all right. Calkins wasn't a bad sort; he'd been a brick about that getting drunk. But — there was nothing he had to say to Calkins about this.

So he kept still, conscious that it was crazy behavior; he looked dead ahead because he was seeing things there in the road, straight before him — things he had now to face. When he could get rid of the people and be alone with himself he'd face them — he'd think. Now he could only feel — and suffer. The sweater — it was like Lynnie's arms around him — her arms, would they ever be around him again?

The little roadhouse high in the Pass, where they stopped for luncheon, was merely a con-



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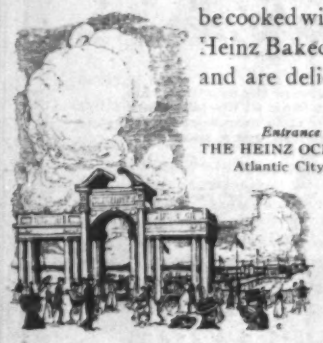

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fused recollection of being asked if he would have things, declining or accepting, but hardly rousing himself enough to eat. Once more back in the Go-devil he could only sit and drive the machine and stare ahead. He was neither glad nor sorry to see the familiar wooden façade of Calkins's boarding-house in San Vicente. He drew a long breath and looked about him. Over there was the campus of the Normal. School had begun. Boys he knew were about. He nodded to some, and was aware afterward that he had overlooked others. Calkins got out, stopped on the sidewalk, reaching to get his bag and the package of books he had.

"You won't forget to go past the apartments and take out that music your mother wants? Julian," laughing a little, "are you listening?"

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I remember now. I'll attend to it."

Calkins let him go then, with only the commonplace arrangement for that Monday when they should begin work again.

THE Antoinette Apartments were on the corner of Arbolado and Twenty-ninth. Julian stopped there, had the hallman let him in to Mrs. McCulloch's apartment, went to the music cabinet by the satinwood piano—the apartment was done in French grays and old rose—and hunted out the volume of Grieg which he knew was there.

It was neither a relief nor particularly a distress to be alone as he headed his machine from San Vicente toward the heights of Las Reudas. He wasn't moving by any particular plan, yet he swung down on the lower road and went past the factory. The place was closed down, but he saw some people whom he knew and spoke to. Among others Willis was crossing from the boiler-house to the packing-room carrying some boards and tools. The sight of him gave Julian a queer jolt. That was her father. Julian had stopped the little machine before it flashed upon him that Willis would certainly ask him when he saw Lynnie last down in the Valley. It was just what he did ask, coming up shading his eyes with his hand. He had no hat on, and his curly hair, beginning to be a little gray, was very nice looking around his attractive forehead. Even back in Lynn, Massachusetts, to which all the traditions of the Willis family ran, poor Willis had never been more than a pretty, shiftless fellow. Julian, answering his inquiry with a gulp, was aware that he had never looked at the man before with seeing eyes. He felt very kindly toward him, but somehow most dreadfully uncomfortable as he drove on.

Yet he went out of his way after that to pass the Willis home. He drove by staring so, forgetting where he was, that he let his engine die, and came to a halt almost directly in front of it. Had he ever seen the place before? Of course, he had seen it a great many times. But was it always such a miserable looking hovel? They couldn't all live in there—they couldn't. It was too small. There wouldn't be room for them. It was clean—clean—clean; and as he looked the front door opened and a trim little woman in a blue print dress came out with mop and pail to scrub the porch and steps. She looked over at him; he started up the Go-devil in haste. That was Lynnie's mother. As he got away he heard her call shrilly to the little boy he had noticed from the side of his eye, the ten-year-old for whom Lynnie's cloak was to be made over, something about "split that kindling." He went on with an added sense of bewilderment. This was where Lynnie lived. This was how she lived. Why hadn't he given her more things down the Valley there? He just simply never thought about it. She wasn't the kind that made you think about it. Oh, God, what sort of fellow was he—anyhow?

He put the machine at the steep, little-used street that came out near the back of his own home and stopped it before the big iron gate which opened on a winding brick drive leading to a stable that belonged to an earlier time when they had kept only a carriage and pair. He looked with new eyes at the great house, its lawns, walks, shrubberies, kept like show grounds. In all these years, living here he hadn't really got a proper sense of it, so big, so imposing, so amply served. There were four servants on the place, Ishi, the cook; his little wife, Tatsu, who was seamstress and second maid; Miamotu, the house boy, with chauffeur, and a gardener brought in for extra work.

This was the kind of house he had to live in. Always money in his pocket. Howling around and thinking he was abused, when—

Kamura, the new chauffeur with his long face and protruding teeth, his empty grin that had no real good-will in it, came running out to open the iron gate when he sounded his horn before it.

Julian went in the side way. It was a little entry opposite the garage. His father used it a great deal. The library opened from it, on a level with it, and then a half flight of shallow steps led up to the music-room that was at the back of the house for greater quiet and seclusion. He passed the library door. His father wouldn't be at home at this hour. He stopped a moment and looked into the music-room. There was the concert grand his mother had got for him year before last. Before that an upright piano had been good enough. In the cases beside it were piles of Chopin, Liszt, the German classical composers and the modern Russians. Only half conscious of what he did, he went over and touched the keys with a little tinkle of sound. Kamura, close behind him with the suitcases, stopped to grin in at him as he passed on toward the main hall and stairway. Julian followed up slowly. From the half open door of his mother's room, her voice checked him, with:

"Is that you, Julian? You may come in here to speak to me."

He stepped into the spacious, many-windowed apartment, all lavender, cool grays, pale greens, empire furniture and faint scents. She was sitting in front of the triple-mirrored dressing-table, with her finger-ends dropped in a small enameled bowl of warm water, his mother, dark, handsome, long-limbed, fine-featured. Tatsu, the little Japanese maid, greeted him with the giggle and duck of a mechanical doll as he passed her to go over and stop near his mother, in silence. She let him stand, while she went on looking at her fingers. It was a trick of hers to keep him so—standing—standing, waiting on a reproof which she had to deliver. Today the familiarity of her tactics got past him without much recognition. When she finally turned toward him, it was to cry at the dust that covered him.

"Mercy, don't touch me till you're washed!"

"I wasn't going to," he said.

"I suppose you feel yourself quite a distinguished person—with your picture in the paper?" Before he could make any response to this, her glance went past him and she said, "Tatsu—I'm ready for you." The Japanese maid came, napkins and manicure implements in hand and began work on her mistress's finger ends. After that Mrs. McCulloch spoke across the black, shining head of the kneeling worker. "If Dale Pollard expects to please me by a vulgar splurge like that—! I rang her up and told her what I thought of it. I wonder at a woman of her brains."

"I brought the music you asked for," Julian said. "The Peer Gynt suite. I left it on the piano in the music-room."

"Your hands don't look much like playing Grieg." She darted an angry look at the bandaged fingers. "You might remember that I've put thousands of dollars into them, Julian—and take a little care of them."

He made an impatient movement, a mere inarticulate murmur of sound that might have served for protest or apology.

"You're dreadfully tanned! How red your eyes are!"

"The smoke. Some of them are nearly blind."

"The smoke? Oh! Well, you needn't expect me to pay you any compliments on your heroism—doing work that a Japanese laborer could be hired to do. That's your idea—and Dale Pollard's—of what's noble. I call it silly." She freed a hand from Tatsu's manipulations, picked up her lorgnette from the bureau and peered at him through it. "What's that you have on? I never saw that sweater."

"I got it while I was at the ranch."

"Where?"

"In—San Pablo."

"Heavens—it looks it! I've always wondered who makes and who buys such things as they have in those horrible little towns. Why couldn't you have sent to Gand & Melendy's if you needed a sweater?"

"I like this one."

"It's a fright. Give it to Miamotu."

"Is that all, mother? May I go now?"

"In a moment. Haven't you been well? or is it the fire fighting? or just the trip?"

"The trip—I guess."

"You think you'll be feeling fit by Friday? You think a week will set you up?"

"Friday?"

"Your birthday. Heavens, Julian, you're a drag, socially! Your birthday luncheon. Ten boys and ten girls—because you're twenty." She glanced at him impatiently.

"I don't believe you even care to hear the list."

"Thank you, mother; I'm perfectly willing to leave it to you."

He turned away. She pushed Tatsu aside, got up and came with him to the door, passed through it and followed along the hall. There was something odd in her manner.

"I want to tell you — before you see it — I've had your room done over."

She looked sidelong at him. Why did she say that — again? It was in her note.

"Have you?" he answered vaguely, and knew that she still watched him obliquely, going with him quite to his door. He stopped there, his hand on the knob.

"It suited you, then," she persisted, "for me to have it done? There was no reason that you wouldn't want me to?"

"Why, no — I suppose not." He tried to remember what they were talking about. "It was very kind. Thank you."

"Julian — look at me! What's the matter with you? Look around here."

Unwillingly he turned his head. She was dressed for some evening function. The tall, proud looking woman tinkled and sparkled from head to foot. Her eyes were angry, her lip hard.

"Don't you realize that I've found out ——?"

He felt like a sleeper roughly wakened. He jerked the door open.

"Come in," he said in a swift, low, choked tone. "Tell me in here. What is it? What have you found out?"

SHE stepped in. He followed close. It was a large room with an open fireplace and wide glass doors at one end opening on a sleeping-porch; handsomely furnished, complete in its details. He paid no attention to the changes that had been made, but stood watching his mother as she moved with a clicking of high heels, and swishing of silk, toward the bureau, twitched the cloth off some things that lay there like a disreputable hoard turned out of a small boy's pocket; a lot of cigarettes he had bought when he was running with the Daggett boys; a pack of greasy cards; a pipe and tobacco, and finally the objects toward which his mother's beringed hand pointed most accusingly, three dog-eared, paper-covered books of the sort that never emerge into the knowledge of book stores, but circulate surreptitiously.

"Oh — is that all?" He went over and stood staring down at them as though he had never seen them. He fingered at arm's length the squalid things, scribbled on fly-leaf and margins with the stuff that's glimpsed sometimes on fences or the planking of old sheds. "Yes," he said slowly, "they are rotten, aren't they? Why didn't you just burn them up?"

"Julian, you don't seem to appreciate this situation. These are — unspeakable things — things you should never have seen. The question is, have — have you read any of them?" She asked it angrily, her very ears red with intense embarrassment.

"Well — I see you did, anyhow." He had no intention of talking back. "I don't care what you do with them. Burn them — and the rest of this stuff if you want to. Is that all?"

"Certainly not. What about the cigarettes? Have you got that habit? After all I've said to you about your lungs — and ——"

"No. I smoked a few. I didn't care for it."

"I want you to give me your word that you don't smoke cigarettes."

Silence.

"This is serious. A boy of your age — threatened as you've been with tuberculosis — I want you to give me your word."

"I gave it."

She looked startled at his brevity, hesitated a minute, then slipped two fingers into the fastening of her bodice, brought out the key to the small top drawer of his bureau, unlocked, opened it, reached down among the collars and ties that lay there, and held up a bottle of brown liquid.

"This is laudanum — a deadly drug. Where did you get it?"

"What difference would that make?"

Again his reply, and the tone of it, seemed to startle her.

"What difference?" She raised her voice a little. "There must be four ounces of laudanum here — enough to kill a dozen people! And you have it hidden in your bureau drawer. What under heaven am I to think?"

He stood and looked at her without a word, taking for almost the first time in all their relations the man's prerogative of silence and mystery.

"What do you expect me to think?" she reiterated.

"I can't help what you think," he said finally, very low. "If I told you the truth you wouldn't believe me."

"What? What? Well, I'm certainly going to take charge of this." He could see that her anger was more than half fright. And over this thing, for which he cared not a button, he at last made an actual stand against her.

"You'll not take it away from me," he said doggedly. "There's no sense in taking it away from me. Put it back."

She folded her arms over it, and hurried out into the hall. He came after her, reached and caught her wrists.

"Give that back," he said.

"Stop!" she cried. "Stop this instant! You're hurting my fingers. You'll cut them on my rings."

"Heh! What are you two doing?" Stephen McCulloch, coming up, spoke from the stair head. "Hello, Jule. Mrs. M., I thought you didn't approve of the Rag. I'd call that a Bunny-hug."

When his mother let go and they moved apart, the laudanum was in Julian's possession. She kept her back to her husband, and frowning, shaped with her lips, "You're not going to keep it? Give it to me." But he ignored her, and dropped it into a side pocket as he went forward to shake hands with his father, who greeted him with:

"Well, young fellow, I should say you'd outgrown me. Over six?"

"A little."

"Gained weight, too," with an estimating glance; "about ten pounds."

"Hit it exactly," Julian found himself answering in a perfectly commonplace tone. "Just ten pounds."

"Julian," his mother spoke sharply as she went past them, "you'll have to hurry if you want to make yourself fit for the dinner table."

It was not till she had gone into her own room that McCulloch moved toward the door of his son's.

"Got your picture in the paper," he remarked with a smile, and Julian could see that his father, at least, liked it.

"Yes. The roadster was a lot of use to them; it'll go where most machines can't."

"How'd the old bunch of wheels come out of it?"

"Pretty well." Julian felt himself relaxing. In the full light of the room now his father still eyed him keenly, and glanced at the bandaged hand; but when he spoke it was the machine again.

"Climb any trees?"

"A few. Cracked a bearing. How's the new chauffeur? Any good? Could he help me get a new one on?"

"I wouldn't trust the blamed monkey. Take it over to Thatch Dye. I've got my roadster over there now. I don't let this Jap handle it. He's good to wear a uniform, and suck his breath between his teeth and bow. Can't drive for me."

Of athletic build and good height, though not so tall as his son, beginning to show a touch of middle-aged stoutness, the elder McCulloch was noticeably well-groomed and well-dressed, in a slightly pronounced mode. Julian waited as, hands lightly in pockets, his father strolled toward the bureau and stood looking down at what lay there.

"Which one?" he inquired casually, indicating the cigarettes and pipe.

"Neither."

"Oh, well, that's all right, too, at your age." Then, as his eye caught the books, "Huh—they have those things yet! Guess I'd read a barrel of 'em before I was as old as you are. Better keep 'em out of your mother's sight."

The freemasonry of adult manhood was in the grin he gave his son. Julian, abashed, confused, was unable to answer it, or to control the shamed distress that seemed so to offend, as his father hastily glanced away from him, shrugging, and with no more words moved out, whistling a little.

[*To be continued*]

No novelist in America understands the German people better than Gertrude Atherton. She writes of the old Germany before the War, and of the new Germany which was revealed to us all in 1914, in her great story, "The White Morning," which will open the December McClure's. A vivid, splendid, dynamic tale, complete in one issue. Illustrated by W. H. D. Koerner

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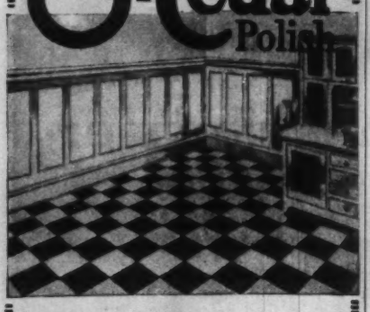

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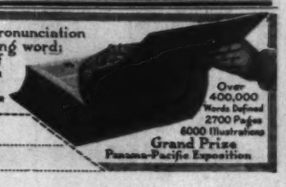

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McCLURES

Questions Concerning Foods and Drugs

Discussed by Lewis B. Allyn

Professor Lewis B. Allyn, of Westfield, Massachusetts, the creator of the Westfield Standard, is Food Editor of the McClure Publications, and will answer, without charge, any question from a McClure reader on foods, beverages, or toilet preparations. Please inclose a stamped envelope for reply, as all questions are answered personally, and not (unless of general interest) through the magazine. Address Professor Allyn, care of The McClure Publications, McClure Building, New York.

Canned Milk a Healthful Product

I AM a subscriber to McClure's and am interested in your articles on Pure Food. Would like to ask if you think condensed milk is as good as the milk brought around in bottles. *I. B. W., Ohio.*

Either evaporated or condensed milk put up by a high-grade firm has the advantage of being clean and free from injurious bacteria. Condensed milk, i.e., milk concentrated with sugar, often contains large numbers of bacteria, although these are seldom of an injurious nature. During the process not enough heat is employed to kill the bacteria; neither does the sugar kill them, although it prevents their activity and growth. Thus you will note the importance of having the milk clean before it enters condensers. Some of the best brands of condensed milk are really sterile. Evaporated milk contains no added sugar and is reduced at a much higher temperature than is the condensed variety. It is usually sterile. You have doubtless seen the dilution directions appearing on the labels. These are required by law and should be carefully followed. There is very little difference in food value between raw and canned milk, especially if the products are of good quality and the dilution carefully followed. If one does not object to the slightly peculiar taste there is no reason why it should not be used freely. Too much of the milk "brought around in bottles" is dirty, contaminated with filth or of low grade. These conditions never obtain in the products of our best milk packers.

Dark Honey Wanted

IF you can recommend a brand of pure, dark amber ripe honey, I will appreciate it. Also please tell me why honey varies so much in color and what its food value is. *D. B., Louisiana.*

To secure honey of the kind you mention, we would suggest that you write the A. I. Root Co., of Medina, Ohio, who are extensive producers of and dealers in high-grade honeys. The color of honey is due largely to flowers from which the nectar is extracted. That from white clover is almost colorless; that from golden rod, buckwheat and various flowering trees, deep yellow to almost black. The food value of honey depends upon its carbonhydrate or sugar content. It is a valuable, readily digested, energy-producing food, giving about 1450 calories per pound.

Diabetic Bread

I AM sending you by this mail, a half loaf of bread, made with the following ingredients:

Three-fourths whole wheat flour, one-fourth bran, dry yeast cake (foam), salt, water, no sugar or sweetening of any kind.

What I would like to know is, what amount of starch and sugar there is in the bread. I am asking this, as I want to know whether this would be a good bread for a diabetic to eat. I am one of the oldest subscribers to McClure's. *J. B., Illinois.*

"Half a loaf is better than no loaf," but for purposes of examination the whole loaf would be better. Your bread contains approximately 32.72% carbonhydrates (starches and sugars).

We are wondering whether you could not enjoy a bread made from soy meal, using this recipe:

Soy meal—three-fourths, whole wheat meal or Graham flour—one-fourth, salt, yeast and water, and shortening if you desire.

The soy meal contains absolutely no starch. Many diabetics are using bread made after this recipe with excellent results. In addition this soy meal can be made into delicious pan cakes or waffles, using the above mentioned proportions of Graham. Soy meal may be procured from:

Loomis Bros., Westfield, Mass.
Waukesha Health Food Co., Waukesha, Wis.
Cereo Co., Tappan, N. Y.
Theodore Metcalf Co., Boston, Mass.
Jireh Food Co., New York, N. Y.

Dope for Epilepsy

I AM a subscriber to McClure's. A few days ago I saw an advertisement of a preparation, a sample of which I am sending in a separate package for analysis. The bottle is one I received from F. Harvey Roof Co., New York. It is a remedy for epilepsy. *J. H. B., Montana.*

The sample labeled "cerebelline," F. Harvey Roof Co., New York, N. Y., is a strong solution of bromides. Both sodium and potassium are present in a weak alcoholic menstruum. It is aromatic and should be administered only under the advice and supervision of an intelligent physician. This stuff may be properly classed as dope.

Aspirin

WILL you please tell me what aspirin tablets for headache contain, and if they are injurious in any way? What action do they have on the heart? I am a subscriber of McClure's. *S. F. V., Montana.*

Aspirin is a compound of acetic acid and salicylic acid. It is at best only a palliative and does not remove most of those causes from which headaches spring. It no doubt affords relief in certain types of neuralgia or neuritis and it is held to be less irritable than several other forms of salicylic acid.

Consult Your Doctor at Once

I READ an article in your "Open Question" page regarding Pneumovita, as a remedy for tuberculosis. I do not have the malady, but am threatened with it and simply cough. Tubercle bacilli to a slight extent have been found. Would this special gum alleviate the cough, and if so, where can it be purchased? *A. S., Pennsylvania.*

To stop a cough with any so-called cough remedies is as bad procedure as it is to stop a headache—both cough and headache are danger signals hung out by Nature to indicate that something is wrong with the human system, and should be adjusted. Your cough would be helped as much by ordinary chewing gum as it would by Pneumovita. It is a silly fake. Such treatment, however, is not to be recommended. Your physician should be consulted.

IMPORTANT: If you wish a sample tested, send the article to be tested in an original, unopened package to Prof. Lewis B. Allyn, McClure Laboratories, Westfield, Mass., with your name and address plainly marked. Where the article itself is not sent, the trade name, the manufacturer's name, and that of the dealer from whom the article was purchased, should be given. For bulk goods, a sufficient quantity should be sent, as well as the name of the dealer from whom purchased, and date of purchase. All applicants for this service should state whether they are readers of or subscribers to McClure's.

Getting In–and Keeping On

Your Part and Mr. Hoover's in the War

by Mabel Dulon Purdy

MR. HOOVER has set himself, or, rather, the American people have imposed upon Mr. Hoover, a stupendous task. Money, men, bread are desperately needed in this war of ours for democracy and liberty. Through successful organization, our gold is now buying clothing and arms for the Allies, our men have responded without a thought of personal sacrifice, but the matter of food has been and is still another problem. Not only because of the ravages of war, but through many ironies of fate, the world today is facing food exhaustion. With the exception of the United States, this food shortage is almost universal — to some extent, and in some products, at least; in the lands of our Allies the food supply is particularly low. Even our own fortunate surplus is not over-bountiful. To produce and give to our Allies the food which their soldiers and their women and their children need but cannot raise, to fairly divide that which our vaster acreage can supply with those who have less and are passing through the cruelest realities of war, is our problem.

That this may be done without sacrificing the health or definite daily needs of our own people, or entirely destroying t e normal balance of food conditions in our own country Mr. Hoover has been appointed as our food advisor and protector, and through him a food administration board established.

According to Mr. Hoover, the hopes of the Food Administration are threefold:

"First, to so guide the trade in the fundamental food commodities as to eliminate vicious speculation, extortion and wasteful practises, and to stabilize prices in the essential staples; second, to guard our exports so that against the world's shortage we retain sufficient supplies for our own people, and to cooperate with the Allies to prevent inflation of prices; and, third, that we stimulate in every manner within our power the saving of our food in order that we may increase exports to our Allies to a point which will enable them to properly provision their armies and to feed their people during the coming winter.

But Mr. Hoover and his board cannot work alone. Again he pleads:

"This war is a struggle to assure the dominance of democracy. Every flag that flies against the Central Powers is by proxy the American flag. Every man in the ranks of the Allies, every woman and child in Europe sacrificing in the maintenance of these men, is fighting in our defense. We have in our abundance and in our waste an ample supply to carry them and ourselves over this next winter without suffering. If we fail, it is because individual American citizens have failed to see and do this loyal and national duty. This is a service in which every man, woman and child in this country may enter.

"There is no royal road to food conservation. It can be accomplished only through sincere daily cooperation in the 20,000,000 kitchens and at the 20,000,000 dinner tables of the United States."

A little less wheat, a little less meat, a little less fat, a little less sugar per person per week — but done in the spirit that makes of every meal a sacrament — and the war is won! After all, when intelligently analyzed, it is really very little — compared to the sacrifice of youth and life so loyally made by the boys in khaki — that we are asked to do. That we do it, however, each and every one of us, consistently on to the very end, is the important issue. Although not as dangerous, our daily food and household sacrifices are just as valuable as any work done on the battlefield.

In the matter of wheat, for instance, one meal a day in every home without wheat bread, wheat pudding, or wheat in any form, and the urgency is met — that pound of wheat per week secured that each American is asked to spare toward the 500,000,000 bushels so piteously needed by our Allies. Is it much for us, as individuals, to do?

In the matter of meat, the simple sacrifice solicited is that we shall neither serve nor eat more than one meal a day with meat — that is all. One day, possibly two, without any meat at all would insure the value of this sacrifice, and to take the place of the meat — which specifically means beef, veal, mutton, lamb, pork and pork products — we can have eggs, poultry, local game and fish, cheese, dried peas and beans as we may please. Is it much to do?

In addition to the concentrated energy value of all fats, and the indispensable growth-producing qualities in animal fats, fats as a whole influence the sensation of hunger in a desirable way. For example, a slice of bread and butter will give greater food satisfaction than a similar slice of bread spread with an equivalent quantity of jam. This is particularly important when applied to the limited rations of those now fighting in the trenches. Fats may be spared for our fat-hungry soldiers by conscientiously eliminating all fat waste on our part, by using a wider variety of fats, and by giving up fried foods and pastries. The less expensive and more abundant vegetable fats may also be wisely substituted for animal fats if the growth-producing elements are obtained from some other source — such as milk, cheese, and green-leaf vegetables. Again, is this much for us to do?

More or less sugar, so long as some compensating form of energy is supplied, is not essential to human nutrition. Sugar is needed in Europe today, however, not only because of definite shortage there, but because it can in a measure supply some of the energy normally obtained from fat. In addition, sugar makes cooking attractive and the psychology of a palatable diet can do much to strengthen the morale of the fighting soldiers. Moreover, sugar is a concentrated food well adapted for shipping. Surely, a little less sugar on our breakfast porridge, a little less in our tea and coffee cups, less candy and soda-water between meals, fewer desserts with sugar, no icings on our cakes, is little enough to ask from us as individuals. If, as a nation, we can further accustom ourselves to the freer use of honey, molasses, and corn and maple syrups to supply the needed sweet taste in our food the sugar craved abroad can be almost assured. Is it much to ask?

The free use of milk will conserve other important staple foods for export. On the other hand, condensed milk in enormous quantities — with butter, if possible — is needed in the hospitals and camps of Europe. Judgment in buying fresh milk on our part, and proper care with no waste in the household will release gallons for shipment in some concentrated form to our fighting brothers. To think, and to be careful, is it much to ask?

To feed our own people as well as our Allies, to do this and at the same time secure for the American consumer price satisfaction in food staples without making the American farmer pay the bill, is the big task which we have asked of Mr. Hoover. If in doing this, he shall also succeed in establishing a closer union between the Government and the people than our political history has ever recorded, in giving the great mass of people that scientific knowledge of foodstuffs now recognized as so important, and in organizing food distribution so that our vast possibilities in food production can materialize and become available without waste and undue costs, he will perform a service to this country far greater than the big favor looked for. To consummate such a service, however, the unselfish cooperation of all individual, business, and professional interests is required. Are we ready to give "for our flag and for our freedom" that cooperation?

For details or further information on food conservation address Editorial Department of McClure's. This service is free to our readers

Send postal for wonderful Roast Turkey Recipe by Marion H. Neil. Useful Kitchen Hanger containing this and 100 other recipes, free from Lea & Perrins, 241 West St., New York.

Roast Ham Recipe—Wash and soak large ham 48 hours in sufficient water to cover. Cover entirely with dough made of flour and water. Bake slowly 5 hours. Remove crust and skin and score it. Mix together 1 quart stale bread, 2¼ cups milk, soak 30 minutes; add 1½ tablespoons Lea & Perrins Sauce, 2 beaten eggs, salt and pepper to taste. Fill openings with forcemeat and bake 1 hour. Serve hot with currant jelly. This ham is excellent cold.—Marion H. Neil.

THANKSGIVING is a time when the delights of feasting seem in the very air. This makes it a good time to get acquainted with the rare, old-time relish—Lea & Perrins Sauce. ¶ Have a Thanksgiving Dinner this year that will be better, tastier and more wholesome than ever before. Use Lea & Perrins in the oyster-cocktail sauce, in the soup, the entree, the turkey dressing—in the gravy and in the salad dressing. See for yourself how its lively piquancy brings out the taste of things.

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Two Wives — *Continued from page 15*

glanced up and saw a gleam of uneasiness in his steady tired eyes. She shrank a little.

"You have no relatives living?" he asked.

"None that I care about," she said. She swallowed sharply. "They're scattered—gone West. We lost track of them."

"Oh. . . . Then do you intend to stay here?"

"For a while—if Joe wants me."

"I'll take care of Joe." Though the voice was low it had an anxious, jealous note which made her shiver slightly.

"There's the child," she replied.

"Why not take it away?" he asked. "Joe never cared for it, did he? Do you think it has been happy here?"

And at that she could have struck him! At her glare he turned away.

"Forgive me. Of course I—should not have said that." A pause. "Nor talked of your plans. I'm not myself. Sorry for Joe. Forgive me." He turned away from her, frowning. "I'll see to everything," he said, and she heard him leave the apartment.

And all the rest of the day and the night and through the morning which followed, no one else came but professional men, and Mrs. Carr. She came and went; and her voice grew familiar—hard, intrusive, naked. And the thought kept rising in Ethel's mind, like a flash of revelation in all the storm and blackness:

"This kind of woman was Amy's best friend!"

The funeral was soon over, and of its ugly details only a few remained in her mind. She had a glimpse of Amy's face down in the handsome coffin, and at the sight she turned away with a swift pang of self-reproach. "I shouldn't have let Fanny do that!" Fanny had dressed her sister.

She remembered the low respectful voice of the building superintendent: "There's an afternoon tea on the floor below, so the coffin and the funeral guests had better go down by the freight elevator."

She gave a strained little laugh at that and asked herself, "I wonder when I'll cry?"

The preacher, a tall kindly young man, came in and seemed about to speak; but after a look at her face he stopped. He came from a church two blocks away. Joe and Amy had never been to his church, and it was Nourse who had brought him here. Nourse had learned of him from the undertaker.

Several boxes of flowers came.

Later from a milliner's shop two pretty autumn hats arrived.

The guests began arriving—silent, awkward strangers—ten or twelve.

She heard the nurse come in with Susette and take her back to the nursery.

There was no music.

At last the silence was broken by the minister's low voice. Thank heaven that was kindly. He was brief, and yet too long; for from the apartment one flight below, before he had finished, the festive throb of a little orchestra was heard.

He prayed just a minute or two.

Then they followed the coffin out into the hall and back and down by the freight elevator.

A motor hearse was waiting below.

When the burial was over, she came home alone with Joe. She sat in the living-room watching his face, while the dusk grew mercifully deep. Then she made him eat some supper and take something to make him sleep. And later in her own small room she lay on her bed, disheveled, tearless, her mind stunned, her feelings queer and uneven, now surging up, now cold and still.

"Where has she gone? What do I know? . . . What do I believe? Where is God? . . . What is life? What am I here for?"

With a pang she recalled the town in Ohio where she and Amy had been born, and her thoughts went drifting for a while. Pictures floated in and out, pictures of her life at home. She was hungry for them now, the old stays and firm supports, the old frame house, her father and the God in the yellow church, the quiet river, the high school and that friendly group of eager girl companions, with work, discussions, young ideals, plans and dreams of life and love. . . . All up by the roots in a few swift weeks!

"Shall I go back?" she asked herself. "Do I want to go—now that Dad is dead, and most of the girls have gone away, scattered all over the country?" Again she lapsed. "I'm too dull to think." She let the pictures drift again. Church sociables, a Christmas tree, dances, suppers and buggy rides, picnics by the river. How small and very far away and trivial they now appeared. All had pointed toward New York. "Go back and marry, settle down? Do I want to? No. And anyhow, there's Joe and Susette. My place is right here—and I'm going to stay. But what is it going to mean to me? What do I want in this city now?"

In the turmoil, startled, she looked about her for a purpose, some ideal. But the old beliefs seemed dim; the new ones, garish and confused. She recalled those faces of Amy's friends. "Yes, cheap and tough, for all their clothes!" Or was it just this ghastly time that had made them all appear so?

Again she thought of her sister dead.

"Oh, Amy—Amy! Where have you gone?"

And at last, quite suddenly, the tears came, and she huddled and shook on her bed.

Chapter V

SHE slept that night exhausted, woke up early the next morning and lay motionless on her bed: at first staring bewildered about the room, and then, with a sharp contraction of her brows and a quick breath, looking intently up at the ceiling. A vigilant look crept into her eyes, for at once instinctively she was on guard against letting the feelings of yesterday rise.

"What a selfish little beast I've been! Did I help in the funeral? Not a bit. Did I comfort poor Joe? Not at all. I was occupied wholly with my own morbid little soul. Now we're going to stiffen up, and try to be of some use to Joe, and do as Amy would have liked." She began to tremble suddenly. "No, we're not going to think of her! It's dangerous! Be practical! To begin with, I must clear things up. I'll have a little talk with Joe. Poor Joe—it's going to be pretty dreadful. I'll stick by him, though, and I've got to learn how to keep him from going out of his mind." More staring at the ceiling. "One thing I know. I shan't wear black. Amy detested mourning, and Joe will see life black enough as it is. . . . Thank Heaven there's the housekeeping to do. That shall run smoothly if it kills me! . . . All right, now suppose we get out of bed."

About an hour later, from behind Amy's silver coffee pot, Ethel had her talk with Joe. She felt ill, but she bit her lips and smiled. She had dressed her hair becomingly and had donned a blue silk waist, one of the countless pretty things that she had bought with Amy. Her brown eyes had a resolute brightness.

"We'll have to help each other," she said. "And there's Susette to be thought of. The best way, I guess, is not to try to do much planning ahead just now. But I'd like to stay here if you want me, Joe. There's no other place where I want to be."

He gave her a grateful, tired smile. His hair was a bit disheveled, and over his blunt, kindly face had come a haggard, lost expression. His voice was low:

"Thank you, Ethel—you're a brick. I want you here at first, God knows. Later I'll try to fix things so that you can feel more free. You're only a kid, with a life of your own. It's a big city, you know, and you'll find your place."

He stared over at the window, where the sun was streaming in.

"Another cup of coffee, Joe?"

"No, thanks." He rose slowly, and added, "Let's go now to—Amy's desk—and fix up the housekeeping part of it."

Later he said, "I'll see the nurse and the other two maids and tell 'em they're to take orders from you." He paused a moment. "And, Ethel—if you're to stay here, I want it to be as nearly like it was as I can." He gave a wincing frown. "I mean on the money side," he said. "I'll give you a check the first of the month. You'll need things of your own, of course—as Amy did. I want it just like that."

"Thank you, dear." She saw a muscle in his cheek suddenly begin to twitch, and she thought, "It won't be easy."

When Joe left for his office, she went with him to the door.

She turned at once to the housekeeping. Her talks with the waitress and the cook left her both a little relieved and a good deal disappointed. For there seemed to be nothing for her to do; she was made to feel that things would run best with the least possible interference. She learned with surprise that hitherto the cook had done all the ordering.

"All I need to know is how many is coming," said the cook.

"There won't be anyone for a while."

"Then it's very simple, ma'am." On the woman's face was a look which said, "Just you keep out of my kitchen."

It was the same in her talk with the nurse. That tall gaunt creature briefly explained that "Mrs. Lanier bought clothes Spring and Fall, and then she left the child to me. I go out every Thursday and every other Sunday — afternoon and evening. Lucy the waitress takes my place. I have the doctor's telephone, and if the child's sick, I know what to do. The rest of the time I've managed alone." She looked around in a jealous way and asked, "I suppose you'll want things as before?"

"Yes, for the present," Ethel said. She felt the woman glance at her sharply as she turned toward the door.

She went into her sister's room, sat down and had a little cry. But the sunlight was streaming in through the pretty chintz curtains there; and its softness and its ease, its luxury and blithe content, stole into her spirit and quieted her. She sat looking about.

"What is there for me to do?"

It came over her that the cook and the nurse could tell her just about what they pleased. She had no means of checking them up, for Amy had never talked of such things. It had all been pretty clothes and shops, in those gay exciting weeks, and shrewd counsel about men and what it was they wanted of women. How appallingly shallow and meaningless those conversations now appeared! They gave no comfort or support. The remembrance of the terror in Amy's eyes at the thought of death rose vividly in Ethel's mind, and she got up and walked the floor.

"We'll fight this down — we'll fight this down," she kept repeating determinedly. And as soon as she was quiet again: "What is there for me to do? Why, Joe, of course — and heaven knows he'll be enough. He's the hardest kind; he doesn't cry; he keeps it all inside of him." She drew a deep breath. "How about this room?" She frowned and looked around her. "No, I don't think he wants anything changed. For the present at least, I'll leave it alone. But he ought not to be reminded of her by every little thing he sees."

She looked into the closets. In Joe's she found some of Amy's things. She put them back in her sister's closet and then gently closed the door. As she stood there a moment longer, she had a curious feeling of Amy's presence by her side.

"Now, my dear, we'd better go out for a walk," she told herself as she turned away. But she threw a glance behind her.

IN the weeks that followed she and Joe were more intensely *alone* together than she could have imagined.

At first a few of Amy's friends kept dropping in every now and then. But although their intentions were kindly enough, Ethel felt repelled by them. She resented their having been Amy's friends. For swiftly and quite unconsciously, in her resolute groping in the dark for solid ground on which to stand, she was building up an ideal of her sister — and these women jarred on that. They came to her direct from a world, her sister's world, which she now vaguely felt to be cheap, shallow, disillusioning. And she needed her illusions. By nature frank to bluntness, she was not good at hiding dislikes; and her uneasy visitors soon realized with relief that they were not wanted here.

Fanny Carr still came for a time. For some reason that Ethel could not understand, this shrewd person seemed reluctant to let go her hold as a friend. She was most solicitous about Joe and tried to come when he was at home. But as Ethel's dislike of the woman deepened in intensity, gradually Fanny's visits, too, grew less frequent and finally ceased.

During the first week or two, Joe's partner almost every night came home with him to dinner and took him out for evening walks. But his talk was all of business. It seemed to Ethel that purposely Nourse shut her out of the conversation. His manner to her, though not unkind, was like that of the cook and the nurse. "The less you meddle here," it said, "the better it will be for Joe. Leave him to me."

Gleams of this feeling came in his eyes. It showed now and then so openly that even Joe took notice. He stopped bringing his partner home, and he drew to Ethel now, as together they cherished the memory of the woman who was gone.

And slowly in this companionship, this loneliness, this quiet, Joe grew very real to her, and appealing in his grief. Everything else seemed so remote — but he was close. "He needs me." It was a bright spot in the dark. At times this darkness had no end; it stretched away to eternity; but at least she did not face it alone. Of Joe's grief she could have no doubt. Each week his blunt strong features displayed more lines of suffering; his high cheek-bones showed hard and grim. He was grateful, affectionate at times, but more often silent, and she saw in his eyes what frightened her. He had so few resources here. In his office was his work, just as it had always been; but at home there was nothing; his wife was gone, and he seemed restless to get out.

"Let's go somewhere," he would mutter. She went with him for a stroll in the evenings. Often they walked on and on till both were ready to drop with fatigue, but she stuck doggedly by his side. One evening they passed the open door of a church. It was lighted, and the deep low rumble of an organ floated out. Joe stopped a moment irresolute, and then started to go inside. But a glance through the door revealed to him that the church was nearly empty; and he turned away as he would have turned from any show on Broadway which was so obviously not a hit.

"Sometimes on Sunday mornings I seem to hear 'em, preachers, droning and shouting all over the land," he told her once. "What's in it? What do they know about God or where you go when you are dead? Nothing; no more than you or I!"

His voice was harsh and bitter then, but the next instant it was kind. With his arm about her he was saying:

"Don't, Ethel — please — don't take it like that! I was a brute! I won't again! I'll keep it inside! I'm sorry, dear!"

"Oh, Joe," she whispered, "if we only knew!"

So these two faced eternity.

But only at moments. They looked away. For she saw how good it was for Joe to have the distractions that he craved; and so on their long walks at night she took him to gay noisy streets, or into the movies, where his mind appeared to stop and find some rest. Best of all, she discovered, was to go with him in the small car which he used for his business. Driving this car through crowded streets amid a clamor and blare of horns and shouts and peals of laughter, the look in Joe's eyes made Ethel see how this dulled his grief, how he lost himself and his questionings and became a mere part of the town. What a glamorous, seething town! There was something terrific to her in its laugh. If you stopped to think and ask yourself, "What are we all doing here?" how soon it jostled you back into line!

So passed another fortnight. Then Joe grew quieter, and with relief she saw he was ready to stay at home. She herself felt tired and relaxed; and it was good to sit at home on those December evenings and feel that both had partly emerged from the sea of doubts in which they had been plunged. He had come out of it, she soon learned, with an image of his wife that even Ethel vaguely felt was swiftly becoming so ideal as to have little or no resemblance to the woman who had died. But eagerly she helped him in this building of Amy's memory. She dwelt upon Amy's appealing side, her lovable moods, her beauty and dash, her unerring instinct for pretty things, her unselfishness, her anxious planning for Ethel's good and the building of her happiness.

And all this fitted in so well with the picture Joe was making of the wife who had been so true to him, who had never had a thought or a wish for anything but his career. How cheerfully she had given up all sorts of pleasures, trips abroad, a house in the country, summer vacations. Year after year she had spent the hot months almost wholly in town because he could not afford to leave, although she herself had had many chances to go to friends in the mountains or up along the seashore. Instead she had stayed with him in town, and in the evenings always she had been waiting, good-humored and gay, ready to stay home or go out; with never a word of complaint for the delay of

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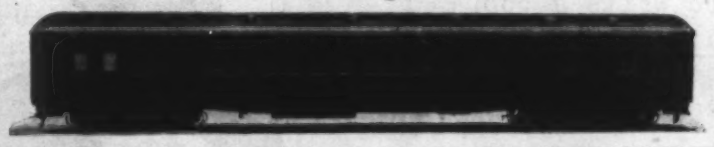

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his prosperity, but only encouragement and praise.

At times, as Joe talked on and on in this mood of hungry, wistful love and humility and self-reproach, Ethel would bring herself back with a jerk to the Amy she had known; but again she would feel herself borne along upon the tide of his belief, and she was glad that it was so. So the picture grew. Nor was it only when they talked. For often in long silences, when she thought he was reading his paper, she would glance up from her book and find him staring into the past. And again at the piano, smoking and playing idly, his music made her realize how his mind was groping back through the years, picking and choosing here and there what he needed to build up his ideal.

This music at times made her curious, wondering what kind of man he had been before Amy took him in hand.

"Where did you learn to play like that, Joe?"

He frowned a little. "Oh, long ago."

He did not seem to care to go back of his marriage. So Ethel let him continue his building; and though at times she smiled a little at some of his fond recollections, still her own deep adoration of her older sister, the whirl of happy memories of that vivid month in town, and the sense of all that Amy had been planning to do for her, combined now with her desperate loneliness to put Ethel in a mood where she gladly and loyally believed almost anything good of her sister.

Christmas was only one example of many similar incidents. They had a small Christmas tree for Susette, and they hung up her stocking as well, and went out Christmas Eve and bought candy canes and dogs and dolls and picture books. And although this was Ethel's idea, it was made to appear as only the thing which Amy would have done had she lived.

So in these two hungry souls, groping for something bright and deep and strong upon which they could live, swiftly and unawares to them the picture of Amy was stamped deep, idealized and beautified. In life it had been fascinating, but now it was almost heroic as well. It was as though the small gloved hand, which Ethel had noticed so many times, in death had increased the power of its light, firm, tenacious hold.

ETHEL began to feel more free, for Joe was no longer on her mind. More than once, in fact, she was surprised at the way he seemed to be settling down. She felt a deeper change in him, something she did not understand. The worn, harassed expression she had so often seen on his face while his wife had been alive, the look of a man driven and drained of his vitality, was now gone and in its place was an unconscious look of content. He often stayed very late at the office; and more and more in his evenings at home he went to his desk and became absorbed in documents and blue-print plans.

"What a refuge a man's business is!" she thought with a twinge of envy.

And wistfully she began to look about for some resource for herself. She felt the youth within her rise, but the city seemed so vast and strange. In her loneliness the big building of which her present home was a part, seemed doubly huge, impersonal, hard; and so did every other building on that block appear to her. She felt lost, left out amid ceaseless tides of gaiety on every hand.

She took long, determined walks, and on these walks she donned the smart, attractive clothes that she had bought with Amy. She strove to keep her mind on the sights, the faces of people afoot and in cars, the adorable things in shop windows. And she chatted busily to herself in order to keep on admiring. This habit of soliloquy had grown upon her unawares, as a refuge from her loneliness. Sometimes she even talked aloud. Sturdily she told herself:

"You've only begun. You'll get up out of this, Ethel Knight — just wait. Can't you give a few months to Amy now?"

And scowling at her "morbidness" in feeling dreary and forlorn, she resolutely scanned the papers for news of lectures, plays and concerts. She went to a few in the afternoons, and dressed for them as carefully as though they were great social affairs. And in the intermissions when a buzz of talk would rise, she would begin with quick animation to converse with herself and be gay, or alert and argumentative. Her lips would move inaudibly. Now and then she would brightly smile and nod across the house at some friend she pretended to have seen. She enrolled for a course of lectures upon "Mental Science." She resumed her reading of magazines and books on all kinds of topics. It made her think of high-school days, and eagerly she reached back for that old zest and inquisitiveness about everything under the moon and stars that goes on in these teeming modern times.

And through this searching she caught hints of the presence in the city of a life wider and deeper than shops, and yet not antagonistic — a life of gaiety, grace and ease, but with it all the brilliancy to which Amy had been blind: the rich ferment of new ideas in women's lives, discussions, work of many kinds, art, music, "movements" all combined into one warm, thrilling, pulsing whole. And again she felt within herself that rising tide of youth and eager vitality.

"Oh, what couldn't I do, my dear, if I only had a chance? Why doesn't somebody see it at once — notice me now, right here on the street? You, madam, in that limousine — look out and see me — don't go by! You're losing the chance of a lifetime. You're missing me — me — Ethel Knight!"

As the woman in her car sped smoothly by, Ethel suddenly laughed aloud. But her laugh too had a dangerous note, and she added fiercely, biting her lip:

"Now don't be silly and burst into tears!"

"Ma'am?" said a voice.

She stopped with a jerk and looked up into the startled eyes of a massive young policeman. Her last remark had been spoken directly up into his face, and the youth was blushing visibly.

"Oh!" she gasped. "Excuse me!"

"Certainly, ma'am."

And she hurried on.

This loneliness lasted several weeks. Then Joe grew vaguely aware of it, and came to her assistance with awkward efforts to comfort her. He was at home more often at night. His gruff voice took on a kindlier tone, and in a blunt, off-hand manner intended to seem casual he would ask where she had been that day or what book she was reading. And they would discuss it for a while. He took her to the theatre and to a concert now and then. They went for rides at night in his car, and he talked to her about his work. She could feel his anxious friendliness. "What a dear he is to me," she thought.

As time went on this companionship grew so natural to them both that more than once Ethel felt in herself a content which made her a little uneasy. As in his blunt, kindly way Joe drew closer to her now, she had an awkward consciousness of being in her sister's place. No, not that exactly. Still, she did not care to think of it. She kept out of Amy's room. It had subtly changed and become Joe's room — to her mind at least — though by little things he said and did she knew that Joe was keeping that idealized image of his wife still warm and living in his mind.

But was he — altogether? At times she would frown a bit. Joe loyal? Yes, of course he was, she would indignantly declare. In a novel Ethel had once read, the hero who had lost his wife had taken his grief in this same silent way; and the author had laid it down as a law that all quiet widowers are the kind who never marry again.

This thought had taken root somewhere in the subconscious part of her mind; and she applied it now to Joe. He was so plainly loyal still.

Soon at his suggestion she began to use some of Amy's things. One night when they were going out, he helped her slip into her sister's soft luxurious sable cloak. And as she turned she detected a queerly *uncertain* look in Joe's eyes. But in an instant it was gone, and she soon dismissed her uneasiness. For through the week that followed he became engrossed in his business and barely noticed her at all.

[*To be continued*]

Gertrude Atherton, America's greatest woman novelist, has written a complete novel, "The White Morning," which will open the December McClure's. It is a sensation

Is It Treason? — *Continued from page 22*

did not favor this plan. *He thought it involved a violation of the right of free speech.*

But how about Philadelphia? Why must New York City be thrown into riot and turmoil for the want of a remedy that keeps Philadelphia quiet and peaceful? Is the right of free speech less sacred on the Delaware than on the Hudson? Can anyone seriously maintain that the right of free speech justifies pro-Germans in attacking this nation or the allies of this nation in a war for world liberty? That is a monstrous contention and will be denied by the overwhelming voice of the American people. By no ingenuity of alien enemies can the Constitution be twisted about so as to legalize treason or near-treason against the United States. Back of all laws and all constitutions are fundamental principles of equity and common sense and, on these, when treason threatens, the American people will uncompromisingly stand without too much regard for judicial niceties or legal technicalities. The point is that *we must win this war against Germany or see the whole structure of world-democracy imperiled!*

Does anyone imagine that Abraham Lincoln, if he were alive today, would approve of giving free rein to pro-German orators, agitators and plotters in America through fear of some Constitutional bogey? *NO!* Lincoln would proceed to guard this nation in its peril by all means in his power, and the American people *will do the same!*

I am told that this very question of doing some necessary but unconstitutional thing came up during the Civil War and that Mr. Lincoln, answering violent criticism, declared that he would not hesitate to break one clause of the Constitution if, by so doing, he could save the entire nation from destruction.

In this emergency Mayor Mitchel presently cut the Gordian knot and, in a long letter to Commissioner Woods (August 24th) he made this important and patriotic ruling: that *the New York police shall arrest street orators who indulge in public blackguarding of our ally Great Britain.*

As the days passed the disorder at these New York street meetings increased, partly through newspaper publicity, partly because the feelings of both sides in this free-speech controversy were more and more deeply stirred. On several evenings there were riots in Broadway.

Against this national menace the New York Vigilance Corps rendered real service. Day after day, night after night these patriotic volunteers went forth by twos or threes or in larger groups, each group covering a certain district of the city, listening to speeches, gathering evidence of treason or near-treason and, when the facts warranted it, making arrests or requesting police officers to make arrests. Their reports to the American Defense Society gave interesting and important information.

The New York Vigilance Corps volunteers formed themselves into street patrol squads under patrol leaders for the purpose of attending treasonable street meetings and of demanding the arrest of treasonable orators. Also into groups of men and women speakers whose duty it is to organize and conduct loyal and patriotic street meetings, thus fighting fire with fire.

Patrol leaders were instructed (with the approval of the Mayor and the police authorities) to order the arrest of street orators for the following offenses: (1) Insults to the President of the United States. (2) Propaganda against our national policy of military service. (3) Public blackguarding of Great Britain or any ally of America in our war against Germany.

One night when we were trying to break up a pro-German meeting at Broadway and Thirty-seventh Street I had as a companion a man, strong as Sandow, and somehow, it seems, he was mistaken for me.

"There's Moffett! Get him!" shouted someone in the hostile crowd.

And, straightway, a menacing hand shot forward.

"What d'ye want to wear that d—— thing for?" snarled an angry voice, and fingers reached for a little American flag in colored stones that my companion wore on his coat lapel.

My friend's hand came up quietly and caught the man's thumb, so quietly that I did not know what happened.

"Oh, yes," laughed "Sandow" afterwards, "his thumb dislocated at the second joint — just a slight turn. He ought not to have insulted the flag."

During another street encounter we found ourselves, a little group of half a dozen, overwhelmed by a hostile crowd of several thousand; whereupon we created a diversion by suddenly shouting:

"*Three cheers for the Stars and Stripes!*"

The crowd responded loyally.

"*Three cheers for the President of the United States!*"

Again the crowd responded.

"*Three cheers for our allies in the war against Germany!*"

But now there was no response except hisses, curses, blows.

The lesson here is so obvious that one is almost driven to the conclusion that these street-speaking "Friends of Irish Freedom" must be either German dupes or German supporters. I do not refer to thousands of loyal Irish or Irish-Americans in this country who would be glad to fight for Irish freedom at the right time, in the right way and sincerely, but not at the wrong time, in the wrong way and insincerely.

It was on this trying night that a certain rich man, quiet, cultured, conservative, proved his devoted Americanism by venturing into the thick of the fray, amid blows and curses, and there he stood lifting his voice with the bravest at the rallying cry for the flag. Every community has such men, heroes whose heroism is, perhaps, unsuspected, until the emergency calls it forth.

From the first we had trouble with spies, members of hostile, un-American or pro-German organizations who enrolled in the Vigilance Corps with show of loyalty and came to our meetings for no other purpose than to discover what our purposes were and try to thwart them.

A fat little fellow with greasy skin and vehement manner actually succeeded in getting himself appointed one of six delegates to break up a seditious street meeting; then he betrayed the presence of the Vigilance Corps in the crowd to disloyal speakers who straightway put a soft pedal on their oratory, thus giving no occasion for their arrest.

Another individual appeared at my house in the rôle of a reformed Germany spy who desired to reveal German secrets of vast importance. Reformed! How long would he stay reformed?

I mention these things so that patriotic organizers of Vigilance Corps in other cities (urgently needed) may take warning and carefully investigate the credentials of *all* applicants, since it is impossible to know under what plausible exterior treason may be lurking.

If all American cities containing disloyal or semi-hostile elements in the population will organize their own Vigilance Corps, it is evident that various treasonable influences throughout this land, too leniently dealt with thus far, will soon be held in check. I am authorized to add that the American Defense Society, 303 Fifth Avenue, New York City, will gladly assist in various ways, perhaps financially, in the formation and maintenance of other Vigilance Corps in other American cities. There should be a great national organization to fight treason, to stamp out "the sinister intrigue" to which President Wilson refers.

AND so my patriotic adventure ends. Let us older men remember (and women, too) that in a few years the white souls of a million dead soldiers, American lads, our dear sons, will be speaking to us from their graves on the battlefields of Europe, asking what we did over here to stand behind them, what we did over here for the cause of world liberty.

Was it merely a matter of talking? Was it merely a matter of signing checks and folding bandages, of cold business efficiency? Is that all? Did we face no personal danger? Did we suffer no personal inconvenience? In what way did we actually, *with our own bodies*, get into the trenches of sedition here, into the foul and slimy labyrinths of treachery and disunion that are spreading and burrowing here into the heart of this nation? That is what the white souls of a million American lads, our sons, will be asking from their graves on the battlefields of Europe. And we must answer them. God, let us answer worthily.

The Instant Summons

"Instant, through copse and heath, arose
Bonnets and spears and bended bows;

* * * * *

As if the yawning hill to heaven
A subterranean host had given."

The whistled summons of Roderick Dhu, the hero of Scott's "Lady of the Lake," caused his Highland warriors literally to spring from the earth. Ere the echo died away, from behind bush and rock emerged the loyal and ready clansmen. In armed silence they awaited their chieftain's bidding and typified his might.

Today the Commander-in-Chief of our nation's armed forces and the resources behind them, can, by lifting the telephone receiver, instantaneously set in motion all the vast machinery of warfare, munitions, transportation and food conservation.

Like the Scottish mountaineers, the American people must stand in loyal readiness to perform any service in furtherance of the nation's high aim. Such a spirit of co-operation and sacrificing of individual interests can alone make certain the accomplishment of the great task to which our country is committed.

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Write for Booklet P. 18, "Bathrooms of Character." It shows the better way of bathroom arrangement.

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World's Largest Makers of Fine All-Clay Plumbing Fixtures

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The Inner Story of New York

[*Continued from page 27*]

in the metropolis at present are really insignificant beside the ever-lurking dangers of disease. Every time I go through the amazing East Side I marvel that all the millions of people can live together and escape annihilating waves of plague. The task of Health Commissioner Haven Emerson seems prodigious. The Army he must continually fight is made up of myriads of germs that work day and night to undermine New York. At the laboratories of the Health Department you can find billions and billions of them in captivity, ranging from smallpox to whooping cough. I imagine that none of us in New York could long survive except for the science and strategy of the men who give battle to this vast but skulking enemy.

One of the hobbies of Commissioner Emerson is the prevention of disease through educational campaigns. He has induced a number of advertisers to contribute some of their street-car and poster space to teaching people the value of sanitary methods. For example, the care of the teeth. One successful piece of advertising was a chart that showed how the death rate was highest in January and February, when windows were closed, and how it came down steadily and was lowest in the summer months; and then how it rose again.

Another piece of copy that pulled in an extraordinary way was a graph indicating how pneumonia deaths decreased when the city ordered the windows of the subway cars opened.

Probably few cities realize what can be done in public benefit work through advertising. New York has awakened to the mighty power of "space," skilfully used. The Health Department, in an effort to offset the fraudulent advertising of medical quacks, undertook a campaign in one of the offending newspapers. This publication had been the special medium of a horde of alleged venereal specialists, who preyed on continual thousands of persons and opened the way for untold suffering among succeeding generations of innocent people. The department ran its own advertisements, offering free advice in its Wassermann clinic, conducted in the big Health Department building on Center Street. The result was that quack advertising was literally driven out of this newspaper.

Many thousands of sufferers have turned to the city for counsel; and although the clinic does not give treatment it directs its patients to reputable physicians.

One of the latest extensions of the city's health activities is the examination of bakers, peddlers, and other handlers of food, for communicable diseases. The department now has on its list the names of thirty-odd carriers of typhoid, some of whom were confectioners and grocers. For the good of the people they were forced to give up these occupations and become martyrs. They are kept under surveillance, and in some cases helped financially. The story of this unhappy group is one of New York's shadows. In this work twenty thousand examinations have been made.

Surveys have been made within the last three years of several hundred lodging houses, five thousand barber shops, four thousand roof tanks, ten thousand stables, and of various inland dumping grounds. In forty-five hundred instances conditions were found that needed correction. Surveys were also made of office-buildings, laundries, private schools, department stores, river baths, horse troughs, theatres, street cars and restaurants. Nine thousand acres of salt marshes in Brooklyn and on Staten Island have been drained to exterminate mosquitoes. All well and spring water sold in bottles has been analyzed, and bacteriological examinations made of oysters. In the Bureau of Laboratories ninety per cent of the work of the chemists is the analyses of samples of foods and drugs.

The department requires all milk for human consumption to be pasteurized, except about one per cent that is produced under ideal conditions. Efforts are made to get all infants in the poorer districts under milk-station supervision, and mothers are encouraged to bring their babies for physical examinations. "Baby Week" was instituted to stimulate the proper care of infants and to further prenatal work. In this latter task a special corps of nurses is engaged who supervise thousands of cases. The department publishes informing articles in foreign-language papers, and there is a Little Mothers' League for the education of girls in these matters.

In some lines of health work there is a follow-up to keep the history of discharged patients after leaving the hospitals. In this way valuable information is secured bearing on the methods of treatment. Thus quarantine periods for various contagious diseases have been reduced. The quarantine for scarlet fever has been cut from forty-two to thirty days, except under certain conditions.

An elaborate mapping system, with stick pins, shows the neighborhoods where deaths and disease of different types are more prevalent, and detailed statistics of infant mortality are tabulated according to area, nationality, institutions and private dwellings. Studies of the Schick test have proved its value in locating persons particularly susceptible to diphtheria among the employees and patients in hospitals.

For anemic children there are open-air rooms at the top of some of the schools. In the parks lessons are conducted out in the open, even in winter. During the noon hour you may see such sickly children resting on cots, snugly wrapped up.

A dietician is in charge of the kitchens and dining-rooms of all city hospitals, and to recruit these executives and secure teachers there is a Training School for Dieticians.

The city is now experimenting with a system of unit health administration, in which the great town is divided into districts each comprising perhaps fifty thousand persons. Each of these will be a sort of clearing-house for health information. An anemic child, suppose, is discovered through the milk station in the basement of such a center. This information is taken upstairs to the visiting nurses, and perhaps reported to other divisions of city welfare work. It is hoped that in a few years each center will have a manager in charge of health.

SOME twenty-three thousand children are wards of the city of New York. The recently organized Children's Home Bureau is both father and mother to these youngsters, though many of them have parents living. Indeed, hundreds of sick or poverty-stricken parents bring their children to the bureau's headquarters in Brooklyn, and relinquish them either temporarily or for good.

It is not very long since New York turned all its foster children over to private institutions. I shall not repeat much of the story of the investigation instituted by Mayor Mitchel and Commissioner of Charities John E. Kingsbury. It revealed some awful conditions. Some of the institutions were of the sort Dickens told us about in England. Some were unspeakably filthy, and others, though comparatively clean, lacked ideals. Child-caring institutions were found where children sat at the table on backless benches, dressed in ugly eating-aprons and forbidden to utter a word. They ate with tin spoons from agate dishes. Institutions were discovered where the children never had even one toy. Under guise of vocational training, children were kept at bedmaking and kitchen and laundry work.

There is a new philosophy of caring for New York's great family of children who are boarded in institutions. The humiliating uniform is no more, and there are tablecloths, napkins and decent dishes. I saw scores of little ones apparently happy in their institutional homes.

Today they are directed in reading, hiking, nature study; and they have self-government clubs, and Big Brother and Big Sister movements. There is competent vocational training—in domestic science, millinery, and, for the older ones, stenography and typewriting.

But New York has gone further than this, and as rapidly as possible is finding temporary homes for its children in private families. The Children's Home Bureau at present is placing its wards, mostly between the ages of two and seven, at the rate of fifteen hundred a year. It pays three dollars a week for each child, and employs fifteen visitors who spend their time inspecting these homes. Children of the same families are not separated but are placed in homes that have the necessary facilities. In many instances four and five children of a family are boarded out

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A few drops of Freezone loosen corns or calluses so they peel off

Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a callus. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a tiny bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Small bottles can be had at any drug store in the United States or Canada.

The Edward Wesley Co., Cincinnati, O.

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You CAN do it in a dignified, simple way in the privacy of your room and surprise your family and friends.

I KNOW you can, because I've reduced 35,000 women from 20 to 85 lbs., and what I have done for so many I can do for you.

Don't reduce by drugs or diet alone. You'll look old if you do. You should have work adapted to your condition.

No woman need carry one pound of excess fat. It is so simple to weigh what you should, and you enjoy the process. My cheerful letters and your scales keep you enthused.

I build your vitality, strengthen your heart and teach you how to stand, walk and breathe correctly, as I reduce you.

Don't endure fat when it is so easy to reduce.

If you send me your height and weight I'll tell you just what you should weigh. No charge—and I'll send you an illustrated booklet FREE, showing you how to stand correctly. Write me. I will respect your confidence.

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together. While waiting to be placed, the youngsters are kept in a city shelter.

Many applications come in from families who wish to board children, but so rigid is the inspection that out of four thousand applicants only three hundred and ten were accepted.

The bureau is quite overwhelmed with demands for children for adoption, especially for babies. Childless couples are eager to take even unknown babies, with scarcely a question; but most of them want girls. The boy waif is not popular.

One day I visited this bureau and saw some twenty children in the clinic, going through medical tests. The work that New York is doing to discover disease in these little ones, and to remedy their physical defects, must have tremendous influence for health in the coming generations.

New York's foundlings go to make up another story — one which gives us a disturbing glimpse of the vastness of the metropolis and the depths of its troubles. Until Commissioner Kingsbury revolutionized methods, anyone could take a baby to the New York Foundling Hospital, a private institution, and leave it without being questioned. Then it automatically became a charge on the city. Of the ten thousand unwelcome waifs that annually became the foster babies of New York, nearly two thousand came without credentials and without names. Some were found wailing in doorways about New York; but most of them arrived with the continual procession of veiled women, who deposited their burdens in the arms of silent nurses and walked out, unknown. Many of them undoubtedly came from other states, but New York took up the load. This is no longer possible.

The famous old city morgue on Twenty-sixth Street at the East River has gone the way of many other hideous relics of the political régime. There is now a modern mortuary three blocks to the northward, on the grounds of Bellevue Hospital. In the grafting days there was private traffic in the unknown dead. A ring of morgue ghouls sold bodies for five dollars and up, and buried empty boxes. They also conducted a perpetual museum, where for a fee — varying according to the element of curiosity involved — the dead were exhibited to the morgue visitors.

The present Department of Charities had a morgue housecleaning, and not one of the old employees remains. Moreover, the city mortuary is now on a dignified and sympathetic basis, with a chapel. More than seventy thousand persons go to this distressing place in a year, looking for the bodies of friends or relatives. Last year fifteen thousand bodies were received here.

The Department of Charities cares for nearly forty thousand sick and dependent persons at one time, and spends ten million dollars a year on them.

Out on Staten Island the city has a curious farm colony for vagrants — two thousand men and women. We may ponder the fact that among them are ministers, doctors, lawyers, and erstwhile merchants and statesmen. More pleasing is the thought that here are cottages where destitute old men and their wives can live together, in groups of fifteen couples, for the rest of their lives. This is another innovation of New York City government, for until recently these pathetic old couples were separated when they became city charges.

Many of the down-and-outs at this colony are recruited from the Municipal Lodging House. Formerly the man who showed up there more than three nights in succession was sent to the workhouse. Commissioner Kingsbury couldn't see the justice of this, and now much individual work is done among the human wrecks who apply there for lodging. There is no limit to the number of nights a person may sleep there, if he is found worthy.

In the Department of Charities some unusual efficiency work is being done. At its institutions all waste is weighed after each meal, article by article, to determine whether too much or too little is being used and whether food is improperly cooked. If only one slice of bread for every person were wasted each day it would mean a loss of three hundred and seventy-nine thousand loaves a year, or nearly nineteen thousand dollars. The waste of a cup of coffee for each person daily would cost the city thirty-three thousand dollars. Garbage formerly thrown away was used by the Commissioner to raise ten thousand dollars' worth of pigs. By buying green coffee the department saved seven thousand dollars a year.

One of New York's direct hazards, in these days of war especially, is fire. Here the student of the metropolis finds melodrama indeed.

The outward expressions of this peril are five hundred pieces of fire-fighting apparatus, mostly gasoline-driven. There are water towers that suggest fabulous giraffes, and million-candle-power searchlights; and ladders that grow into the air like Jack's beanstalk.

Ninety per cent of our export explosives go through the metropolitan district. It is through the vigil of Fire Commissioner Robert Adamson and his department — with its Bureau of Fire Prevention — that despite this tremendously increased danger the fire loss is less than ever before. With ten thousand new buildings last year there were three hundred and twelve fewer building fires. Yet we are moved to sober reflection when we learn that ship, pier and combustible fires have largely increased. Several terrific explosions have occurred in the vicinity of New York, such as those of Black Tom Island and Kingsland. The fire organization of the city is keyed to an extraordinary pitch to prevent or control calamities of this sort. Here, indeed, is a war story so big that it would amaze the country if details could be published.

In the harbor and water adjacent there are ten fire-boats, and an auxiliary fleet of a hundred and forty-three tugboats equipped for fire-fighting.

One of the spectacular features of fire-fighting in New York is the Rescue Squad, organized three years ago. Its home is on Great Jones Street, where twelve men and an odd-looking motor truck await the call of deadly smoke or chemical vapors. Wearing air-tight helmets, and carrying their own oxygen tanks, these daredevil firemen go down into the holds of ships that are filled with smoke or fumes. They descend into cellars black with death, or climb high on ladders into hells of sulphuric acid, ammonia, or fugitive steam. When they come out of these places their clothing falls off them like rotten shoddy.

Their truck carries life lines and guns, pulmotors, and chemical torches that will burn through a steel bar four inches square in sixty-three seconds. They will cut holes in the steel decks of ships, out of which may be drawn fire-imprisoned men; or into which may be poured tons of water. This squad responded last year to two hundred and twenty-five calls.

In the experimental work preceding the adoption of this amazing torch Captain John J. McElligott went into a concrete vault containing burning excelsior, straw, rubbish and sulphur, and remained there an hour and a quarter in a temperature that rose to two hundred and eighty degrees. When he emerged the perspiration was slushing in his boots, his clothes were mush, and his skin was the hue of a thundercloud.

Then there is a squad of chemical experts always on duty, who fight fire with their brains as equipment. They give advice when fires occur in chemical plants, and they handle allied chemical dangers. One day some ignorant workmen carried a leaking container of asphyxiating-gas liquid to the street and emptied it into the gutter. It ran this way and that, and here and there for half a mile horses and people fell unconscious in their tracks. The cause was a mystery, but this chemical squad quickly traced it to its source and treated the gutter with a truckload of ammonia water.

The city itself is using a million pounds of dynamite a year in building its subways; and the Bureau of Combustibles hovers over this terrible stuff, and puts all the men who handle it through stiff examinations. So far, only one serious catastrophe has resulted from four years of vast dynamiting operations under streets on which traffic moved as usual.

Another great hazard has been the storage of motion-picture films, for which New York is the center. Before some of these establishments would heed the warnings of the Bureau of Fire Prevention, this department took possession, turned out proprietors and employees, closed down the plants and locked the doors. Out on the New Jersey meadows experiments in fire prevention were conducted, in which concrete vaults were built, filled with films, and set on fire. Tongues of flame, seventy-five feet long, were measured. It is no joke to conduct experimental explosions.

More than three hundred firemen are constantly making inspections of buildings, and in 1916 twenty thousand fire-prevention orders were issued. Most of them were obeyed without compulsion. There is a Fire-Drill Squad, and in 1916 it installed drills in factories, schools and other buildings in which nearly a million people took part.

One Father Writes of

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Put a Brunswick Carom or Pocket Billiard Table in your home and watch how quickly it surrounds your boys and girls with good companions.

Young people idolize Home Billiards. And these princely contests act as a tonic on older folks.

Carom and Pocket Billiards are never twice alike, but ever enlivened by friendly jest and laughter. Among life's most enduring memories are the happy hours and comradeship of billiards.

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New York has a Fire College and a School for Firemen. Hypothetical fires are fought on paper, and all such hazards of war and peace are charted and studied. I saw a record of one problem embracing a theoretical fire in the subway, a thousand feet from a station, with wind and dense smoke.

Thus New York makes fire-fighting a science; and also studies the financial end of it, which you may observe from the fact that the cost of fire-fighting in 1916 was reduced $815,000, despite the extraordinary results in keeping down fires.

ANOTHER New York story, which at present constantly borders on war, is that of the police. To aid the regular force of nearly twelve thousand there are twelve hundred special policemen. Then there is that second line of war police, the Home Defense League, of twenty-six thousand men — sworn to protect the city against riot and plots of destruction. These men are subject to call, and hundreds of them are guarding bridges and pipe lines, and doing special work for the Police Commissioner. They wear khaki uniforms and a few of them carry Winchesters, but the great majority are armed only with clubs. They work without pay.

These men have been a help to the police in gathering information. Plans have been laid by the Commissioner for almost any emergency that might arise out of alien plots or the exigencies of war. For example, food and transportation possibilities have been thoroughly listed, as well as those of fire, hurricane, labor disturbances and general riot. Arrangements are already made for an exodus of the people, even to the selection of sites for refugee camps, and every part of the city has been war surveyed. I am told unofficially that every block in the city has at least one citizen who is a special agent of the police, and whose duty it is to communicate instantly any evidence of danger from enemies.

In the Harbor Police we find an ally of the fire-boats; but they are more than this. New York has a miniature navy, the full strength of which, in these war times, is not public knowledge. There are only a hundred of the regular harbor police; but they, too, are augmented by the Home Defense League, which is ready to furnish thousands of men at an hour's notice. Even now there are large numbers of police boats in this mosquito fleet, made up of private power-boats largely contributed to the service. The flagship is an ocean-going tug, and there are eight regular patrol launches. All night the police boats cruise up and down the Hudson and East Rivers, and about the bays, and dozens of powerful searchlights play continually on the dark piers, hovering about the places where munitions are stored. There is hardly a minute during the darkness when the piercing eye of some searchlight is not directed on the monstrous gas tanks, power plants and huge industrial buildings that line the water front.

Besides war enemies, the harbor police have the river pirates to deal with. These underworld water denizens usually prowl around in fast launches, helping themselves to freight they find unprotected on the docks.

The flagboat of the police fleet is in touch by wireless with police headquarters, and there is a wig-wag system by which all the boats communicate with each other day and night. If you stand on the water front you may see red and green lights flashing their telegraphic messages.

Another job of the harbor police is the dredging for bodies of drowned persons, and almost always this work is in progress.

The dog policeman is another interesting feature. Over in the more sparsely settled parts of Brooklyn, for example, patrolmen go out accompanied by these fierce beasts. They are muzzled and are taught to roam through backyards and dark retreats, and their baying sends a dreadful panic through the hearts of marauders.

Police Commissioner Arthur Woods had ideas of his own when he was appointed by Mayor Mitchel. The traditional scheme of a police department is to delve out crime and abet the punishment. Commissioner Woods saw an additional function in the department: the prevention of crime through the removal of the impulse of people to commit it. He believes that crime is due largely to environment. One manifestation of his work in this direction was the organization of the Junior Police. Many boys in crime-breeding districts are induced to join this order, and are gradually taught to respect authority and feel their responsibility as citizens. They have military drills, athletics, entertainments and lectures. They are taught, for example, to let guns alone, to watch for obstructed fire escapes and halls, to avoid fights, to consider a policeman as a big brother instead of a dog on their trail, to keep out of railroad yards, to refrain from throwing glass in the streets, and in general to consider other people's equities in life. There is an interesting little periodical called *The Junior Policeman*, which imbues patriotism both local and national.

Through this organization scores of boys who were supposed to be vicious and beyond control have been redeemed.

Another activity inaugurated by Commissioner Woods is the Psychopathic Laboratory, which picks out the mentally defective among city prisoners. Every day at police headquarters there is a line-up of the most important offenders from all over the city, and alienists walk in front of it and make preliminary selections for subsequent tests. There are facial and other indications that are not likely to be misleading.

Prisoners so selected are taken to the laboratory upstairs, where they undergo tests to show their reasoning powers and to establish such traits as self-control and sensitiveness to fear. Many of them are unable to work out simple little puzzles. Their very souls are laid bare in the tests, and adults are often found with the brains of children under ten. To this class usually belong such dangerous criminals as those who commit the "ripper" crimes. Brutality in its most horrible forms is an attribute of this class of mental defectives, and in almost all instances there is found a sex warp. Prisoners of this kind are almost always confined permanently in special institutions. One can only estimate the awful crimes that have been prevented since this Psychopathic Laboratory was established a year ago. Formerly these irresponsibles were given temporary punishment, like other offenders, and turned loose.

Another of Commissioner Woods's methods of crime prevention is the celebration of Christmas at the police stations. Last year there were fifty trees in the stations, and part of the expense was contributed by the policemen themselves. They raised $55,000; and 45,000 children were given presents, along with candy and oranges. An effort was made to round up the worst boys and girls in the precincts, along with others who were not of this class. It was a curious sight to see gangsters and gunmen in the stations decorating the trees. Men came there who had never considered policemen as anything but their bitterest enemies; and ever since then there has been something of a change of attitude toward the police by many members of this tough element.

A study of New York police statistics shows a heavy decrease in nearly all forms of crime and vice within the last two or three years. Murders have fallen off nearly one-third, bomb cases thirty-five per cent, burglaries twenty per cent. Last year there were fifty-nine convictions for white slavery, or more than the former total in the history of New York. In 1916 the number of finger prints taken was more than doubled. New York has become a national clearing-house for information about criminals.

For each precinct in New York Commissioner Woods keeps maps on which are shown the exact locations of crimes, and these are classified in tables over which the Commissioner stands guard.

With the decrease of crime, some of the famous old detective squads have taken over other activities. It was the "Strong-arm" Squad that once raided the resorts of the Tenderloin, but this most notorious center of the nation's underworld has disappeared. The partnership between politics, the liquor interests and white slavery has been broken up, and organized white slavery itself is practically extinct.

In place of strong-arm raids on resorts that failed to give graft, the police now do real detective work. Suspected places are watched, sometimes for weeks, and all evidence is classified and recorded and then taken to the District Attorney.

Likewise the confidence men, who in palmy Tammany days could sell anything, from a gold brick to the prospective race-track winnings from mythical wire-tappings, are almost unknown. These gentry in former days paid tribute for being let alone, but the police in New York are now divorced from politics.

The chief work of the "Con-men" Squad in New York today is to round up blackmailers, who make a well-organized business of extracting large sums from rich persons. They prey particularly on married women who get into their traps in the tango restaurants, and who, once compromised, make increasingly big payments on threat of blasted reputations.

"He had a dream and it shot him!"

FRIGHTENED—ragged—dirty—the boy stood. It was midnight and the doctor, waked up from sleep, demanded —"But how did they shoot him?" The boy trembled—stuttered. "He had a dream and it shot him."

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RUDYARD KIPLING, writing to the most important officials in India, said: "I have seen Mark Twain this golden morning, have shaken his hand, and smoked a cigar — no, two cigars with him, and talked with him for more than two hours! Understand clearly that I do not despise you; indeed I don't. I am only very sorry for you, from the Viceroy downward."

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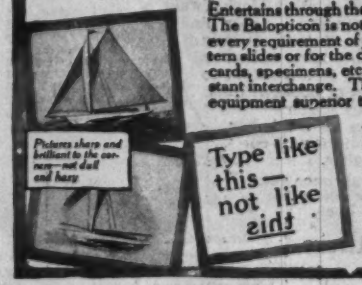

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Nor is there much work for the famous old Pickpocket Squad. Pocket-picking has been almost suppressed. It is a game that needs policemen who wink. Otherwise the crooks stay in healthier climates.

The so-called Dope Squad, however, has more work. The extent of the drug habit is amazing, and the secret traffic in cocaine, heroin, morphine and opium is craftily organized. There are peddling agencies distributed about the country and the "dope" is sometimes carried in packages, called "decks," by Pullman car porters, who hand it out to agents in the towns. In New York the peddlers carry it concealed in the soles of their shoes or the lining of their clothes. Like the ice man they have regular customers, but they seldom pass their commodity directly, finding it safer to leave it in designated spots. The Dope Squad has a list of hundreds of places where one agency, now extinct, distributed its commodities. For instance, several customers found their heroin "decks" on the ledge above a window in the lavatory of a department store. The work of the squad has made it extremely difficult to procure these poisons.

One squad devotes itself to the identifying of unknown dead, and another works on larcenies from lofts; another rounds up safe burglars; another goes after gunmen and gangsters. The police detective in New York is pretty much of a specialist.

Being a policeman in New York is something like being a soldier. On the fourth floor of police headquarters is a large room in which probationary "cops" are taught to fight with their fists. I saw forty of them there, boxing and working in the gymnasium. Here the unfit soon drop out, for the work is severe. They must take three months in this training school, which includes lessons in police duties, city ordinances, and the like, before they go out on beats. Incidentally, the fat policeman is no longer in fashion.

New York uses motor snow-plows. It formerly cost the city two million dollars a year to remove the snow in carts. In 1909 the cost per cubic yard was seventy-five cents; in 1916 it was twenty-one cents, and the work was done with much greater rapidity. Commissioner Fetherston hit on the plan of washing snow into the sewers.

Extended studies in municipal economy have been made by the Street Department. Now the city is installing great motor trucks, with compartments that can be lifted out by locomotive cranes, to succeed the old separate carts. Up to three years ago the city paid for its garbage removal, but now has a five-year contract under which it will get a total of nine hundred thousand dollars. New York streets are no longer dirty. In Manhattan, practically every pavement is flushed at night with water.

The old dream of putting up a hundred-story-building in New York probably will never be realized, for the new zoning law regulates the height of buildings, the area in proportion to the lot, and the use.

In downtown New York skyscrapers can still be erected through the use of towers that stand back from the street, but on Manhattan Island generally the height restriction varies from one-and-a-half to twice the width of the street.

One effect of this zoning law will be the re-establishment of certain famous old districts as residence property. Washington Square, which was threatened with annihilation by the invasion of business structures, is coming back to its own as a home section.

In New York there is something of romance even in that ordinarily prosaic department, water, gas and electricity. It involves six hundred square miles of country, fifty reservoirs and innumerable lakes, forty bridges, a hundred wells, three thousand miles of water mains, forty-seven thousand fire hydrants, and the lighting of twenty-seven hundred miles of streets and twenty-five hundred public buildings.

An efficiency survey showed that seven hundred churches had special street lights that burned four thousand hours a year, but were open after dark only four hundred hours. The city saved twenty-two thousand dollars a year by removing them. Four sets of inspectors looked after electrical construction, which duplication has been mostly eliminated. Public buildings were immensely overlighted, and here the city saved three hundred thousand dollars a year. It was costing forty-eight hundred dollars to light an armory, when it could have been done by another system for nine hundred dollars. An inspection of seventy-five thousand premises for water leaks disclosed a tremendous waste.

I have exhausted my space, but not my subject. This story has been one of elimination chiefly, for the material cut out of it far over-balances the scale. New York is so gigantic, even in its little-known aspects, that one who tries to describe it finishes his task with a deep feeling of awe.

There has been no War story, the scenes of which are laid in Germany. Gertrude Atherton has written a tremendous novel, called "The White Morning," which will open the next number of McClure's. Mrs. Atherton knows Germany thoroughly, and she paints it as it was, and is, and as it may be after the great struggle. A story that will be discussed everywhere. Complete in December. Illustrated by W. H. D. Koerner.

Von Edelstein's Mistake

[*Continued from page 26*]

business," said McMunn, "to slip away, as you call it, without paying for what I've got. I'm a man of principle."

"Talking of your principles," said Lord Dunseverick, "what did you bring on board in that basket this afternoon? It looked to me like beer."

"It *was* beer."

"I'm glad to hear it," said Lord Dunseverick. "Let's have a couple of bottles."

Ginty took his pipe from his mouth and grinned pleasantly. He wanted beer.

"You'll be thinking, maybe," said McMunn, "that I'm going back on my temperance principles."

"We don't think anything of the sort," said Lord Dunseverick. "We think that foreign travel has widened your principles out a bit. That's what we think, isn't it, Ginty?"

"My principles are what they always were," said McMunn, "but I've some small share of common sense. I know there's a foreigner coming on board the night, a baron and a dissipated man ——"

"Come now," said Lord Dunseverick, "you can't be sure that von Edelstein is dissipated. You've never met him."

"He's a foreigner and a baron," said McMunn, "and that's enough for me, forbye that he's coming here under very suspicious circumstances. If I can get the better of him by means of strong drink and the snare of alcoholic liquors ——"

"Good Lord!" said Lord Dunseverick, "you don't expect to make a German drunk with half a dozen bottles of lager beer, particularly as Ginty and I mean to drink two each."

"There's a dozen in the basket. And under the circumstances I consider myself justified. I'm no man for tricks, but if there's any tricks to be played I'd rather play them myself than have them played on me. Mind that now. It's——"

"Gosh," said Ginty, "there's someone coming aboard of us now. The look-out man's hailing him."

He left the cabin as he spoke. Lord Dunseverick lit another cigarette.

A few minutes later Ginty entered the cabin again. He was followed by a tall man, so tall that he could not stand quite upright in the little cabin.

"It's the baron," said Ginty.

"*Guten Abend*," said McMunn.

He possessed some twenty more German words and knew that "beer" was represented by the same sound as in English. The equipment seemed to him sufficient for the interview.

"I have the good fortune to speak English easily," said von Edelstein. "Am I addressing myself to Mr. McMunn?"

"Aye," said McMunn, "you are. And this is Lord Dunseverick, a baron, like yourself."

Von Edelstein bowed and held out his hand.

"I prefer," he said, "my military title, Captain von Edelstein. I believe that Lord Dunseverick also has a military title. Should I say Colonel?"

"As a matter of fact," said Lord Dunseverick, "I'm not in the Army."

"I understand," said von Edelstein. "You are in the Volunteers, the Ulster Volunteers. But perhaps I should say General?"

"I don't call myself that," said Lord Dunseverick. "As a matter of fact, my rank is not officially recognized — in England, I mean."

"Ah, but here — we recognize it. I assure you, General, we regard the Ulster Volunteers as a properly constituted military force."

McMunn had been groping in a locker behind him. He interrupted von Edelstein by setting a basket on the table.

"Beer," he said.

Von Edelstein bowed and sat down.

"Ginty," said McMunn, "get some tumblers. And now, Baron ——"

"Captain," corrected von Edelstein.

"We'll go to business. What's in them twenty-two cases that was dumped into our hold today?"

"Ah," said von Edelstein, smiling. "A little surprise. I hope, I feel confident, a pleasant surprise, for my comrades of the Ulster Volunteer Force."

Ginty entered the cabin. The beer was opened and poured out. Von Edelstein raised his glass.

"To the Ulster Volunteer Force," he said, "and to the day when the pleasant little surprise we have prepared for you may prove a very unpleasant surprise for — the enemy."

He bowed and drank.

"What's in them cases?" said McMunn.

"Gentlemen," said von Edelstein, "something that will be of great value to you — machine-guns."

"We didn't order them," said McMunn, "and I'm not going to pay for them."

"I am not authorized," said von Edelstein, "to reveal secrets of state; but I think I may trust your discretion so far as to say that one very highly placed desires that the Ulster Volunteer Force should be thoroughly equipped for war. It is his wish ——"

"Baron," said McMunn, "here's a bill drawn on my firm for the price of the rifles. I'll trouble you for a receipt, and in the matter of the contents of them cases — I don't say they're not machine-guns, but I've no way of knowing at present. If it turns out that they're any use to us we may strike a bargain, but I'll no pay for a pig in a poke."

He laid his bill and a form of receipt on the table. Von Edelstein pushed them aside.

"Gentlemen," he said, "between comrades in arms there is no question of payment. It is the wish of one who is very highly placed that your army ——"

"But look here," said Lord Dunseverick; "we are not comrades in arms, as you call it."

"Ah," said von Edelstein, "not today, not tomorrow, perhaps. But who knows how soon? When the word is given and some batteries of our artillery land in Belfast to support your excellent infantry ——"

"What's that?" said Ginty.

"And a regiment of Prussian Guards ——"

"There'll be no Prussians in Belfast," said Ginty, "for we'll not have it."

"I am afraid," said Lord Dunseverick, "that you've got some wrong idea into your head."

"But," said von Edelstein, "you cannot fight alone. You would be — what do you call it? — you would be wiped out. Even the English army could do that. You have no artillery. You have no cavalry. What are you but ——?"

"Who said we were going to fight the English army?" said Lord Dunseverick.

"If you think we're a pack of Papish rebels," said Ginty, "you're making a big mistake. We're loyal men."

"But if you are not going to fight the English," said von Edelstein, "God in heaven, who *are* you going to fight?"

"Young man," said McMunn, "you're drinking beer in my ship, a thing which is clean contrary to my principles, though I'm putting up with it; but you're going beyond the beyonds when you sit there and take the name of the Almighty in vain. I'll trouble you not to swear."

Von Edelstein stared at him in blank amazement. Then very slowly a look of intelligence came over his face. He turned to Lord Dunseverick.

"I think I understand," he said. "You do not quite trust me. You fear that I may be a spy in the pay of infamous Englishmen. But you are mistaken, entirely mistaken. I offer you proof of my good faith. General, be so kind as to read my commission."

He drew a folded document from his pocket and spread it out before Lord Dunseverick.

"It is signed," he said, "as you see, by the Emperor himself. It places my services, the services of Captain von Edelstein of the Prussian Guard, at the disposal of the Ulster Volunteer Force as military organizer."

Lord Dunseverick glanced at the document before him. He read parts of it with close attention. He laid his finger on the signature as if to convince himself by actual touch that it really was what it seemed to be.

"You see," said von Edelstein, "I am to be trusted. When you and I are fighting side by side against the cursed English, your enemies and ours ——"

Von Edelstein was still smiling. What happened then happened in an instant. Lord Dunseverick struck the German full on the mouth with his fist. Von Edelstein's head went back. His hands clutched convulsively at the tablecloth. Before he had recovered, Lord Dunseverick hit him again, beat him down on the cabin sofa and struck blow after blow at his face.

"You infernal scoundrel," he said, "do you take me for a traitor?"

"Quit it," said McMunn. "Quit it when I tell you. You cannot kill the man with your naked fists, and you'll break the furniture."

Ginty drew a long coil of rope from a locker. He tied up von Edelstein and laid him, a helpless figure, on the table.

"It's my opinion," said McMunn, "that we'd better be getting out to sea."

"I'm thinking the same myself," said Ginty.

He went on deck. The clanking of the donkey engine and the sound of the anchor chain coming home through the hawse hole reached the cabin. Then the bell in the engine room tinkled. *The McMunn Brothers* was under way.

Lord Dunseverick looked at the prostrate von Edelstein. His violent access of rage was dying away; but his hands were still trembling and large drops of sweat were on his forehead. He opened a fresh bottle of beer and drank it at a single draft.

"What are we going to do with him?" he asked, nodding towards von Edelstein.

"Drown him," said McMunn.

A trickle of blood was running down von Edelstein's chin. He spat out some fragments of broken teeth.

"It appears," he said, "that I have made a mistake about your intentions."

"You've offered an outrageous insult to loyal men," said McMunn.

"A mistake," said von Edelstein, "but surely excusable. I have in my pocket — would you be so kind as to feel in my breast pocket? You'll find some papers there and a newspaper cutting among them."

Lord Dunseverick slipped his hand into the prisoner's pocket. He drew out a number of letters and a newspaper cutting. It was a report, taken from the *Belfast News Letter*, of the speech which he had made at Ballymena a fortnight before. He had proclaimed the Kaiser the deliverer of Ulster. His own words stared him in the face.

"My mistake," said von Edelstein, "was natural, was it not?"

Lord Dunseverick said nothing. McMunn took the newspaper cutting and glanced at it. He thumped his fist on the table.

"I stand by every word of it," he said. "We will not have Home Rule."

"You are a curious people," said von Edelstein. "I thought — and even now you say ——"

"That speech," said McMunn, "was made for an entirely different purpose. If you thought that we wanted a German Army in Ulster or that we meant to fire on the British flag ——"

"It is exactly what I did think," said von Edelstein.

"You're a born fool, then," said McMunn.

"Perhaps," said Lord Dunseverick, "we ought not to drown him. Suppose we take him home and hand him over to the Government?"

"The Government is a pack of traitors," said McMunn. "I wouldn't trust one of them. They're as likely as not to be in with the Germans themselves."

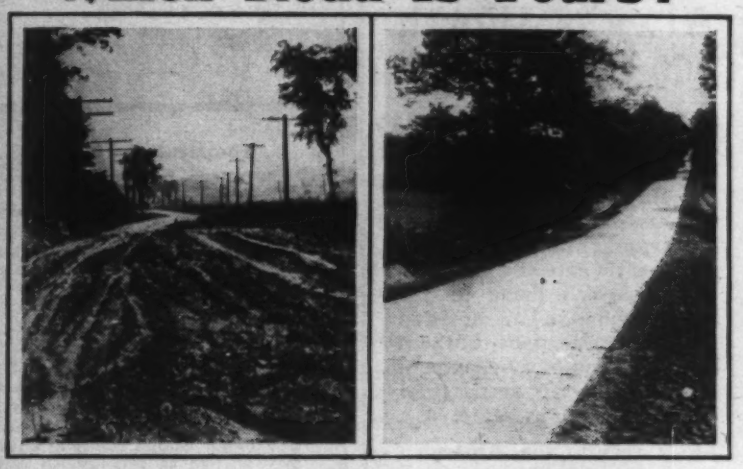
"I mean the Ulster Provisional Government," said Lord Dunseverick.

"I wish you would," said von Edelstein. "I am a student of human nature. I should greatly like to meet your Ulster Government."

"You'll maybe not like it so much when we hand you over," said McMunn, "and that's what we'll do."

No greater story of this great War has come from any great author than "The White Morning," Gertrude Atherton's torrential novel of Germany, which appears — complete — in the December McClure's. Watch for it

Which Road Is Yours?



An Earth Road which requires at least a 218-pound pull to each ton

A Concrete Road which requires an average pull of only 27.6 pounds to each ton

IT takes a pull of 218 pounds to get a 1-ton load over the road on the left, when you can get over it at all. In wet weather you can't get over it at all; even in dry weather it is rough and dusty. On the right, where the road has been paved with concrete, it takes a pull of only 27.6 pounds. It never takes more than that in the worst kind of weather—winter or summer—because it is hard and clean.

Which Road Do You Want?

Everybody knows that it is easier to haul on a concrete road than on any less rigid surface. But few realize how great is the difference. This has been recently determined by tests made with a dynamometer by Prof. J. B. Davidson, Agricultural Engineer, University of California, made for the Good Roads Bureau of the California State Automobile Association.

A 3-ton load was hauled over various types of roads in the same locality on the same day, the same horses and drivers being used. The dynamometer recorded tractive pull in pounds per ton of load as follows:

	Pounds
Over a level, unsurfaced concrete road	27.6
Concrete base, ⅛-inch skin top asphaltic oil and screenings	49.2
Waterbound macadam, level, good condition	64.3
Concrete base, 1½-inch Topeka top, level, good condition	68.5
Gravel road, good condition, level	78.2
Earth road, fine dust, level	92
Earth road, stiff mud on top, firm underneath, level	218
Loose gravel, not packed down, new road, level	263

Remarkable showing for concrete—less than half the tractive force required over a good stretch of waterbound macadam, less than one-third that required on dirt or packed gravel, about one-tenth the pull required on loose gravel.

You pull ON a concrete road, where you pull AGAINST an unimproved, rough or boggy surface. Where one wastes power, the other saves. Power costs money, whether you feed a team or buy gasoline. Your saving in power will pay your share of the cost of a concrete road.

There are 30,000,000 horse-drawn vehicles in this country, most of them on farms, and 3,500,000 motor cars and trucks. The waste of horse power, of time, and motor fuel involved, not in poor roads, but in all roads less desirable for traction than concrete, is enormous. Besides this waste, the United States Office of Public Roads estimates that $200,000,000 per year is paid out indirectly for bad roads in extra cost of food. What is paid out for maintenance of roads that won't stay built is incalculable. It runs into hundreds of millions more. The excess consumption of gasoline is another huge item which motor car owners have to pay.

Can any community afford to neglect its highways in view of these facts, or to build them of any material less enduring or less desirable for traction than CONCRETE? Its construction cost is lowest in the end and its upkeep cost is lowest from the start.

Concrete Roads
Their Advantages:
No Mud—No Dust
No Ruts—No Holes
No Slipping
No Skidding
Easy Hauling
Smooth Riding
Long Life—Safety
Always Ready for Use
Low Maintenance
Moderate Cost

Be sure you know what a concrete road is. Concrete is made of portland cement, sand and pebbles or crushed stone, and water. It is hard and durable. Concrete is the material used in dams, factories, bridges and big engineering works like the Panama Canal, requiring great solidity and strength.

Let us give you some interesting figures. Write for free copies of Bulletins Nos. 107 and 136.

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ATLANTA, CHICAGO, DALLAS, DENVER, INDIANAPOLIS, KANSAS CITY, MILWAUKEE, NEW YORK, PITTSBURGH, SALT LAKE CITY, SAN FRANCISCO, SEATTLE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

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Bonds Always Worth 100 Cents on the Dollar

THE war is now in its fourth year. The United States has been involved in the great conflict for more than six months. Practically all standard securities listed in the Stock Exchange have suffered losses in value, many of them heavy. Tens of thousands of investors have seen their holdings shrink in value.

As a result, the American people are turning in great numbers to those securities that do not depreciate in value in times like this—such as first mortgage serial bonds, safeguarded under the ***Straus Plan.***

THESE bonds, by their very nature, are non-fluctuating investments. They are always worth par and accrued interest, 100 cents on the dollar, in any and all conditions. They are safe, they yield 6%, and they are issued in $1000 and $500 amounts. They are the logical investment today.

Write today for valuable literature describing these thoroughly safeguarded bonds.

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35 Years Without Loss to Any Investor

7% Cumulative First Preferred Stock

of a well managed, high grade public utility company—operating in the heart of the cotton belt of Texas. Net income over eight times dividend requirements.

to yield 7.14%

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Descriptive Circulars on Request

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Chicago Board of Trade

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Patriotism and Prosperity

by Paul Tomlinson

The McClure Financial Booklet

This Financial Booklet is intended for McClure readers who wish general information about financial, insurance and investment subjects. Many readers have written that it is invaluable to them. Requests for this booklet during the past year have assumed such proportions that the Financial Department is obliged to charge a nominal sum of ten cents a copy to partially cover the cost of printing and mailing. A very attractive library edition bound in leather may be had at a dollar per copy.

© Harris & Ewing

What the Secretary of the Treasury Says to McClure Readers

AMERICA must fight this war, unrighteously forced upon her, to a swift and successful conclusion. We cannot get the just peace which we and all the world crave unless we vindicate the eternal principle that right is might and not that might is right. It is the latter principle for which Germany contends and for which she has drawn the civilized world into the bloodiest struggle of all time. America's passion for righteous peace can be satisfied only if the necessary money is provided by the people of the United States to win the war. Every subscription to a United States Liberty Bond, however small, is a patriotic service to the nation. The Second Liberty Loan will give every American citizen the opportunity of doing an important part in the service of his country, at the same time securing for himself an investment of matchless strength and security.

W. G. McADOO.

Special Service of Inquiry Department

The Financial and Insurance Department is prepared to give general advice on the subject of investments and insurance, also information on standard investment securities. A nominal charge of two dollars per inquiry is made for this special service. The Financial and Insurance Department cannot undertake to give any stock market prophesies nor to suggest speculative opportunities. Address all letters and orders for booklet to McClure Financial and Insurance Department, 25 W. 44th St., New York.

THE United States was born a free nation, free it has always existed, and free it must remain. As our forefathers fought for liberty and the privilege to choose their way of life in 1776 so our sons and husbands and brothers are fighting now.

Our country is plunged into another war, the greatest in all history. Our inherited right to the peaceful pursuit of happiness and prosperity has been challenged ruthlessly and savagely. Never did a nation have more just cause for fighting than has the United States of America at this time. And by the United States is meant every citizen within her wide borders. Every one of us can and should help; otherwise we shall regret it all the remainder of our days. It is not given to everyone to shoulder a gun, to go to the firing line, or to serve actively with the Red Cross, or the Ambulance Corps. We can stand behind those men, however. Theirs is the greater sacrifice, but it is for those who stay at home to make that sacrifice as light as possible, and carry as much of it as lies within their power.

Our fighting forces need clothing and food, ships must be built to transport and supply our armies, ammunition and guns are necessary in order to make them effective. All these things are expensive, and where will the necessary money come from unless those who stay comfortably at home provide it? We are not asked to give our money; our government merely asks us for a loan, and in return pays us interest and furnishes us the best security in the world. In order to subscribe, it is not even necessary to pay a broker's commission.

Four million people bought bonds of the first issue of the Liberty Loan. The last British War Loan was subscribed by eight million persons in the British Empire. Will any of us admit that Englishmen are more patriotic than Americans? Germany professes to belittle our share in the war; she admits we have potential power, but claims that we are slow, that we will not be ready in time to make our weight felt. A prompt and generous response to our Government's appeal for money will serve to shake their confidence.

The second issue of Liberty Bonds is offered; another chance is presented to us not only to help our country, but also to save and invest our money profitably. There are countless reasons why we should buy these bonds, and if there are any arguments against such a course, I have never heard them. We all want a share in winning the war, and if we cannot fight we can at least lend our money. Perhaps you can afford to buy only a fifty-dollar bond, and you consider that hardly worth while. Do you realize that fifty dollars will purchase any of the following units?

1000 pounds of flour, 200 pounds of bacon, 800 pounds of potatoes, 400 pounds of fresh beef, 350 pounds of beans, 1000 rounds of ammunition, 3 standard rifles, 8 pairs of blankets, 25 cots, 200 pairs of socks, 41 flannel shirts, 18 pairs of marching shoes, 6 woolen overcoats.

Fifty dollars will equip one soldier for the front, and five hundred dollars will keep him for a year. One hundred dollars will purchase five uniforms or will feed a soldier approximately three hundred and twelve days.

These are some of the things your money can do, and who can say that it will not be of material benefit to the Government? Furthermore, how many of us ordinarily can make a gift of food and clothing, receive interest on our expenditures and eventually be repaid all that we have spent?

In addition to the aid we are giving to our fighting forces it is also well to consider the benefits we ourselves receive. Even from the viewpoint of self-interest we should buy Liberty Bonds. In return for the loan of our money the Government guarantees us protection for our homes and freedom for ourselves and our children. Without the help of our money the Government can give us no such guarantee. To buy bonds is a patriotic duty; it is a shrewd piece of business as well.

A large percentage of the letters received by the McClure Financial and Insurance Department are from prospective investors who lay particular stress on security. They want a fair return, but they insist upon safety of principal. If the Liberty Bonds are not safe, no investment is. To their payment are pledged the entire credit and wealth of the United States Government, its wide public lands, its mines, its forests, its many harbors and its property in hundreds of cities and towns. In addition to this almost illimitable material security there lies back of the bonds the whole taxing power of the nation. No one can ask for greater safety than this.

It has been said that while battles may be won by bayonets and bullets, wars never are. Money wins wars. The estimated yearly income of the United States and its allies is in the neighborhood of seventy billion dollars; that of the Central Powers in normal times is something less than twenty billion. On the other hand, we and our allies have borrowed about sixty billion dollars, while Germany and her allies have borrowed approximately twenty-five billion. Their borrowings, therefore, are about forty-two per cent of ours while their income is only twenty-eight per cent. We have borrowed altogether about eighty-six per cent of our yearly income, while Germany's borrowings amount to one hundred and forty per cent of her normal year's receipts. Our resources exceed theirs by over three hundred billion dollars, and with these few figures in mind it is not difficult to see what the outcome of the war must be.

The United States alone has more than twice as large an income per year as all the Central Powers combined, and our resources are nearly double theirs. It is mathematically impossible for us to be beaten, and when peace comes the world's commerce will be lying at our feet. If everyone will do his part now this country can go on issuing its bonds almost indefinitely without fear of financial embarrassment. No nation ever was or ever will be rich enough to survive reckless waste, however; saving and thrift are the backbone of every people. The French have always saved and their money has been largely invested in the bonds, or *rentes*, of their government. That is one reason why they are so intensely patriotic and why France survives today. Their government is supported by *their* money, and they have a vital, personal

McClure's Financial Booklet

Eighth Edition

Partial List of Contents

How the Financial Swindler Works
How to Avoid Worthless Stocks
Safe Investments for Little Sums
Safe Investments for Larger Sums
How to Choose a Broker
How to Send Money to a Broker
List of Sound Bonds
Six Per Cent. and Safety
Bonds, Stocks, and Mortgages
List of Sound Stocks
A Safe Plan for Buying Stocks on Margin
The Partial-Payment Plan
Investments Readily Convertible into Cash
How Big Investors Place Their Funds
How to Analyze a Bond
How to Care for Securities and Prevent Their Loss and Destruction
How to Figure the Real Return on Your Money
First Principles of Life Insurance
Investment Opportunities of the War

Booklet will be sent for ten cents in stamps. See announcement above. Address all communications to McClure Financial and Insurance Department, 25 W. 44th St., New York.

A First Mortgage 6% Investment Secured by Modern Steel Plant

Borrower — Long-established, widely-known steel company.
Assets—Six to one.
Earnings—Nearly ten to one.
Maturities and Denominations—3 to 15 years; $500 and $1000.

Send for Circular No. 924CM

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(A548)

T&W

In Cleveland— A First Mortgage Building Bond

Yielding 6 Per Cent

Secured by first mortgage upon one of the most important building improvements in the Middle West—a hotel and terminal building on the Public Square in the heart of the city.

An investment conforming to the high standards which we have established in our long, successful experience in handling building bonds. Full particulars upon request.

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THE *high investment merit* of securities based on Byllesby-managed utilities is evidenced by the rapidly increasing number of *home shareholders.*

Extension of the Byllesby plan of customer-ownership is of special interest to the general investor.

A special descriptive booklet will be sent on request.

H. M. BYLLESBY & Co.
INCORPORATED
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FREE BOOK ON BANKING

Tells of the great opportunities in this wonderful profession, and how you can learn by mail, in spare time. Diploma awarded. EDGAR G. ALCORN, Pres.

American School of Banking
407 East State Street COLUMBUS, OHIO

interest in winning the war. It is the people's war.

If you own securities, do not rush to sell them at a sacrifice so that you can buy Liberty Bonds. If the various industries of the country are not supported, where can the government look for its taxes? A better plan is to take your securities to the bank and negotiate a loan on them. Use the money you have borrowed to invest in Liberty Bonds; as a result, you will have added to your capital; also you will be obliged to save in order to pay off your loan, and forced saving is a good thing for most of us. If you have no securities on which to borrow, buy your bonds on the partial-payment plan.

Think for a moment of the business advantages accruing to the owners of these bonds. Many people wish to borrow a little money from time to time. You may have a new venture which you wish to finance; the bank may not be as confident of its success as you are and may hesitate to advance you capital; your house may already be mortgaged, or you might have difficulty in securing a loan on it at a fair rate of interest. No such difficulties will beset the owners of a United States Government Bond; such collateral will be accepted by any bank without the slightest question. Furthermore, you will probably be able to borrow up to ninety or ninety-five per cent of the par value of your bond. In other words, you can borrow from ninety to ninety-five dollars on a hundred-dollar Liberty Bond.

The government promises to repay your principal at the end of a certain period of years, but that does not mean that you cannot sell your bond whenever you choose. There is likely to be a ready market for these bonds at all times, and you should never have any trouble in disposing of them. The history of United States Government Bonds issued in war time has shown an advance in price after the conclusion of peace; we all expect a successful peace, and its accomplishment should further enhance the value of your bonds. We also expect a steady increase in the wealth of the nation, and it should be remembered that as the riches of the country grow, the safety of the Liberty Bonds is correspondingly greater.

These bonds are not a rich man's investment any more than a poor man's. They are issued in denominations within the reach of all; they may be bought on the instalment plan, ten dollars being the first payment and the remainder in small fixed sums. The security behind a fifty-dollar bond is the same as that behind one for a hundred thousand dollars and the yield is proportionately the same. Ask your banker, or any banker, how to purchase a Liberty Bond and he will be glad to inform you as to any details which you may not understand.

Every bond has attached to it sheets of coupons or "interest tickets." Interest is paid twice a year. Every six months, on the date designated, you should detach the proper coupon and present it at the bank; in exchange you can get currency or have the corresponding amount credited to your account, for the coupon is as good as cash. The procedure is extremely simple.

All of us owe our government more than we can possibly pay. Here is an opportunity to stand by it, and at the same time add to our financial standing. Buy a Liberty Bond for the sake of Patriotism and to secure your own Prosperity.

Books About Stocks and Bonds

Insurance and Banking by Mail

The National City Company has recently issued a booklet describing the Seaboard Air Line Railroad System. This pamphlet deals with growth of earning power, maintenance of property, financial history, management, etc. Copies of this booklet MC-400 may be obtained from any office of the company.

Henry L. Doherty & Company, 60 Wall Street, New York, has just issued a new descriptive circular, [free] No. Mc 128, of the Preferred stock of Cities Service Co., the well-known public utility organization.

The "Seal of Safety" is the newest booklet issued by S. W. Straus & Co., describing the merits of first mortgage serial real estate bonds. This house also publishes the "Straus Investors' Magazine," issued monthly, in the interest of sound investment, and "Acid Tests of Investments in War-Time." All of this literature will be sent on request to S. W. Straus & Co., 150 Broadway, New York, or Straus Building, Chicago.

Babcock, Rushton & Company, 137 So. LaSalle St., Chicago, and 7 Wall St., N. Y., will be pleased to send upon request special information on a high grade Public Utility issue.

The economic progress of the South in the past ten years has been more rapid than in any other section of the country

"The Seaboard"

The lines of the Seaboard Air Line Railroad extend through the most thriving and progressive parts of the South. This railroad is keeping abreast of the growth of its territory.

To show the progress of The Seaboard we have prepared a pamphlet dealing with—

Growth of Earning Power—
Maintenance of Property—
Financial History—
Management, etc.

A copy of this booklet, MC-63, will be furnished on req est.

• • •

The National City Company
National City Bank Building, New York

YOUR NEW INCOME TAX

AS soon as Congress passes the New War Revenue Bill, which embodies and greatly increases the Federal Income Tax, we will publish a booklet giving in detail all provisions of this new tax.

In our opinion this booklet will be of distinct value to all who are subject to this income tax. We are glad to assist the Government, our patrons and friends by distributing this booklet with our compliments.

If you desire a copy, may we suggest that you send in your application now, so that you will receive a copy as soon as ready? (Mention edition C11.)

William R. Compton Company
Municipal Bonds
"Over a Quarter Century in this Business"
NEW YORK: 14 Wall Street ST. LOUIS: 408 Olive Street
CHICAGO: 105 So. La Salle Street CINCINNATI: 102 Union Trust Building
A540 PITTSBURGH: 721 Farmers Bank Building

Permanent Monthly Income of $25 can be had for $4,200 Invested in 50 shares of Cities Service Preferred

Cities Service Company is one of the largest and strongest gas and electric organizations in America and also has important oil interests. Its stock will afford a maximum of stability in times of uncertainty.

Monthly Dividends

Write us for descriptive circular Mc 128

HENRY L. DOHERTY & COMPANY
60 WALL ST. NEW YORK

"He Buys Only Listed Bonds"—

is the frequent report of bond salesmen who have approached an investor with an offer of an unlisted security. And yet there is probably no matter of interest to bond buyers that is the subject of greater misapprehension than that of listed bonds—

Let us send you our free booklet L. C.-400 describing this interesting subject.

A. H. Bickmore & Co.
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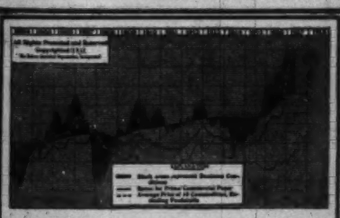
When answering advertisements mention McClures.



Commodity Prices

To "buy right" these days you've got to know the commodity market from A. to Z. Babson Reports give you a line on supply and prices that enables you to buy to advantage.

Avoid worry. Cease depending on rumors or luck. Recognize that all action is followed by equal reaction. Work with a definite policy based on fundamental statistics.

Particulars regarding the present situation will be sent gratis by addressing Department M-7

Babson's Statistical Organization

Engineering Offices Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Largest Organization of its Character in the World

Conservative First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds

on new Detroit properties

Yield 6%

The information about these $1000, $500 and $100 coupon bonds will be sent upon request, with a useful booklet

The Key to Safe Investment

Federal Bond & Mortgage Co.

HARRY W. FORD, Pres.

90 C Griswold St., Detroit

(20)

A VERY considerable portion of the recent Liberty Loan was subscribed for by Partial Payment Investors.

Partial Payment investing is simply applying small sums on the purchase of securities instead of accumulating the full purchase price first. This method can be applied to the purchase of sound dividend paying stocks and bonds, and opens an excellent avenue for the proper investment of savings and surplus income.

SEND FOR OUR BOOKLET No. 49, which fully explains the Method.

HARRIS, WINTHROP & Co.

Members New York Stock Exchange

The Rookery, Chicago 15 Wall Street, New York

How you may invest while you save, adjusting purchases of securities to your income. Send for Booklet B-12, "Partial Payment Plan."

John Muir & Co.

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Members N. Y. Stock Exchange

Main Office, 61 Broadway, N. Y.

New York, N. Y. Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Bridgeport, Conn. New Haven, Conn.

A brochure by J. R. Milligan, Vice-President The Tillotson & Wolcott Company, Cleveland, contains interesting facts concerning 6 per cent. first mortgage steamship bonds, in which his house specializes. The brochure treats of the history, present conditions, safeguards, investment standing and stability of steamship bonds, and lists issues which the Tillotson & Wolcott Company has been instrumental, as an investment banking house, in distributing. A copy will be sent free to any investor upon request.

"The Premier Investment" is the title of an excellent booklet [free] on Municipal bonds published by the Municipal Bond House of William R. Compton Co., of New York, Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati.

"How to Invest in Standard Securities by the Partial Payment Method," will be sent upon request by Harris, Winthrop & Co., 15 Wall Street, New York.

The Oklahoma Farm Mortgage Company of Oklahoma City, has issued a booklet [No. 801] on Oklahoma, Texas, Arkansas and Louisiana 6 per cent. Farm Mortgages which it will send to any address free on request.

The Babson Statistical Organization, Wellesley Hills, Mass., furnishes weekly reports and charts which help its subscribers to anticipate the larger movement in security, commodity, and labor prices.

The Federal Bond & Mortgage Co., Detroit, Mich., will send upon request an interesting booklet dealing with the advantages of Detroit Real Estate Bonds. Send for booklet M. C. "Key to Safe Investment."

How customer-ownership is strengthening public utility securities is interestingly shown in a 24-page pamphlet entitled "Rational Public Ownership" which is being distributed by H. M. Byllesby & Company, Inc., 202 So. La Salle St., Chicago, 1202 Trinity Bldg., New York City.

"Bond Topics," published monthly by A. H. Bickmore & Co., 111 Broadway, New York, contains many interesting discussions on bonds in general, with particular references to Public Utility Bonds. Copies free.

The Citizens Savings & Trust Company of Cleveland, Ohio, has issued an interesting booklet giving full details of the plan of Banking by Mail at 4 per cent. interest which is giving satisfaction to depositors in all parts of the world. The company will forward copies of the booklet free on request. Ask for booklet "D."

A very interesting booklet has recently been published by the F. B. Collins Investment Co., Oklahoma City, Okla., regarding their method of loaning money to the farmers of Louisiana. The booklet is very valuable to anyone interested in Farm Mortgages. It gives some idea as to what Louisiana is doing for the nation's food supply. A copy can be had upon request.

The booklet, "We're Right on the Ground," won for E. J. Lander & Co., Grand Forks, N. D., third prize in the contest at the recent St. Louis convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, to determine the best individual piece of financial advertising copy. This booklet, offered free to every reader of McCLURE'S, is distinguished because of the comprehensive way in which the advantages of Farm Mortgages as a safe investment, are outlined.

On account of the unusual situation in the copper market a book just issued for free distribution by L. R. Latrobe & Company, 111 Broadway, New York, which gives capitalization, earnings, dividends, high-low prices, etc., on about 150 different copper companies, should prove of timely assistance to investors.

Perkins & Company, Lawrence, Kans., will be pleased to send upon request an interesting list of farm mortgages. Send for list 718.

Peabody, Houghteling & Co., 10 South LaSalle Street, Chicago, have just published a new booklet [free] which describes a wide variety of attractive securities in established sections of the United States and Canada.

Diversified suggestions for Partial Payment purchases in amounts requiring monthly deposits of from $5 to $250 have been outlined in detail by John Muir & Co., Specialists in Odd Lots, 61 Broadway. Sent on request.

No advertisement is accepted for the financial section of McCLURE'S until after careful investigation by trained experts of the personal integrity of the advertiser and of the soundness of the proposition. While we cannot guarantee the result in any particular case, the acceptance of the advertisement by us is evidence of the strongest character that the advertiser is worthy of public confidence.

What happened in the first instalment of

Two Wives

THE story is that of two girls. Ethel Knight, who has just lost her father, comes to New York to visit her sister, Amy Lanier. The latter is married to a business man — what is called "a speculative builder" but Ethel discovers that he has artistic instincts undreamed of by his wife. Ethel's first glimpse of the great city impresses her tremendously, and she begins to dream of a permanent life here, married to a man whom she can really love; but from her sister Amy she learns that "it is not what you say that interests men — it is how you look and what you have on."

Persons of Rank

[*Continued from page 20*]

involuntarily he laughed outright, and lost a step.

"What is it?" she inquired.

"I almost said something."

"What was it?"

"You'll never know," he said, "how near I came to asking you how you like our American girls!"

At that she laughed, too, and if she made no response, it was because the orchestra had stopped, and Bingham was vociferously applauding for the encore. And after they had resumed, they were both silent, chiefly because the joy they seemed to draw mutually from the rhythm demanded no verbal confirmation. The encore ended; and Bingham guided the small girl to a strategic corner; to his immense satisfaction he had succeeded in segregating from the mass its most delectable fragment.

But when he had gained his monopoly, he was distraught by his own insufficiency. He was an interloper, he was in imminent danger of detection, unless he posted pickets over his tongue, and yet he must converse or lose what slight advantage he had already gained. In his nervousness, he fired a random shot aimed at the geography of Scotland.

"Argyll," she said. "The town is called Strachan."

"I should never have known it — it was pure guesswork on my part."

She dimpled distractingly.

"Comic magazines to the contrary, *some* of us don't wear kilts!"

"It isn't that," he said. "Your accent is pure English. Where *have* you lived? I know I've never seen you before, but your name suggests something to me, and I can't remember what it is."

"I haven't been in Scotland for sixteen years," she explained. "I'm expatriated, to tell the truth. The title's practically lapsed."

He was busily confirming his original conviction that she was superlative; she was both dainty and wholesome, and her eyes and her demeanor were indicative of real worth, and intellectual substance.

"You've been living in England, then?"

"Yes, but I'm cosmopolitan."

"Were you ever in India?"

The small girl had blushed, and turned her head away.

"You New Yorkers are so . . . blunt," she said.

"And accurate," added Bingham.

Six Per Cent Farm Mortgages

THE productive farm lands of Oklahoma, Texas, Arkansas and Louisiana are the security that stands back of our 6% First Farm Mortgages.

Investors should write for our list No. 802 and booklet.

OKLAHOMA FARM MORTGAGE CO.

OKLAHOMA CITY

Oldest and Largest Mortgage House

INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF OKLAHOMA

BANKING BY MAIL AT 4% INTEREST

DURING the past year our deposits have increased over Nine Million Dollars, evidencing the confidence of the people in this large, safe bank.

Send today for our free booklet "D" explaining our system of Banking by Mail.

THE CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO.

CLEVELAND, O. . . . CAPITAL & SURPLUS $1,000,000.00

ASSETS OVER SIXTY-FIVE MILLION DOLLARS

Your Inquiries Answered On

Oil Stocks (Standard and Independent), Copper, Motor, etc., and all other Listed securities, by a competent

Wall Street Statistician

"Partial Payment Plan"

L. R. LATROBE & Co.

Established 1908

111 Broadway New York

6% FARM MORTGAGE INVESTMENTS 6%

Money invested in our Farm Mortgages is just as safe as an investment in a United States government bond, while the earning power of your money placed in our mortgages is greater than if invested in government bonds.

A farm mortgage is one of the most valuable things you can possess. It carries with it an assurance of independence, and a relief from worries for the future. We collect and remit interest to the Investor without charge.

Write for current list of offerings.

THE F. B. COLLINS INVESTMENT COMPANY

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLAHOMA

Fixed and Certain Income

Our First Farm Mortgages and Real Estate Gold Bonds, tested for 34 years without the loss of a dollar, yield a fixed and certain income. They never disappoint.

Bonds in $100, $500, $500 and $1000 denominations; mortgages $500 and up. Send for pamphlet "E" and current offerings.

E. J. LANDER & CO. (A490) Grand Forks

Capital and Surplus $600,000 North Dakota

BE A BANKER

Prepare by mail for this high profession, in which there are great opportunities. Big salaries, easy terms. Diploma awarded. Send for free book, "How to Become a Banker." EDGAR G. ALCORN, Pres.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF BANKING

406 East State Street, COLUMBUS, OHIO

6%

For 35 years we have been paying our customers the highest returns consistent with conservative methods. First mortgage loans of $200 and up which we can recommend after the most thorough personal investigation. Please ask for Loan List No. 718. 6% Certificates of Deposit also for saving investors.

PERKINS & CO. Lawrence, Kans.

To Banks and Investment Houses

YOU can make the name of your house synonymous with investments, greatly extend your business and prestige by advertising in the Financial Department of McClure's.

Address Dept. F. for particulars.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

251 Fourth Avenue, New York

"And — in the main — kind. I dare say you thought you were pleasing me, didn't you?"

"It was a feeble compliment," said Bingham, marveling at the lawless insurgence of his heart. "If I should ever release a full-grown and vigorous one, you'd know it at once."

She smiled in modest provocation.

"Aren't you going to release one, now that you've paved the way?"

"Thank you," said Bingham, "for the implication that I amuse you. I'm rather sorry you're who you are."

"Oh!" she said. "And why is that?"

"Because I must be so diplomatically guarded in my remarks." He was borne on by a current which moved irresistibly; he knew that he was being impelled with unwarranted rapidity, but the charm of the small girl had swept away his inhibitions, and made him yield to inexorable controls.

"*Have* you been guarded — and is *that* a compliment?"

"To both questions — yes."

"I don't think I understand ——"

"Shall a plebeian praise the lady to her face?" said Bingham. "I don't believe it's done, is it?"

"Until rebuked," she told him demurely, "the plebeian is free to use his best judgment. Beyond that, I can't answer."

"Then —" He looked up to discover three men in a row bending in unison. The orchestra had again gone into session.

"Later — perhaps," said the Lady Strachan, rising, and Bingham, speechless and inwardly cursing himself for ineptitude and dilatoriness, watched her float away with a bull-necked toreador whose lips moved as he danced — Bingham was sure that he was accompanying harmony with mental arithmetic.

Disconsolate and unpartnered, he roamed out to the zone consecrated to smoking; and harkened to the sage dogmas of a trio who were discussing municipal bonds. They ignored him as though by agreement; and he apostrophized society in a phrase of pungent forcefulness. Uninspired, he lounged out on a return course and at the doorway he encountered a young man in the garb of a Pierrot, a young man who eyed the dancers with ill-suppressed cynicism.

"Hello!" said the young man, staring hard at Bingham. "I've seen you somewhere — wait a second! Aren't you — didn't you come in from Mexico a couple of weeks ago? Aren't you ——"

"Bingham's the name."

"That's it! Somebody pointed you out to me at the Waldorf yesterday. Said you'd done some big things out there. Say, whose guest are you? I mean, who brought you up here?"

"Mrs. Burnside," said Bingham.

"I thought so. Hello! She's looking for you now. . . . Do me a favor; see me when you've a chance, will you? I've got some news that'll interest you."

Bingham, nodding, was pounced upon by his sponsor, who let him understand, ever so delicately, that she intended to earn that honorarium of hers. As a result of her conscientiousness, Bingham subsequently danced with a savage aristocrat whose necklace of diamonds was little less than a hawser; he danced with a dynamic lady whose repeated exclamation was: "Oh, *please* excuse me!" and he had two innocuous seances with girls who might, by synthesis, have made up a single brain between them. For society in bulk, he had developed a boundless contempt. His eclectic attention, however, was riveted upon one small girl in gorgeous robes, and when at last his power of will was equal to its purpose, and he had secured another tenancy on her program, she suggested a peaceful respite, and Bingham, to his radiant beatitude, had in prospect a whole dance, an encore and an intermission of glorious and undisputed possession. And merely to be in attendance upon her deprived him of asceticism; he was under the influence of an intoxicant which took from him his ultimate degree of discipline.

"We were interrupted," she observed naively.

"We were . . . to my great impatience." He was trying to fathom the precipituousness of his ardor; for he had habitually congratulated himself that he was immune to surprise attacks.

"Tell me," she said, "are you a friend of Mrs. Burnside? An old friend, I mean?"

"Oh, not so very old." He was promptly on guard; and, as he continued to admire the girl beside him, he was puzzled by her expression. "Why?"

"Nothing — idle curiosity," she said. "But you must have been away from New York for a long time, haven't you?"

In the fulness of his emotion, Bingham forgot his peril. He had looked deep into the eyes of this girl, and sensed an inborn merit which thrilled him; he was inimical of any barriers to discourse; he was his natural self, with all his faculties intact — and Bingham generally got whatsoever he wanted. The scope of his surrender was prodigious.

"I returned to New York only a week ago — and I'm heavily indebted to Mrs. Burnside," he said, unevenly.

"Not literally?" She was hanging on his reply.

"Far from it — for bringing me here."

"Has it meant so much to you?"

"That isn't the crux of it — I've met you. And now there's only one thing in the world for me to worry about."

"Am I to ask what it is?"

"If you do, I'll tell you. When am I to see you again?" The stress of his plea was unmistakable.

She glanced obliquely at him, and shook her head. "I don't know."

"It won't do you the least good to dissimulate," he assured her, "because I can find out everything about you in half an hour. I don't even bother to ask, you'll notice, where you're staying. The matter is strictly limited to the calendar and the clock."

"Why do you take it for granted," she said under her breath, "that I'll let you see me at all?"

"Because for nine years," said Bingham steadfastly, "I've tramped the globe. I've talked to women in six different languages. The few things I've learned, I've learned well; and you aren't going to put me off if I can help it. I feel as though I've known you forever — and I *know* our paths have crossed somewhere already. I want you to let me come to see you."

"Perhaps after we've met at some other ——"

"Tomorrow," said Bingham. "Or the next day at the latest." His agitation was, to his own concern, becoming external.

She regarded him with symptoms of alarm, and Bingham's heart leaped. Then the color went out of her cheeks, and he was stunned by the effect he had produced so unintentionally.

"Mr. Bingham — you mustn't ask me ——"

"Why **mustn't** I?" he demanded. "Is there anything that *you* consider an obstacle? I'll smash it!"

"No, no — it's impossible — at least for the present ——"

"Do you mean that I've offended you?"

"No — on the contrary — but ——"

"Look at me!" said Bingham with gentle peremptoriness. "Every now and then there are situations in this world that can withstand every other factor except persistence — and this is one of them! An hour or two ago I started to confess to you; but I wouldn't have said then what I'm going to say now ——"

"Please don't say it!" she begged. "*Please!*"

"You know, then?"

The color surged back to her cheeks in a living flood.

"I — you're not ——"

"I'm not tactful," he said stoutly. "I'm only straightforward. And it's more or less irrelevant what the consequences are —"

"Please don't say it!" she begged. "Please! I'm quite willing to tell you that I *am* impetuous, because you're the most magnetic ——"

"*Please!*" she entreated him. Bingham perceived that her mouth was trembling, and he was filled with mingled compassion and the cruelty of conquest.

"You *must* let me see you," he insisted. "I can't talk to you here ——"

"I—I'm afraid I can't. I— You have no right to ——"

"I have the best right on earth! I've known you for a tiny part of one evening, and I can't let it stop there! And ——"

"But suppose I don't care to . . . to see you again?"

Bingham drew in his breath sharply. "Are you offering that as an unqualified statement?"

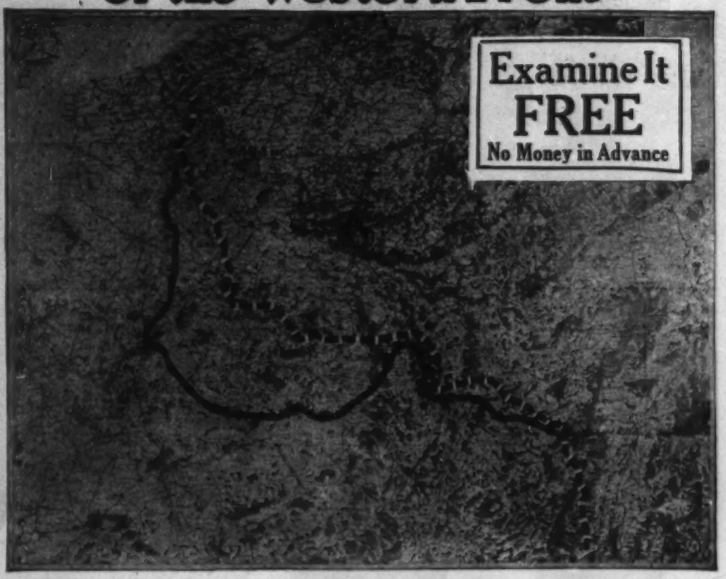
"Y-yes."

Bingham put out his hand, and touched her flexed fingers.

"Then I can safely say," he declared, "that the Lady Strachan has yet to know the value of simple truth. I've *lived!*"

She removed her fingers, and Bingham waited. The hiatus endured so long that he feared for the extent of his monopoly;

The Most Complete Single Map of the Western Front



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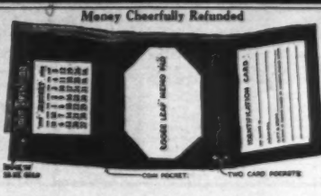

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he ventured to shift his position, so as to remind her of the flight of time.

"Mr. Bingham. . . ." Her voice was very low, and not clear.

"Yes?"

"You have made it very hard for me to ——"

"I've made nothing hard for you! I've simplified it. I've asked you to name an hour when ——"

"But *I've* said ——"

"I refuse to believe you," said Bingham, with his muscles galvanized. "*When may I come?*"

The girl turned to him, and Bingham would have sworn that there were tears in her eyes.

"Never," she said.

"Do you think I'll take *that* for my answer?" He was resting one closed fist on his knee.

"You must!"

"But I decline to take it!"

"I — I'm sorry — but ——"

"As I told you once, it'll be simple for me to find where you're staying ——"

"But I *can't* see you!"

"Then you owe me at least the courtesy of a direct and personal insult," said Bingham. "And even *that* won't deter me! And since you've granted me permission to use my own judgment, I can say to your face that you ——"

"*No!*" she cried. And as their eyes clung together, she unexpectedly relaxed; and Bingham, confused and torn, heard the strains of another waltz, and knew that her flight was near. Indeed, she was already in the act of rising; no dismissal could be more peremptory. Across the floor were hurrying two valiant competitors to claim her, and she surveyed them with evident relief.

"One more — sit out this next with me!" implored Bingham.

"Mr. Bingham," she said, averted, "there *are* obstacles, and I would rather have *died* than let you say to me . . . what you intended." And she left him standing alone, marooned and quaking.

IN his blind excitation, he strode incontinently out upon the floor, where he was hemmed in by swirling couples in fantastic mufti. As he recovered his equilibrium, and strove to extricate himself, he caught sight of the young man in Pierrot costume, still smiling cynically from the doorway. The young man saw Bingham and beckoned cordially. Bingham replied in kind; eventually he emerged from the press, and was free.

"Say," said the Pierrot. "Come out and smoke a cigarette with me, will you?"

"Yes, thank you. I need it!"

The young man chuckled.

"Not awed by the surroundings, are you?"

"Not in a thousand years."

The Pierrot produced a silver box; Bingham selected his cigarette, and compelled one match to a dual service.

"Bingham," said the younger man, "I like your looks. You're a he-citizen. And you're ingenuous as a baby. That's why I'm going to do you a kindness."

"Indeed!" Bingham was diffident; his thoughts were elsewhere.

"Yes, sir! Somebody pointed you out to me, and I liked you then and there . . . and you're a man with his eye-teeth cut, too, so I was naturally a bit disturbed to see you in this aggregation. I didn't think you'd fall for this sort of thing."

"I didn't, seriously — it was a last resort."

"Oh! That's all the better for your peace of mind." The Pierrot puffed diligently. "Now I'm going to do you a real favor if you'll let me, because you've got a different stamp from the rest of the crowd — where did you see Mrs. Burnside's ad?"

"What!" exclaimed Bingham aghast.

"Take it easy — no one's listening. And nobody else matters, anyway. In a New York paper?"

"Yes," said Bingham. "What's the idea?"

"That's what I'm going to tell you. In the first place, Mrs. Burnside's a mighty clever woman — a mighty clever woman! She's worth shadowing for the pure fun of the thing."

"What!" Bingham spilled ashes in his lap.

"Oh, I know she's in the little directory — and I know how much it cost her, and which proof-reader she had to subsidize, too. Your genial hosts, the Heatherstones, likewise. They work in a team. *Now* do you get it?"

Bingham rubbed his forehead.

"You're accusing her ——"

"She rented that house of hers, all right," went on the Pierrot, "and they do say it's seen some pretty tall bridge this winter, but you're in on the grand finale. They're making hay, because the next directory'll be expurgated, and that'll hurt. Out in that ballroom there are a few hicks who've been looking forward to this dance for two months. They're from all over the country — visitors to the great city, crazy to get a glimpse of high-life. Altogether, by one means and another, there must be forty-five or fifty of you happy come-ons, ranging from a hundred dollars to a thousand. She's held up that Pittsburg family for a thousand, if I know the Mrs. Four or five of her support are actors and actresses — hired for the evening — to give class, and keep the party lively. And you've got to give 'em credit at that!"

"No!" stammered Bingham. "That's — that's — why, it's unbelievable! You ——"

"Anybody can hire a hall — and get short items in the papers, Bingham. And when there's a whole gathering of four-flushers under one roof, who knows which is which? They're all dazzled simultaneously. And Mrs. Bingham's cleaning up about ten thousand *net* on it!"

"You mean," said Bingham, palpitating, "that she's collected all the — social climbers — *dupes* — and ——"

"And introduced 'em to each other," said the Pierrot blandly. "*You* thought everybody else was a Knickerbocker — they thought *you* were. What could be fairer than that? She gets a commission from the costumer, too."

Bingham choked over the smoke. He was thinking of the small girl in Persian robes.

"And . . . the answer is ——"

"I'm a reporter," said the Pierrot, yawning. "I've been having a lot of fun out of this crowd. I ran across the ad myself, and chased it up for the story in it. Then I passed it along to a woman on the same paper, and we got into this festivity tonight so as to get the game from both angles. I thought at first I'd let you alone, but — darn it, Bingham, you're too human! I can't do it! Go on back there and jolly along if you want to, but don't fancy it's a straight deal. That's all. I know I've ruined your evening, but I thought I'd better ——"

"Who," said Bingham, staring, "who's the little girl — the one she . . . Mrs. Burnside used for . . . for a capper? The one they call Lady Strachan?"

"Oh!" The Pierrot laughed mirthfully. "She's Lady Strachan all right. The handle's good as gold; but the family fortune didn't go with it. Only in this country she calls herself *Miss* Strachan. Why, she's poor as a church-mouse; had to make her own living; went to Australia five years ago and made a bit as a special correspondent ——"

"There!" Bingham excitedly caught him by the arm. "That's it! I *knew* there was something! *I* remember! She was out there when I was! There was a big fuss about her! Who is she?"

"Why," said the Pierrot, knocking ash to the carpet, "she's just what I said. She's on the same paper with me. Old lady Burnside was crazy to have her come when she found out the title was genuine; it was a big inducement to have some nobility on tap. Let us both in free — I'm supposed to be her American cousin. We cooked up a good yarn, too — Burnside thinks we're touting for a get-rich-quick scheme. We had to invent something like that, or she'd have seen the flaw. Titles don't ordinarily have to get introductions. Used our own names so we can make the evidence all the stronger. She's a great kid! And we're making a swell story out of it — believe *me!* Why ——"

But Bingham had already covered two-thirds of the distance to the door.

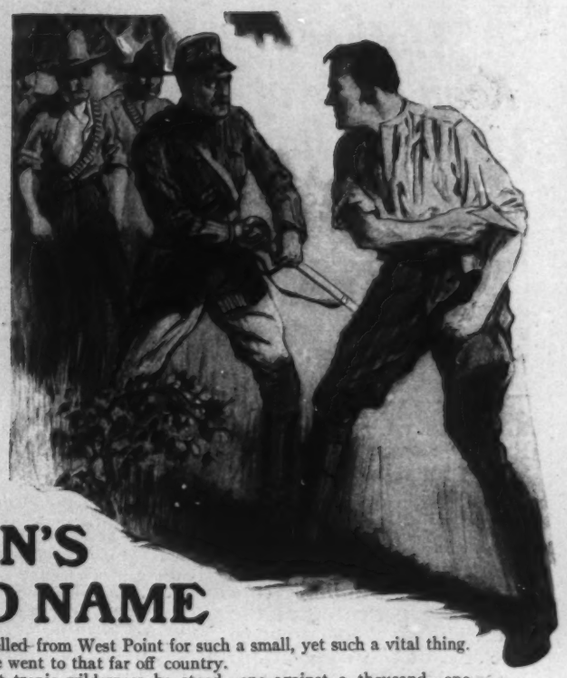
By chance, the small girl was at the moment emerging. Bingham confronted her; she looked up at him, and managed a fleeting smile, and took a tentative step to avoid him. He also moved, so as to bar the passage.

"Your confrère," said Bingham quietly, "has been kind enough to let me into your secret. I'm fully enlightened. And I'm not peevish — I'm convulsed with glee. It strikes me as one of the prize jokes of my life. But I'm certainly ——"

"Who — what secret?" she faltered, drawing back.

"*You* know. Have you time to discuss it with me for a moment or two?"

"I — did he *really* tell you?" Anxiously she cast about for the Pierrot who had turned



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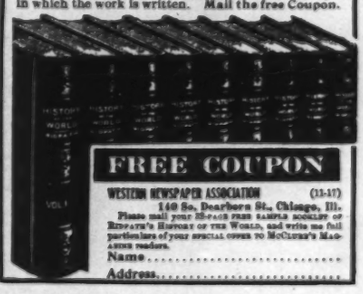

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traitor to his trade. She was singularly averse to meeting Bingham's eyes. "That's queer. Did he *really*? We'd agreed ——"

"Not so very queer. I've remembered you, finally."

She was scarlet at that, and fell to twining and untwining her fingers in her flimsy veil.

"Have you?"

"Perfectly. You were in Sydney. I'm sure our paths didn't actually cross, but you certainly were a public figure ——"

"I went as far west as you did," she said, still studying the ground. "I remembered *you* instantly. You were a public figure, too — they worshiped you out there."

"Why did you put me off, then? Why wouldn't you say you'd let me come to see you? Why did you tell me I couldn't, when you *knew* who I am, all the time?"

"I don't know."

"It wasn't because you were afraid of me, was it?"

"I don't know."

Bingham sighed happily, and devoured her with his eyes. "Why, then?"

"You upset me so. Please let me go; Mr. Bingham — I'm going home now — especially if he's been silly enough to tell you ——"

"I'm going to *take* you home," he corrected. "And then I'll know where to come later. At present, we're going in for one final dance — aren't we? As ourselves — and not as . . . mummers? Please?"

"If you're sure you want it so much," she said, hushed. "I owe you that."

He had her once more in his arms. They were floating mistily over a floor of clouds. Around them circled the assemblage of which they constituted no earthly part; they were sufficient unto themselves, and unconscious of neighbors. Bingham held her very close.

"Was it because you thought I might be shocked to know the facts?" he whispered in her ear.

She nodded almost imperceptibly.

"And you'd have let me go away like that?"

"N-no," she said, abashed. "I'd have . . . I was a little ashamed . . . when you probably thought I was a . . . a great lady. I didn't dare to explain then. It wasn't safe; but I'm glad *he* told you. It saves so much!"

They made one complete circuit of the room before Bingham's supreme inspiration came to him.

"Why," he besought her, "can't I come tomorrow anyway, and help with your story? Haven't I been in it, too? Can't you use *my* experience with Mrs. Burnside? Won't you let me collaborate with you? And — and talk about Australia?"

"I'll be ever so glad to have you," she said against his shoulder.

Of all the men in New York awake at that hour, he was probably the least lonely.

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by **James H. Collins**

Volunteer, United States Food Administration

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"E Flurribus Unum!"

[*Continued from page 29*]

gasoline!' exclaims Uncle Sam. 'You must give me some!'

"'*Must!*' says Congress, frowning a little. 'Them's harsh words, Nell. And besides, kerosene's much cheaper. Also I have an uncle in the kerosene business, in ——'

"'But this car won't burn kerosene,' says Uncle Sam, pleadingly.

"'Then have it fixed so it will,' says Congress. 'Unless you prefer tomato soup. My nephew has an interest in a concern that ——'

"'But look!' says Uncle Sam, pointing across the pond to where the Kaiser has stopped long enough in his favorite outdoor sport of running over Belgians to look over and give our Uncle a loud, coarse laugh. 'That feller's killing everybody and I've got to go after him or I can never look in the glass again as long as I live.'

"Congress looks and rubs his eyes once more.

"'Dearie me!' he says, 'when did all this happen?'

"'It's been going on a long time,' says our Uncle.

"'Strange!' murmurs Congress, stroking his whiskers caressingly. 'So you're going over there, are you?'

"'You bet your sweet life!' returns Uncle Sam. 'Nobody can bounce all that off me and get away with it!'

"Congress bends and puts his ear to the ground. From long practise he's got so he can do it standing up.

"'I do hear a murmur,' he says.

"Meanwhile everybody around the garage has had a hack at the machine. It won't go.

"'What we need,' says the garage man, 'is a man who understands automobiles.'

"'Don't you?' demands Uncle Sam.

"The garage man laughs cordially.

"'Not yet,' answers the garage man. 'I've only been here six years. And besides, I never see a machine before in my life. And anyway, I don't like automobeels in the first place. I prefer a nice team of oxen.'

"Seeing he can't get anything out of the garage man, Uncle Sam calls in a lot of experts. They're good men, and patriotic. They leave their homes, and their businesses, and come to Washington full of high ideals and patriotism and ready to do everything in their power (and it's a lot) to help Uncle Sam, in his great emergency.

"'Who are these strange parties?' demands Congress, peevishly.

"'Fellers that have come down to help me get this machine going,' explains Uncle Sam, courteously.

"'They got their nerve with 'em all right,' opines Congress. 'Who asked 'em in, anyhow?'

"'I did,' says Uncle Sam.

"'Well,' says Congress, 'ask 'em out again. Ain't I told you once I'm runnin' this show?'

"'Well, why don't you, then?' demands Uncle Sam, who's getting hot himself.

"'Maybe I will when I get darned good and ready,' says Congress. 'And then again, maybe I won't. But I don't like these fellers. They got their shoes shined. And I never did trust a man that wears a necktie. He's liable to be a slicker. And besides, I ain't had my sleep out good yet.

"'Furthermore,' continues Congress, 'while it's perfectly true that there's a subterranean murmur I ain't none too certain yet as to the exact words and music, and I don't forget that some of my constituents is German, and some pro-German, and I ain't used to antagonizing nobody; that is, of course,' he explains, 'nobody but you.'

"'But the Kaiser'll be over here next!' cries Uncle Sam. 'He's said it, and he means it! And what do you think will happen then?'

"'Sufficient unto the day,' says Congress, folding his hands on his tummy, and taking on a fatuous or Williamjenningsbryan expression, 'is the evil thereof. What the Kaiser may or may not do is, at present, none of our business.'

"'It will be,' retorts Uncle Sam, 'if he does it to us.'

"And he turns around to consult his experts in spite of Congress. The experts tell Uncle Sam that the old machine is no good in the first place. And that he'd better get a new one. And he asks what kind. And everybody in the automobile business starts to tell him. And as fast as an automobile expert thinks up anything good, there are a hundred conversation experts to make so much noise nobody can hear him.

"But out of the chaos, in spite of everything, is coming a new machine. And it will be a good machine; the best that brains and money and time can build. The country, as a whole, has made it terribly hard for the competent men who have been trying so earnestly and so honorably to build it; as it has made it so easy for well-meaning incompetents to botch it; and for fools and malcontents and traitors to delay it. But order, at last, is coming out of chaos. Our machine will soon be ready.

"And when that machine shall be ready, in heaven's name let's have everybody in Washington stop trying to run it. Running a machine, whether a ninety horsepower racer or a highway beetle, whether a war machine or a sewing machine, is a one-man job.

"Where would the Kaiser have got to in this war if, every time he wanted to make a move, he had to wait for a delegation from the Reichstag, and the Bundesrath and Aufgeszanngrergwuertsknghtpmniyindliyukdonyuwkuhgerschafft to comb their whiskers and press their pants and talk about the thing a couple of weeks, not because they knew anything about it but because it was their prerogative to talk and they weren't out to lose any of their prerogatives if they knew themselves?

"Our Uncle-Samuel has entered himself in the toughest, bitterest, most grueling race the world has ever known. Don't ask him to handicap himself by trying to win with a thing that looks like a cross between an overloaded sightseeing 'bus and a vacuum cleaner.

"Give him a car as good, or better, than the one he must race. Give him the best of drivers to race it. And having given them to him, *let them alone to do the racing. For that is the one way in which he can win, and the only way.*

"We of America are sending our sons forth to lay down their lives on the field of battle. It is not because we wanted to. It's because Germany left us no choice. It is to stop a world murder that would have included us. The President of the United States is the Commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy. But an army and a navy are absolutely futile without the absolute and coordinated backing of all the citizens. Russia proves this, if proof you need.

"But it is not enough for the President to be Commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy. He should be Commander-in-chief of all the resources, of men and money and munitions, of the entire country. For, if he be fit to command the Army and the Navy, he should be fit to command that which makes the Army and the Navy possible and efficient.

"So, if we would conduct this war to a victorious conclusion, we should make the President of the United States an absolute autocrat.

"The country should use all its big men, all its great brains, whenever and wherever they can be found; as it should fire out all its little men and all its peanut brains; and these big men and great brains should stand solidly behind the President, right or wrong; if right, as What's-His Name says, to be kept right; if wrong, to be put right. For if your country is worth having, it's worth fighting for; and if it's worth fighting for, it's worth working for; and if it's worth working for, it's worth working for with all the heart and all the soul and all the mind and all the strength that any of us and all of us possess. For, as a matter of fact, upon this country depends all that every one of us has in the first place. If we lose our country, we lose everything we have in the world, and all that remains to us is the choice of becoming Germans or slaves. And God knows, any regular man would rather die in his tracks than become either."

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WAR DEPARTMENT HONOR SCHOOL

A Bleecker Street Bleecker

[*Continued from page 9*]

"Oh, you've never heard of us," said the girl. "We are just parvenus."

"Oh, no!" The patrician Bleecker deprecated this overhumble avowal.

"Yes," said the old lady, "Mary is quite right. The Sprague's are not an old Knickerbocker family like the Bleeckers."

"Kind words are more than coronets," said Clarence, "and simple faith than Norman blood."

"I see you are a reader," said the old lady amiably. She rose, leaning on her stick. "This sea air is too heavy for my old lungs. But, Mary, you needn't come up yet. Stay down, child, till — till nine."

Clarence and Mary Sprague sat on the portico conversing dreamily till nine. The sea, mournful and silvery, shivered in the moonlight.

She told him she was poor, a poor orphan of whom her great-aunt made a kind of unpaid nurse-companion. Her voice had a liquid sweetness that penetrated to his marrow.

"Oh, I'm hard hit," he sighed.

And the girl took his sudden avowal in the most serious manner.

"Do you mean it — really?"

"Mean it? The moment I set eyes on you — from that moment ——"

"Really?" She turned and looked at him. Her eyes and hair were mystical in the moonlight. "I rather liked you, too. But I thought you were a little fresh."

"Drinking your health, eh? Well, I meant it."

"Really?" she repeated, gazing out to sea.

He took her hand and kissed it.

"Don't!"

But nine o'clock sounded, and a maid came to say that her aunt awaited her.

Clarence, smoking cigarette after cigarette, sat astride a chair before his bedroom mirror till a late hour that night.

"Steady, boy!" Thus he addressed his flushed image gaily. "You came down here to marry a rich old maid or a rich widow. No penniless orphans for yours. Steady!" He blew a smoke cloud and laughed confidently. "But it's all right." He laughed again. "Oh, you'll get there. You never failed yet and you won't fail now. Just jolly the old lady — " But here he frowned. "Oh, darn the old lady! Darn money! I'd work my head off for that girl. It would be a privilege." He rose and began to pace the floor. "What a fool I was with my elderly wife idea! An elderly wife — pah! the thought sickens me." And he sat down astride his chair again, flushed, smiling, lost in dreams of Mary Sprague. To work his whole life long for Mary Sprague — what happiness!

Mary was occupied with her nursing day and night, but she snatched an hour every little while, and then Clarence and she bathed in the sea together, or crabbed at Sewell's Point, or sat and talked in the moonlight hand in hand.

He never mentioned his financial position, but she took it for granted that he was rich. Her aunt, too, took it for granted that he was rich, and he encouraged the old woman in this delusion, fearing that, if the truth were known, he would be banished from Mary's presence. Meanwhile his money melted at a fearful rate.

But the aunt disliked him because he often hinted that she overworked Mary, and to this dislike, as the days passed, suspicion added itself. He did nothing to allay the aunt's suspicion. He was too happy to bother. So, in due course, the explosion came.

He was summoned to Miss Sprague's apartment one evening after dinner. On his entrance Mary hurried to him.

"Oh," she said, taking his arm, "what does it mean?"

"What does what mean?" he asked, and he clasped her waist, and looked boldly at the grim and trembling old lady.

"Mary, come here!"

But his clasp tightened, and the girl did not stir.

"You impostor!" croaked the old lady from the sofa. She struck the floor with her stick. "I've had you looked up. You're a bank-clerk out of a job. You came down here to land a rich wife. You made your brags about it at a farewell dinner in a low beer-garden. You a Livingston Bleecker! Faugh!"

"An impostor, eh?" He gave a mirthless laugh. "Mary," he said, "are you rich?"

"No," she answered, "I haven't a cent in the world."

"Well, then, will you marry me? I've got just five hundred dollars myself."

"Mary!"

The old woman hobbled to her grandniece.

"Mary, if you forsake me for that impostor you'll never see a penny of mine! Oh, surely you can't dream of trusting your future to such — such ——"

But the girl's eyes passed coldly from the bent old woman to the strong, handsome, sunburnt youth. The youth seemed a far surer prop to lean on than the old woman.

III

MARY in the cold and dingy bedroom was preparing an Irish stew, but every little while one of her attacks came on, and she sat down suddenly, staring straight before her with a breathless, radiant smile. She had been unable for two days now to return to the collar counter.

Past the window, L trains roared. Mildew spread in a damp eruption over the wallpaper. The carpet had here a hole and there a dubious discoloration.

But the room was clean, and before the radiator their two armchairs were drawn, and she had succeeded on her marketing tour in getting at the free library the new novel Larry wanted, and the book now lay beside his pipe and pouch, inviting him to a pleasant evening of forgetfulness.

After the honeymoon they had taken in New York a pleasant bedroom in a pleasant neighborhood, and Clarence had begun to "look round." His looking round was not at all successful. Still they told themselves that they had great things to expect of Livingston Bleecker. But the Livingston Bleecker house in Washington Square was boarded up. Livingston himself was traveling in Spain. He would be back, however, the caretaker said, for Christmas.

"I rather count on a consulship from the old boy," Larry mused uneasily. "He'd have no trouble landing me a consulship. But it seems he's got mixed up in San Sebastian with la Belle R.ttero. It's always la Belle something or other with him."

They were dining sumptuously to music — a forty-cent, nine-course dinner, including wine and coffee — in a pink cave underground. Larry emptied his glass and leaned back with a frightful grimace. The sour wine made his eyes flame and water simultaneously.

"Damn him!" he said. "That's how he's always treated me. Started me in at Harvard — and then got mixed up with la Belle Go-to-the-devil, and I had to take a job. Started me in at Yale — and la Belle Pull-my-lego landed him, so little old Clarence took another job."

"Has he never done anything for you, Larry?"

"Promises, promises. Of course I'm only a poor relation. But you'd think, now I'm married —" He emptied his glass, grimaced frightfully again, and dashed the moisture from his blinking eyes.

"Don't drink any more, please."

"All right. Just as you say. This wine's kind of sour, anyhow. I wonder if it's turned? By gosh, if they think they can work off a turned wine on me ——"

Clarence, after the shock of old Livingston Bleecker's marriage in Madrid, moved heaven and earth for a job. He visited, first, his rich relations — he had, it seemed, a half-dozen rich relations in New York — and these men, who did not realize the change that marriage had made in him — they had got him jobs before — these men all promised with condescending and somewhat irritable kindness to look out for him, though, they said, the sort of job he wanted, a thirty or forty dollar job, of course took time. True enough. Only Clarence had no time. His hoard was going too fast.

He visited prosperous old school and college friends. He laid his plight before them frankly. They, too, were kind and condescending and somewhat irritable. They, too, would look out for him, though, of course, etc.

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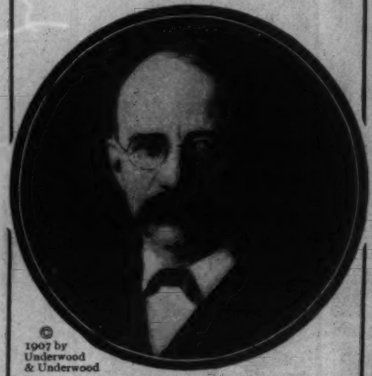

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Bachelors often complain that, when their friends marry, they change for the worse, losing all their lightheartedness, all their careless youthful gaiety. This complaint, often false, in Clarence Bleecker's case was true enough. Clarence never smiled now. As he hurried in answer to "want ads" from this skyscraper to that, as he dashed in and out of pawnshops, as he besought old Yale classmates for a job, he had a knotted frown of determination on his brow, his lips were set grimly, and his jaw protruded like a piece of granite.

Their hoard vanished, but the holiday rush saved them. Thanks to the holiday rush, he got a job at last at the ribbon counter of a department store. But his salary, though they did their own cooking now, was not enough to keep them, and hence Mary proposed that she, too, go in a store. He took her proposal hard. His self-contempt was bitter. His wife work, eh? He was unable, eh, to support a wife? But she cried hotly that she would be happier in a cheerful store than moping alone all day in their dingy bedroom, and he turned away suddenly, saying in a humble voice:

"All right. Too bad you ever met a dub like me, isn't it?"

The Irish stew was done. She glanced at the clock. Larry was a little late. She turned on more heat, but the radiator only clanked and gurgled. Seated now with her book, she felt the damp cold stealing over her. She rose again, shivering, and laid her traveling-rug on his armchair. For she must keep him warm this evening. Yes, with his rug and his new book and his pipe she must keep him warm and comfortable, and somehow, perhaps, at the evening's end, the young wife will find the courage to tell the young husband their disastrous, splendid secret. He will consent at last, perhaps, to let her write to her aunt. He will pocket his pride for their secret's sake and accept a loan—if, indeed, her hard-old aunt will let them have a loan.

"Why, Larry!"

He entered like a whirlwind, very smart in his blue suit, but with his left eye black and swollen.

"I'm fired," he said wildly.

"Oh!" And she sank down on the bed, covered her face with her hands, and rocked back and forth.

"Fired!" He paced the floor with swift steps. "After the insults I've swallowed. But I marked him. I hopped across the ribbon counter and showed him a bit of rough-and-tumble work. He didn't give me this eye. Don't think it. Buck Higgins—lingerie, you know—Buck swung on me from behind. Nice way to curry favor, eh?"

But Mary wept on dismally.

"Honest, it wasn't my fault, Mary. He called me ——"

But she pushed him away. "Oh, no, it's never your fault! And I can't go back to work either!" she sobbed.

"Can't you? Well, I'm glad. I was ashamed to have you working. Did you see the doctor? It's nothing serious, is it?"

"No; it's nothing serious."

He resumed his swift floor pacing. "I'm apt to be arrested," he muttered.

"Oh!" She buried her face in the pillow. "Was it Mr. Swinnerton again?"

"Yes."

"The same trouble again?"

"Yes. The same old grass widow. I dodged behind a case of gros-grains to get out of waiting on her, and he called me a stuck-up, lazy fake in front of everybody. I couldn't stand it. I hopped up from behind the gros-grains and went at him—bing, bang, zip!"

"Oh, oh!" sobbed the young wife. "And I'd hoped for such a pleasant evening! Look, I got the library book you've been asking for so long. And now ——"

There was a knock.

"Cops!"

Clarence looked wildly round, then with long, light, silent leaps plunged into the wardrobe and drew the door to behind him. The wardrobe oscillated dreadfully, but did not topple over. "Say I've gone to Philadelphia," a voice hissed from its depths.

Mary rose. With averted face she opened the door. It was, however, only the landlord.

"Could you let me have that three dollars due last Saturday? I'm kind o' short, Mrs. Bleecker."

She paid the man, and, as he withdrew, Clarence descended skilfully from the swaying, creaking wardrobe.

"How much does that leave us, dear?"

"A dollar."

"Holy smoke!"

She filled two plates with Irish stew, and they sat down to the inviting meal. But they were silent, gloomy. They tried to eat, but they could not. They were down and out.

"I don't see what is to become of us, Larry!"

"Dan!" he chuckled, "Dan, old stockin', put it there!"

The young wife dropped her knife and fork, snatched up her handkerchief, and hid her face in it.

"No, neither do I," said he. Pushing his chair back from the table, he assumed a crouching, desperate pose, his elbow on his knee, his chin on his fist.

They were down and out, both of them. The husband of twenty-three and the wife of nineteen were at last down and out.

"Larry, dear."

"What?"

"I've got to tell you—a secret."

His chin on his hand, he looked up at her, a strange intelligence, a strange fear, a strange joy shining from his bruised face.

"It ought to be such - - a happy secret. I can't think of it as an unhappy one even now. But I don't know ——"

"Oh, Mary!" And he knelt before her and laid his forehead on her knees. "Oh, Mary!"

She ran her fingers through his curls. She smiled dreamily.

There ensued a long, thoughtful silence. Afterwards they began to talk with a kind of grave serenity. It was as if their secret gave them dignity and courage.

"What is the matter with me?" he said. "I ought to get on. What is the matter with me?"

"You've got energy enough, dear knows. But somehow ——"

"I've never had an aim," he said. "That's it—no real aim - - power all gone to waste. But now—so help me - ——"

He gritted his teeth in the intensity of his resolve.

"From now on I swear to make good!"

"And meanwhile," she said quickly, "I'll write to Aunt Harriet."

"What for?"

"For a loan—till we get on our feet."

"No!" he cried. "We haven't fallen that low yet. Besides, she'd only turn us down."

"Oh, do you think so? Then I can't see, Larry, what we're going to do!"

"Nonsense!" he patted her shoulder.

"We'll starve! - Our baby—suicide - —"

"Nonsense!"

But footsteps sounded in the corridor again, there was a loud knock, and the young man for the second time plunged lightly into the wardrobe. "Philadelphia, remember," he hissed, as he pulled to the door.

The visitor this time was an elderly stranger in top hat and frock coat.

"Mrs. Clarence Livingston Bleecker?" he asked.

"Yes," said Mary.

"Then may I come in? I bring you—" his air became grave, but his eye twinkled oddly—"I bring you bad news."

"Oh, dear!" She thought he meant that Clarence was to be arrested. "I suppose you'd better come in. But my husband has gone to Philadelphia."

The stranger entered. He set a green baize

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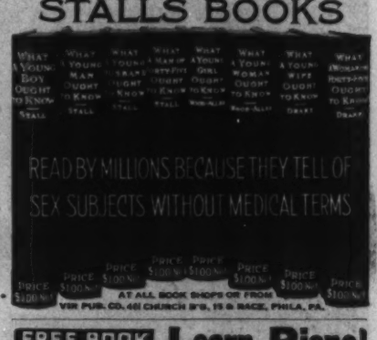

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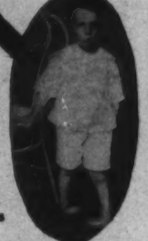

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bag down on the little table beside the Irish stew.

"This is my card, Mrs. Bleecker. I am L. J. Northrop, of Northrop, Northrop & West, attorneys-at-law. Will Mr. Bleecker return soon?"

"Yes ——"

The wardrobe creaked.

"No, I mean."

"Well, Mrs. Bleecker, the bad news I bring concerns you rather than your husband."

He looked gravely at her, but his eye still twinkled.

"It is bad news," he resumed, "about your great-aunt. I believe you've had no communication with her for some time. Well, she has been failing — failing fast. She spent the winter in the West Indies, but — in short, our firm got word this morning from Jamaica — I beg you to compose yourself, Mrs. Bleecker."

"Is auntie — dead?"

"Yes, I am sorry to say she's — called home."

"Then I've got nobody but my husband now! Oh, dear!"

"You are probably aware, Mrs. Bleecker, that your aunt, while not a rich woman, was — er — quite well off?"

The wardrobe creaked in non-committal fashion.

"Yes."

"You were one of her two heirs."

The wardrobe creaked again — somewhat drily.

"Yes, I was until I married, but——"

"Mrs. Bleecker," said the lawyer, "your aunt never changed her will."

The wardrobe broke into such a wild volley of creaks that Mr. Northrop turned and glared at it.

"This modern furniture!" he exclaimed. "It's the unseasoned wood." Then, with a shrug, he resumed:

"Your aunt had no intention of changing her will. Your aunt's affection for you, her very deep affection for you, never altered. Your aunt herself desired you to know this."

"Poor auntie!" said the young wife.

Mr. Northrop removed the rubber band from a foolscap sheet. He put on his glasses.

"Mrs. Bleecker," he said, "your aunt's property, as this abstract shows, consisted almost altogether of real estate — real estate yielding, roughly, twelve thousand dollars per annum. Your share is one-half."

"It seems a lot to me," Mary faltered.

"Six thousand per annum. Yes, a comfortable income."

Mr. Northrop rose. He put his papers in his green baize bag. His gravity was profound, but his eye twinkled more genially than ever.

"My address is on my card," he said. "Our firm would be most happy to make you an advance. If there were any pressing needs, I could even let you have a hundred or two in cash this evening."

"No," she stammered; "no, I don't ——"

But the wardrobe creaked terribly.

"Yes, I mean!"

"Very good. I happen to have just two hundred here. You'll give me a receipt at my office tomorrow."

He counted and laid a roll of banknotes on the bed; he pressed her hand warmly; then, with a message of good-will for the husband far away in Philadelphia, he withdrew.

Clarence made a second calm and skilful descent from the swaying wardrobe.

She threw herself in his arms.

"Poor auntie! Poor, poor auntie!"

He comforted her a while. Then they warmed up the Irish stew. "We ought to be able to eat now, oughtn't we?" they said.

But they could eat nothing. They kept glancing at each other diffidently. The banknotes on the bed made an enormous packet.

"Six thousand dollars a year!"

She ran her fork disdainfully through her stew.

"I can't eat this stuff," she said. "Suppose we go out to some nice restaurant — some really nice one — and get a bang-up dinner — really bang-up, eh?"

"Yes; that would do you good," he agreed.

They dressed briskly. He extinguished the whistling gas.

"Oh, Larry!" She seized his arm suddenly in the darkness. "Oh, Larry, I want you to swear off drinking from now on! I want you to keep that promise that resolve — to make good — do you remember?"

He hesitated. "But we'll celebrate first tonight, eh? We're entitled to celebrate tonight. Hot birds and lobster and cold champagne tonight — and then, tomorrow, our swear-off."

"No!" she cried. "No! Now! I want you to swear off now!"

His voice, after a pause, sounded very solemn in the darkness.

"I'll never touch another drop as long as I live, so help me God. Oh, it'll be easy enough for me. I never broke a swear-off yet unless I wanted to. Why, darling, I'd even stop smoking, if you said so."

"Oh, yes, stop smoking, too!" she cried delightedly.

IV

TO Dan Wanklin, now cashier of the Seventh National, there was brought, one June morning ten years later, a note from the Carnegie Frick Trust Company of Pittsburg introducing a certain Mr. Bleecker, a dealer in real estate.

"I wonder," said Dan, rustling the note between his fingers, "if this chap is any relation to Clarence Bleecker of Bleecker Street?"

"Maybe it's Clarence himself," Dan's assistant answered with a smile.

"Yes, I don't think," said Dan. "Poor old Clarence! Awful bluff, wasn't he?"

"Awful," said the assistant.

"I liked him, though, somehow. Hang it, we all liked him. Do you remember the crazy way he left us with his bucket-shop winnings to land a rich wife in Sea Breeze? Show Mr. Bleecker in," said Dan.

An elegant fat man entered lightly.

"Dan!" he chuckled, extending both hands with a theatrical gesture. "Dan, old stockin', put it there!"

But Dan could hardly recognize his friend.

Clarence wore town dress of theatrical elegance — a shining topper set at a jaunty angle, heavy patent leather boots with white tops, a black morning coat richly braided, trousers of the familiar shepherd's plaid, and a gray satin tie fastened with a pearl. His complexion had not changed — it was still as clear and brilliant as a girl's. His hair still remained lustrous and abundant. But he had grown fat — as fat as a balloon — and he bounded about Dan's tiny office with a balloonlike lightness.

"Old stockin', put it there!"

"I thought it might be you," said Dan. "Heavens, man, how you've filled out!"

"And you," said Clarence, laughing harshly, "you've lost all your hair. Gee, that naked coco's positively indecent. Why don't you buy a wig?"

A barrier seemed to rise up between the two old friends.

"Well, let's get to business," said Dan, in a cold, brisk, businesslike voice. "Married?"

"Sure!"

"Same here. What do you do for a livin'?"

"Real estate," Clarence answered. "I've got the tidiest little real estate office in Pittsburg. Look here, Dan, I'm due in New York tomorrow morning, but how about a beefsteak dinner tonight at Sangerfest Garden — you and the boys — for old times' sake? Do you go me?"

"Go you?" Dan cried heartily. "Well, I guess yes I go you!"

The Sangerfest Garden dinner began well. But Clarence neither drank nor smoke — had neither drunk nor smoked, it seemed, for ten years!

After the shad, while the plates were being changed, he rose and began to pace the floor.

"How are you off for children, Dan?"

"Three girls."

"Holy smoke! I've got two boys and one girl. That's more like the right proportion, eh?"

"Yes," said Dan; "you're lucky."

"Lucky nothin'! Science!"

"Do you mean to say ——"

Clarence looked at Dan with a mocking smile.

"Do I mean to say? Yes, I mean to say! Did you never hear of Professor Schenck? Professor Schenck and the Czarina?"

They were all regarding him in stupefaction now. It was incredible, but he could not even go in for fatherhood — though fatherhood is certainly the least distinguished duty undertaken by man — no, he could not even go in for fatherhood without throwing over it the glamour of some mysterious, superman power.

"This is a delicate subject to discuss in a beer garden," he pursued, "but let me tell you" — he lowered his voice and spoke from behind his hand — "I can call the turn every time, fellows, every time. It's all a matter of diet, a matter of sugar."

"A matter of rot," growled young George Hipple, whose wife had recently presented him with twin daughters.

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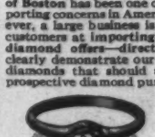

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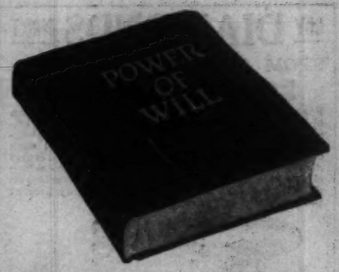

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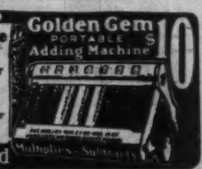

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"The same old skepticism. No wonder they stagnate," Clarence muttered. Then, the next course coming on, he helped himself to a huge steak. "Say, fellows," he continued brightly, "think of the way I've climbed right up, while you've stuck here in the mud all the time!"

In silence they gave this matter due thought.

Then, eating ravenously, he fired at them one after another, like arrows, a lot of pointed questions which could not be dodged. In their politeness they had refrained altogether from questioning him, yet now he even asked them what their salaries were.

"How in heaven's name," said Dan, annoyed at having divulged his salary, "did you come to get so fat?"

"It's my wife's fault," he snarled. "A better little woman never breathed, but she holds me to a rash swear-off I made ten years ago. Yes, ten years ago I swore off drinking and smoking, Dan, and I've been hungry ever since. I'm always hungry." He took another steak. "Always. It's a disease."

"Clarence," said Dan, emboldened by his fifth beer, "that idea of yours — that idea of making a rich marriage at Sea Breeze — of course nothing came of it, eh?"

"Nothing came of it? A wife worth twenty thousand a year came of it!"

Dan laughed constrainedly.

"But she's — er — no chicken, I suppose?"

"Chicken? She's twenty-eight now. She was eighteen when I married her."

In the silence Dan quoted softly:

"A five spot by my plate every morning. A good cigar in my teeth. Ta, ta, wifey! Gee-up, there!"

"Well, Dan," said Clarence, with a friendly smile, "I don't touch a drink or a smoke from one year's end to another, and instead of starting off every morning to blow in five spots, I start off to cop 'em out. I tell you, I've doubled my wife's fortune since I married her."

"That gives you forty thousand a year, eh?" said George Hipple.

"That's what it gives me."

"Clarence," said Dan, "we looked you up this afternoon."

"Well, what did you find out, hey?" he asked.

"We found out that you're doing grand. At first you nearly ruined your wife in Wall Street, but now you're working hard — you've paid her back almost all your losings — and, between the pair of you, you've got close on to ten thousand a year."

Clarence laughed delightedly.

"Ten thousand a year!" he cried. "Say, fellows, you never thought that one of these days little old Clarence would turn up with ten thousand a year and blow you in to a feed at Sangerfest, now, did you?"

"Ten thousand isn't forty thousand," said George Hipple.

"Well, we've all got to bluff a bit, George," Clarence explained. "Some say the secret of success is push, some say it's pull, but I say it's bluff. Gee, I know it's bluff. Look where bluff has landed me."

"Do you know," said Joe Goddard, the only bachelor present, "do you know, Clarence, I believe I'll have a go at Sea Breeze myself this August?"

"You?" Clarence glared at him. "You? Holy smoke!"

"Yes, me. Why not?"

"Well, I'll tell you why not."

Theatrical pause.

"I'll tell you why not, Joe. I met a chap of just about your calibre at Sea Breeze that summer, and one night over a silver fizz he got confidential and said he was down there after a rich wife, too. Well, I sized him up; he was just about your calibre; and I advised him to cut it out. I showed him he hadn't the head for it."

Clarence glared at Joe again.

"And what happened? Do you know what happened to that mug? Well, Joe, he fell in love with an old lady's nurse-companion, a girl without a penny. The dub had nothing himself — gosh, he hadn't even a job — and yet he — ha, ha, ha! — he eloped. Lost his head, you see. Wasn't up to the stunt he'd cut out for himself. Bit off more than he could chew. A chap of just about your calibre."

Another glare.

"And the last I heard of that young couple, Joseph, they were down and out. Yes, sir, down and out. He'd lost his job at the ribbon counter of a department store, she was on the point of" — he lowered his voice modestly — "of becoming a mother, and all the money they had in the world was one simoleon."

He fell into a kind of dream. A faint smile played round his mouth.

"What became of the young couple?" Joe inquired.

"Well, Joe, they were contemplating suicide, the last I heard, but whether they had the nerve to pull it off or not, I can't say."

He smiled craftily. He raised a glass of water to his lips. "Here's to bluff," he murmured.

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What the Public Wants

[*Continued from page 17*]

a horseshoe, in opening an umbrella inside the house, in throwing away a four-leaf clover or in failing to rap on wood and whistle after he has been boasting that he hasn't had the old pain in his right leg for the last three months."

In vaudeville such men as Aaron Hoffman, Thomas J. Gray and Will Cressy have for years been supplying vaudeville actors with exactly the kind of jokes the vaudeville audiences want. Just as the United Cigar Stores Company figured out that all men like to look at themselves in mirrors and placed large mirrors in each one of their countless stores with eminently satisfactory magnetic results, so has Mr. Gray, for example, figured out that a comic vaudeville monologist who calls the orchestra leader Rudolph will make the vaudeville public laugh itself half to death.

A well-known and experienced publisher has said that one can usually spot a young writer's first attempt at a short fiction story in the fact that it ends with a suicide. And an equally well-known and experienced theatrical producer has said that one can usually spot a young writer's first attempt at playwriting in the fact that the play ends unhappily. From which, since it is pretty generally conceded that the taste of the public in general is to no small degree the taste of its younger element, one might deduce that what the public mostly wanted was sadness. The public does want sadness, but *qualified* sadness. The most profitable theatrical property the world has ever known is the Cinderella story, a tale of pleasurable melancholy.

But the popular attitude toward what we may call "sad" plays is the peculiar one of believing that, since every cloud has a silver lining, the playwright should dramatize the cloud in such a way that the public may see the cloud through the silver lining rather than the silver lining through the cloud. The silver lining, that is, should (technically and figuratively speaking) be placed down stage (near the footlights) and the cloud up stage (near the back-drop). The whole business reminds one of the old trick cloudy sentence, "Able was I ere I saw Elba," which reads the same backwards as forwards: it is curious, but it works. . . . To argue that the public does not want sadness in the theatre on the ground that "there's enough trouble in real life without seeing it in the theatre" is to argue that the public does not want happiness in real life because there is enoug of it in the theatre.

The Cinderella story, dramatized with the silver lining toward the audience, as playwrights from Carroll Fleming down to Hartley Manners have for the last twenty-five years been proving, is a veritable theatrical mint. It is only when the story is dramatized the other way 'round, as in the case of "Rich Man, Poor Man," that it comes a box-office cropper. And even then a cropper only in part.

Some of the public's invariable preferences are difficult to understand, yet there is no need for the person desiring merely to capitalize such preferences and make money out of them *to* understand them. Such preferences are axioms. Why the public should always want a small button on the top of its cap, or a more or less decorative line of stamped leather two inches this side of the tip of its shoe, or three buttons on the back of the cuff of the sleeve on its sack coat, or black paper with gold letters on its packets of needles, or a little bow in the back of the inside of its derby hat, the oracles would have a difficult time trying to solve. There does not seem to be any good reason for such useless and exotic things; they are, in good truth, just a trifle silly. Yet that is what the public wants — so why not give it to the public? And the same thing holds true in the more relevant case of the theatre and its amusement fare.

Your playwright who is in the show business less for the show than for the business knows perfectly well that nine members of the music-show public out of every ten will laugh inordinately at the comedian who, on making his exit, suddenly bends himself in at the bustle as if anticipating a kick from the rear, and at the comedian who, upon being called a Limburger cheese, strikes a heroic attitude like the late Robert Downing in "The Gladiator" and retorts that those are strong words; so the playwright sticks them off-hand into the libretto in exactly the same way that the capmaker sticks the little button on top of the cap.

No fair-minded man will believe that a song writer like Irving Berlin or Jerome Kern, for example, just happens accidentally to hit the popular taste almost every time he sits down and writes a new song. The interposing of such an argument is too ridiculous. Such song writers do not merely "hit" the public's taste; they know the public's taste. They know that taste as accurately as the manufacturer of a so-called moving-picture "news weekly" knows a moving-picture theatre audience will inevitably applaud when a troop of marching soldiers is flashed upon the screen.

There is in New York a large hotel whose manager figured out the popular taste accurately and shrewdly enough to appreciate that men in the mass — for all that is claimed to the contrary — like now and then a bit of candy. The hotel man knew that men seldom, if ever, *buy* candy for themselves, so he passed out a few pieces *gratis* to each table in his restaurant, and his restaurant soon began to be talked about. Men liked the place and while, true enough, they did not go around telling about the candy, it was really the candy (as the hotel manager knew) that unconsciously made them talk about the restaurant and go to it equally unconsciously. The restaurant has proved a great success. I myself go there at least once a week.

It is a peculiarity of the world of the theatre that a manager is not regarded as a rich man unless he is a *very* rich man. To make a mere five hundred or a thousand dollars a week is considered nigh unto failure. And it is doubtless for this reason that the delusion as to the impossibility of deciphering what the public wants exists in the theatre. But it is just that and nothing more — a delusion. The figuring out of what the public wants is an amazingly simple thing.

For instance, one of the things that the public wants is a magazine article like this.

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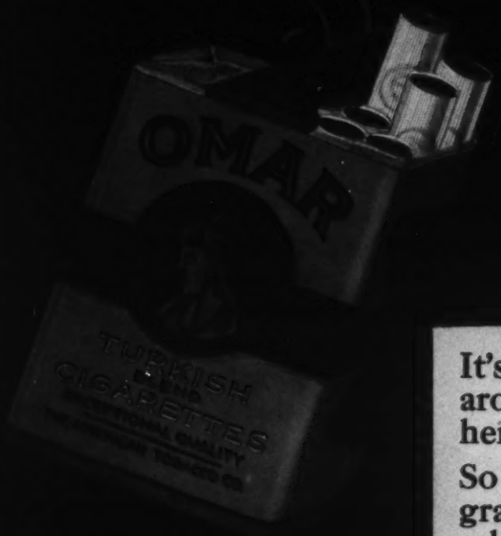

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